

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA – F

Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, Volume 10, Slice 4*, by Various

FLAVIGNY, a town of eastern France, in the department of Côte-d'Or, situated on a promontory overlooking the river Ozerain, 33 m. W.N.W. of Dijon by road. Pop. (1906) 725. Among its antiquities are the remains of an abbey of the 8th century, which has been rebuilt as a factory for the manufacture of anise, an industry connected with the town as early as the 17th century. There is also a church of the 13th and 15th centuries, containing carved stalls (15th century) and a fine rood-screen (early 16th century). A Dominican convent, some old houses and ancient gateways are also of interest. About 3 m. north-west of Flavigny rises Mont Auxois, the probable site of the ancient Alesia, where Caesar in A.D. 52 defeated the Gallic chieftain Vercingetorix, to whom a statue has been erected on the summit of the height. Numerous remains of the Gallo-Roman period have been discovered on the hill.

FLEA (O. Eng. *_fléah_*, or *_fléa_*, cognate with *_flee_*, to run away from, to take flight), a name typically applied to *_Pulex irritans_*, a well-known blood-sucking insect-parasite of man and other mammals, remarkable for its powers of leaping, and nearly cosmopolitan. In ordinary language the name is used for any species of *_Siphonaptera_* (otherwise known as *_Aphaniptera_*), which, though formerly regarded as a suborder of *_Diptera_* (q.v.), are now considered to be a separate order of insects. All *_Siphonaptera_*, of which more than 100 species are known, are parasitic on mammals or birds. The majority of the species belong to the family *_Pulicidae_*, of which *_P. irritans_* may be taken as the type; but the order also includes the *_Sarcopsyllidae_*, the females of which fix themselves firmly to their host, and the *_Ceratopsyllidae_*, or bat-fleas.

Fleas are wingless insects, with a laterally compressed body, small and indistinctly separated head, and short thick antennae situated in cavities somewhat behind and above the simple eyes, which are always minute and sometimes absent. The structure of the mouth-parts is different from that seen in any other insects. The actual piercing organs are the mandibles, while the upper lip or labrum forms a sucking tube. The maxillae are not piercing organs, and their function is to protect the mandibles and labrum and separate the hairs or feathers of the host. Maxillary and labial palpi are also present, and the latter, together with the labrum or lower lip, form the rostrum.

Fleas are oviparous, and undergo a very complete metamorphosis. The footless larvae are elongate, worm-like and very active; they feed upon almost any kind of waste animal matter, and when full-grown form a

silken cocoon. The human flea is considerably exceeded in size by certain other species found upon much smaller hosts; thus the European *Hystrichopsylla talpae*, a parasite of the mole, shrew and other small mammals, attains a length of 5½ millimetres; another large species infests the Indian porcupine. Of the *Sarcopsyllidae* the best known species is the "jigger" or "chigoe" (*Dermatophilus penetrans*), indigenous in tropical South America and introduced into West Africa during the second half of last century. Since then this pest has spread across the African continent and even reached Madagascar. The impregnated female jigger burrows into the feet of men and dogs, and becomes distended with eggs until its abdomen attains the size and appearance of a small pea. If in extracting the insect the abdomen be ruptured, serious trouble may ensue from the resulting inflammation. At least four species of fleas (including *Pulex irritans*) which infest the common rat are known to bite man, and are believed to be the active agents in the transmission of plague from rats to human beings.

(E. E. A.)

FLETCHER, ALICE CUNNINGHAM (1845-), American ethnologist, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1845. She studied the remains of Indian civilization in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, became a member of the Archaeological Institute of America in 1879, and worked and lived with the Omahas as a representative of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University. In 1883 she was appointed special agent to allot lands to the Omaha tribes, in 1884 prepared and sent to the New Orleans Exposition an exhibit showing the progress of civilization among the Indians of North America in the quarter-century previous, in 1886 visited the natives of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands on a mission from the commissioner of education, and in 1887 was United States special agent in the distribution of lands among the Winnebagoes and Nez Percés. She was made assistant in ethnology at the Peabody Museum in 1882, and received the Thaw fellowship in 1891; was president of the Anthropological Society of Washington and of the American Folk-Lore Society, and vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and, working through the Woman's National Indian Association, introduced a system of making small loans to Indians, wherewith they might buy land and houses. In 1888 she published *Indian Education and Civilization*, a special report of the Bureau of Education. In 1898 at the Congress of Musicians held at Omaha during the Trans-Mississippi Exposition she read "several essays upon the songs of the North American Indians ... in illustration of which a number of Omaha Indians ... sang their native melodies." Out of this grew her *Indian Story and Song from North America* (1900), illustrating "a stage of development antecedent to that in which culture music appeared."

FLEURY, ANDRÉ HERCULE DE (1653-1743), French cardinal and statesman, was

born at Lodève (Hérault) on the 22nd of June 1653, the son of a collector of taxes. Educated by the Jesuits in Paris, he entered the priesthood, and became in 1679, through the influence of Cardinal Bonzi, almoner to Maria Theresa, queen of Louis XIV., and in 1698 bishop of Fréjus. Seventeen years of a country bishopric determined him to seek a position at court. He became tutor to the king's great-grandson and heir, and in spite of an apparent lack of ambition, he acquired over the child's mind an influence which proved to be indestructible. On the death of the regent Orleans in 1723 Fleury, although already seventy years of age, deferred his own supremacy by suggesting the appointment of Louis Henri, duke of Bourbon, as first minister. Fleury was present at all interviews between Louis XV. and his first minister, and on Bourbon's attempt to break through this rule Fleury retired from court. Louis made Bourbon recall the tutor, who on the 11th of July 1726 took affairs into his own hands, and secured the exile from court of Bourbon and of his mistress Madame de Prie. He refused the title of first minister, but his elevation to the cardinalate in that year secured his precedence over the other ministers. He was naturally frugal and prudent, and carried these qualities into the administration, with the result that in 1738-1739 there was a surplus of 15,000,000 livres instead of the usual deficit. In 1726 he fixed the standard of the currency and secured the credit of the government by the regular payment thenceforward of the interest on the debt. By exacting forced labour from the peasants he gave France admirable roads, though at the cost of rousing angry discontent. During the seventeen years of his orderly government the country found time to recuperate its forces after the exhaustion caused by the extravagances of Louis XIV. and of the regent, and the general prosperity rapidly increased. Internal peace was only seriously disturbed by the severities which Fleury saw fit to exercise against the Jansenists. He imprisoned priests who refused to accept the bull *Unigenitus*, and he met the opposition of the parlement of Paris by exiling forty of its members.

Definitions from The Project Gutenberg EBook of 1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue
by Captain Grose et al.

FLASH. A periwig. Rum flash; a fine long wig. Queer flash; a miserable weather-beaten caxon.

To FLASH. To shew ostentatiously. To flash one's ivory; to laugh and shew one's teeth. Don't flash your ivory, but shut your potatoe trap, and keep your guts warm; the Devil loves hot tripe.

To FLASH THE HASH. To vomit. CANT.

FLASH KEN. A house that harbours thieves.

FLASH LINGO. The canting or slang language.

FLASH MAN. A bully to a bawdy house. A whore's bully.

FLAT. A bubble, gull, or silly fellow.

FLAT COCK. A female.

FLAWD. Drunk.

FLAYBOTTOMIST. A bum-brusher, or schoolmaster.

To FLAY, or FLEA, THE FOX. To vomit.

FLEA BITE. A trifling injury. To send any one away with a flea in his ear; to give any one a hearty scolding.

To FLEECE. To rob, cheat, or plunder.

FLEMISH ACCOUNT. A losing, or bad account.

FLESH BROKER. A match-maker, a bawd.

FLICKER. A drinking glass. CANT.

FLICKERING. Grinning or laughing in a man's face.

FLICKING. Cutting. Flick me some panam and caffan; cut me some bread and cheese. Flick the peter; cut off the cloak-bag, or portmanteau.

To FLING. To trick or cheat. He flung me fairly out of it: he cheated me out of it.

FLINTS. Journeymen taylors, who on a late occasion refused to work for the wages settled by law. Those who submitted, were by the mutineers styled dungs, i.e. dunghills.

FLIP. Small beer, brandy, and sugar: this mixture, with the addition of a lemon, was by sailors, formerly called Sir Cloudsly, in memory of Sir Cloudsly Shovel, who used frequently to regale himself with it.

FLOATING ACADEMY. See CAMPBELL'S ACADEMY.

FLOATING HELL. The hulks.

TO FLOG. To whip.

FLOGGER. A horsewhip. CANT.

FLOGGING CULLY. A debilitated lecher, commonly an old one.

FLOGGING COVE. The beadle, or whipper, in Bridewell.

FLOGGING STAKE. The whipping-post.

TO FLOOR. To knock down. Floor the pig; knock down the officer.

FLOURISH. To take a flourish; to enjoy a woman in a hasty manner, to take a flyer. See FLYER.

TO FLOUT. To jeer, to ridicule.

FLUMMERY. Oatmeal and water boiled to a jelly; also compliments, neither of which are over-nourishing.

FLUSH IN THE POCKET. Full of money. The cull is flush in the fob. The fellow is full of money.

FLUSTERED. Drunk.

FLUTE. The recorder of a corporation; a recorder was an antient musical instrument.

TO FLUX. To cheat, cozen, or over-reach; also to salivate. To flux a wig; to put it up in curl, and bake it.

FLY. Knowing. Acquainted with another's meaning or proceeding. The rattling cove is fly; the coachman knows what we are about.

FLY. A waggon. CANT.

FLY-BY-NIGHT. You old fly-by-night; an ancient term of reproach to an old woman, signifying that she was a witch, and alluding to the nocturnal excursions attributed to witches, who were supposed to fly abroad to their meetings, mounted on brooms.

FLY SLICERS. Life-guard men, from their sitting on horseback, under an arch, where they are frequently observed to drive away flies with their swords.

FLYER. To take a flyer; to enjoy a woman with her clothes on, or without going to bed.

FLYERS. Shoes.

FLY-FLAPPED. Whipt in the stocks, or at the cart's tail.

FLYING CAMPS. Beggars plying in a body at funerals.

FLYING GIGGERS. Turnpike gates.

FLYING HOUSE. A lock in wrestling, by which he who uses it throws his adversary over his head.

FLYING PASTY. Sirreverence wrapped in paper and thrown over a neighbour's wall.

FLYING PORTERS. Cheats who obtain money by pretending to persons who have been lately robbed, that they may come from a place or party where, and from whom, they may receive information respecting the goods stolen from them, and demand payment as porters.

FLYING STATIONERS. Ballad-singers and hawkers of penny histories.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

Project Gutenberg's *Legends of the Bastille*, by Frantz Funck-Brentano

In the remarkable book entitled Paris during the Revolution, M. Adolphe Schmidt writes: "All the purely revolutionary events, the events of the Fourteenth of July, of October 5 and 6, 1789, were the work of an obscure minority of reckless and violent revolutionists. If they succeeded, it was only because the great majority of the citizens avoided the scene of operations or were mere passive spectators there, attracted by curiosity, and giving in appearance an enhanced importance to the movement." Further on he says: "After the fall of the Gironde,[52] Dutard expressed himself in these terms: 'If, out of 50,000 Moderates, you succeed in collecting a compact body of no more than 3000, I shall be much astonished; and if out of these 3000 there are to be found only 500 who are agreed, and courageous enough to express their opinion, I shall be still more astonished. And these, in truth, must expect to be Septembrised.'[53] 'Twelve maniacs, with their blood well up, at the head of the Sansculotte section,' writes Dutard in another report, 'would put to flight the other forty-seven sections of Paris.' Mercier, after the fall of the Gironde, thus expresses himself in regard to the reign of Terror: 'Sixty brigands deluged France with blood: 500,000 men within our walls were witnesses of their atrocities, and were not brave enough to oppose them.'"

To enable the reader to understand the extraordinary and improbable event which is the subject of this chapter, it would be necessary to begin by explaining the circumstances and describing the material and moral state of things in which it happened; and that, unhappily, would occupy much space. Let us take the two principal facts, see what they led to, and then come to the events of the Fourteenth of July.

For its task of governing France, the royal power had in its hands no administrative instrument, or, at any rate, administrative instruments of a very rudimentary character. It ruled through tradition and sentiment. The royal power had been created by the affection and devotion of the nation, and in this devotion and affection lay its whole strength.

What, actually and practically, were the means of government in the hands of the king? "Get rid of lettres de cachet," observed Malesherbes, "and you deprive the king of all his authority, for the lettre de cachet is the only means he possesses of enforcing his will in the kingdom." Now, for several years past, the royal power had practically renounced lettres de cachet. On the other hand, during the course of the eighteenth century, the sentiments of affection and devotion of which we have spoken had become enfeebled, or at least had changed their character. So it was that on the eve of the Revolution the royal power, which stood in France for the entire administration, had, if the expression may be allowed, melted into thin air.

Below the royal power, the lords in the country, the upper ten in the towns, constituted the second degree in the government. The same remarks apply here also. And unhappily it is certain that, over the greater part of France, the territorial lords had forgotten the duties which their privileges and their station imposed. The old attachment of the labouring classes to them had almost everywhere disappeared, and in many particulars had given place to feelings of hostility.

Thus on the eve of '89 the whole fabric of the state had no longer any real existence: at the first shock it was bound to crumble into dust. And as, behind the fragile outer wall, there was no solid structure--no administrative machine, with its numerous, diverse, and nicely-balanced parts, like that which in our time acts as a buffer against the shocks of political crises,--the first blow aimed at the royal power was bound to plunge the whole country into a state of disorganization and disorder from which the tyranny of the Terror, brutal, blood-stained, overwhelming as it was, alone could rescue it.

Such is the first of the two facts we desire to make clear. We come now to the second. Ever since the year 1780, France had been almost continually in a state of famine. The rapidity and the abundance of the international exchanges which in our days supply us constantly from the

remotest corners of the world with the necessities of life, prevent our knowing anything of those terrible crises which in former days swept over the nations. "The dearth," writes Taine, "permanent, prolonged, having already lasted ten years, and aggravated by the very outbreaks which it provoked, went on adding fuel to all the passions of men till they reached a blaze of madness." "The nearer we come to the Fourteenth of July," says an eye witness, "the greater the famine becomes." "In consequence of the bad harvest," writes Schmidt, "the price of bread had been steadily rising from the opening of the year 1789. This state of things was utilized by the agitators who aimed at driving the people into excesses: these excesses in turn paralyzed trade. Business ceased, and numbers of workers found themselves without bread."

A few words should properly be said in regard to brigandage under the *ancien régime*. The progress of manners and especially the development of executive government have caused it utterly to disappear. The reader's imagination will supply all we have not space to say. He will recollect the lengths of daring to which a man like Cartouche[54] could go, and recall what the forest of Bondy[55] was at the gates of Paris.

So grew up towards the end of the *ancien régime* what Taine has so happily called a spontaneous anarchy. In the four months preceding the capture of the Bastille, one can count more than three hundred riots in France. At Nantes, on January 9, 1789, the town hall was invaded, and the bakers' shops pillaged. All this took place to the cries of "Vive le roi!" At Bray-sur-Seine, on May 1, peasants armed with knives and clubs forced the farmers to lower the price of corn. At Rouen, on May 28, the corn in the market place was plundered. In Picardy, a discharged carabineer put himself at the head of an armed band which attacked the villages and carried off the corn. On all sides houses were looted from roof to cellar. At Aupt, M. de Montferrat, defending himself, was "cut into little pieces." At La Seyne, the mob brought a coffin in front of the house of one of the principal burgesses; he was told to prepare for death, and they would do him the honour to bury him. He escaped, and his house was sacked. We cull these facts haphazard from among hundreds of others.

The immediate neighbourhood of Paris was plunged in terror. The batches of letters, still unpublished, preserved in the National Archives throw the most vivid light on this point. Bands of armed vagabonds scoured the country districts, pillaging the villages and plundering the crops. These were the "Brigands," a term which constantly recurs in the documents, and more and more frequently as we approach the 14th of July. These armed bands numbered three, four, five hundred men. At Cosne, at Orleans, at Rambouillet, it was the same story of raids on the corn. In different localities of the environs of Paris, the people organized themselves on a military basis. Armed burghers patrolled the streets against the "brigands." From all sides the people rained on the king demands for troops to protect them. Towns like Versailles, in dread of

an invasion by these ruffians, implored the king for protection: the letters of the municipal council preserved in the National Archives are in the highest degree instructive.

At this moment there had collected in the outskirts of Paris those troops whose presence was in the sequel so skilfully turned to account by the orators of the Palais-Royal. True, the presence of the troops made them uneasy. So far were the soldiers from having designs against the Parisians that in the secret correspondence of Villedeuil we find the court constantly urging that they should be reserved for the safeguarding of the adjoining districts, which were every day exposed to attack, and for the safe conduct of the convoys of corn coming up to Versailles and Paris. Bands mustered around the capital. In the first weeks of May, near Villejuif, a troop of from five to six hundred ruffians met intending to storm Bicêtre and march on Saint-Cloud. They came from distances of thirty, forty, and fifty leagues, and the whole mass surged around Paris and was swallowed up there as into a sewer. During the last days of April the shopmen saw streaming through the barriers "a terrific number of men, ill clad and of sinister aspect." By the first days of May, it was noticed that the appearance of the mob had altogether changed. There was now mingled with it "a number of strangers from all the country parts, most of them in rags, and armed with huge clubs, the mere aspect of them showing what was to be feared." In the words of a contemporary, "one met such physiognomies as one never remembered having seen in the light of day." To provide occupation for a part of these ill-favoured unemployed, whose presence everybody felt to be disquieting, workshops were constructed at Montmartre, where from seventeen to eighteen thousand men were employed on improvised tasks at twenty sous a day.

Meanwhile the electors chosen to nominate deputies to the National Assembly had been collecting. On April 22, 1789, Thiroux de Crosne, the lieutenant of police, speaking of the tranquillity with which the elections were being carried on, added: "But I constantly have my eye on the bakers."

On April 23, de Crosne referred to the irritation which was showing itself among certain groups of workmen in the Suburb Saint-Antoine against two manufacturers, Dominique Henriot, the saltpetre-maker, and Réveillon, the manufacturer of wall-papers. Henriot was known, not only for his intelligence, but for his kindness; in years of distress he had sacrificed a portion of his fortune for the support of the workmen; as to Réveillon, he was at this date one of the most remarkable representatives of Parisian industry. A simple workman to begin with, he was in 1789 paying 200,000 livres a year in salaries to 300 workers; shortly before, he had carried off the prize founded by Necker for the encouragement of useful arts. Henriot and Réveillon were said to have made offensive remarks against the workmen in the course of the recent electoral assemblies. They both denied, however, having uttered the

remarks attributed to them, and there is every reason to believe that their denials were genuine.

During the night of April 27 and the next day, howling mobs attacked the establishments of Henriot and Réveillon, which were thoroughly plundered. Commissary Guellette, in his report of May 3, notes that a wild and systematic devastation was perpetrated. Only the walls were left standing. What was not stolen was smashed into atoms. The "brigands"—the expression used by the Commissary—threw a part of the plant out of the windows into the street, where the mob made bonfires of it. Part of the crowd were drunk; nevertheless they flung themselves into the cellars, and the casks were stove in. When casks and bottles were empty, the rioters attacked the flasks containing colouring matter; this they absorbed in vast quantities, and reeled about with fearful contortions, poisoned. When these cellars were entered next day, they presented a horrible spectacle, for the wretches had come to quarrelling and cutting each other's throats. "The people got on to the roofs," writes Thiroux de Crosne, "whence they rained down upon the troops a perfect hailstorm of tiles, stones, &c.; they even set rolling down fragments of chimneys and bits of timber; and although they were fired upon several times and some persons were killed, it was quite impossible to master them."

The riot was not quelled by the troops until 10 o'clock that night; more than a hundred persons were left dead in the street. M. Alexandre Tuetey has devoted some remarkable pages to Réveillon's affair; he has carefully studied the interrogatories of rioters who were arrested. The majority, he says, had been drunk all day. Réveillon, as is well known, only found safety by taking refuge in the Bastille. He was the only prisoner whom the Bastille received throughout the year 1789.

In the night following these bacchanalian orgies, the agents of the Marquis du Châtelet, colonel of the Gardes Françaises, having crept along one of the moats, "saw a crowd of brigands" collected on the further side of the Trône gate. Their leader was mounted on a table, haranguing them.

We come upon them again in the report of Commissary Vauglenne, quoted by M. Alexandre Tuetey. "On April 29, Vauglenne took the depositions of bakers, confectioners, and pork butchers of the Marais, who had been robbed by veritable bands of highwaymen, who proceed by burglary and violence; they may possibly be starving men, but they look and act uncommonly like gentlemen of the road."

Meanwhile, in the garden of the Palais-Royal, Camille Desmoulins was haranguing groups of the unemployed and ravenous outcasts, who were pressing round him with wide glaring eyes. Desmoulins vociferates: "The beast is in the trap; now to finish him!... Never a richer prey has ever been offered to conquerors! Forty thousand palaces, mansions, châteaux,

two-fifths of the wealth of France will be the prize of valour. Those who have set up as our masters will be mastered in their turn, the nation will be purged!" It is easy to understand that in Paris the alarm had become as acute as in the country; everyone was in terror of the "brigands." On June 25 it was decided to form a citizen militia for the protection of property. "The notoriety of these disorders," we read in the minutes of the electors, "and the excesses committed by several mobs have decided the general assembly to re-establish without delay the militia of Paris." But a certain time was necessary for the organization of this civil guard. On June 30, the doors of the Abbaye, where some Gardes Françaises had been locked up, some for desertion, others for theft, were broken in by blows from hatchets and hammers. The prisoners were led in triumph to the Palais-Royal, where they were fêted in the garden. The extent of the disorders was already so great that the government, powerless to repress them, had force to grant a general pardon. From that day there was no longer any need to capture the Bastille, the *ancien régime* was lost.

The disturbances at the Palais-Royal, the rendezvous of idlers, light women, and hot-headed fools, were becoming ever more violent. They began to talk of setting fire to the place. If some honest citizen plucked up courage to protest he was publicly whipped, thrown into the ponds, and rolled in the mud.

On July 11, Necker was dismissed from the ministry and replaced by Breteuil. At this time Necker was very popular; Breteuil was not, though he ought to have been, particularly in the eyes of supporters of a revolutionary movement. Of all the ministers of the *ancien régime*, and of all the men of his time, Breteuil was the one who had done most for the suppression of *lettres de cachet* and of state prisons. It was he who had closed Vincennes and the Châtimoine tower of Caen, who had got the demolition of the Bastille decided on, who had set Latitude at liberty, and how many other prisoners! who had drawn up and made respected, even in the remotest parts of the kingdom, those admirable circulars which will immortalize his name, by which he ordered the immediate liberation of all prisoners whose detention was not absolutely justified, and laid down such rigorous formalities for the future, that the arbitrary character of *lettres de cachet* may be said to have been destroyed by them. Nevertheless the orators of the Palais-Royal succeeded in persuading many people that the advent of Breteuil to the ministry presaged a "St. Bartholomew of patriots." The agitation became so vehement, the calumnies against the court and the government were repeated with so much violence, that the court, in order to avoid the slightest risk of the outbreak of a "St. Bartholomew," ordered all the troops to be withdrawn and Paris to be left to itself.

Meanwhile, Camille Desmoulins was continuing to thunder forth: "I have just sounded the people. My rage against the despots was turned to despair. I did not see the crowds, although keenly moved and dismayed,

strongly enough disposed to insurrection.... I was rather lifted on to the table than mounted there myself. Scarcely was I there than I saw myself surrounded by an immense throng. Here is my short address, which I shall never forget: 'Citizens! there is not a moment to lose. I come from Versailles; M. Necker is dismissed; this dismissal is the alarm bell of a St. Bartholomew of patriots; this evening all the Swiss and German battalions will march from the Champ de Mars to cut our throats. Only one resource remains to us: we must fly to arms!"'

The Parisians were in an abject state of fright, but it was not the Swiss and German battalions which terrified them. The author of the *Memorable Fortnight*, devoted heart and soul as he was to the revolutionary movement, acknowledges that during the days from the 12th to the 14th of July, all respectable people shut themselves up in their houses. And while the troops and decent people were retiring, the dregs were coming to the surface. During the night of July 12, the majority of the toll gates, where the town dues were collected, were broken open, plundered, and set on fire. "Brigands," armed with pikes and clubs, scoured the streets, threatening the houses in which the trembling and agitated citizens had shut themselves. Next day, July 13, the shops of the bakers and wine merchants were rifled. "Girls snatched the earrings from women who went by; if the ring resisted, the ear was torn in two." "The house of the lieutenant of police was ransacked, and Thiroux de Crosne had the utmost difficulty in escaping from the bands armed with clubs and torches. Another troop, with murderous cries, arrived at the Force, where prisoners for debt were confined: the prisoners were set free. The Garde-Meuble was ransacked. One gang broke in with their axes the door of the Lazarists, smashed the library, the cupboards, the pictures, the windows, the physical laboratory, dived into the cellar, stove in the wine-casks and got gloriously drunk. Twenty-four hours afterwards some thirty dead and dying were found there, men and women, one of the latter on the point of childbirth. In front of the house the street was full of débris and of brigands, who held in their hands, some eatables, others a pitcher, forcing wayfarers to drink and filling for all and sundry. Wine flowed in torrents." Some had possessed themselves of ecclesiastical robes, which they put on, and in this attire yelled and gesticulated down the street. In the minute books of the electors we read at this date: "On information given to the committee that the brigands who had been dispersed showed some disposition to reassemble for the purpose of attacking and pillaging the Royal Treasury and the Bank, the committee ordered these two establishments to be guarded." On the same day, they luckily succeeded in disarming more than a hundred and fifty of these roisterers, who, drunk with wine and brandy, had fallen asleep inside the Hôtel de Ville. Meanwhile the outskirts of Paris were no safer than the city itself, and from the top of the towers of the Bastille they could see the conflagrations which were started in various quarters.

The organization of the citizen militia against these disorders was

becoming urgent. When evening came, the majority of the districts set actively to work. Twelve hundred good citizens mustered in the Petit Saint-Antoine district. It was a motley crew: tradesmen and artisans, magistrates and doctors, writers and scholars, cheek by jowl with navvies and carpenters. The future minister of Louis XVI., Champion de Villeneuve, filled the post of secretary. The twelve hundred citizens, as we read in the minutes, "compelled to unite by the too well founded alarm inspired in all the citizens by the danger which seems to threaten them each individually, and by the imminent necessity of taking prompt measures to avert its effects, considering that a number of individuals, terrified perhaps by the rumours which doubtless evil-disposed persons have disseminated, are traversing, armed and in disorder, all the streets of the capital, and that the ordinary town guard either mingles with them or remains a passive spectator of the disorder it cannot arrest; considering also that the prison of the Force has been burst into and opened for the prisoners, and that it is threatened to force open in the same way the prisons which confine vagabonds, vagrants, and convicts ... in consequence, the assembled citizens decide to organize themselves into a citizen militia. Every man will carry while on duty whatever arms he can procure, save and except pistols, which are forbidden as dangerous weapons.... There will always be two patrols on duty at a time, and two others will remain at the place fixed for headquarters." Most of the other districts imitated the proceedings of the Petit-Saint-Antoine. They sent delegates to the Hôtel des Invalides to ask for arms. The delegates were received by Besenval, who would have been glad to grant them what they requested; but he must have proper instructions. He writes in his *Memoirs* that the delegates were in a great state of fright, saying that the "brigands" were threatening to burn and pillage their houses. The author of the *Memorable Fortnight* dwells on the point that the militia of Paris was formed in self-defence against the excesses of the brigands. Speaking of the minute book of the Petit-Saint-Antoine district, an excellent authority, M. Charavay, writes: "The burgesses of Paris, less alarmed at the plans of the court than at the men to whom the name of *brigands* had already been given, organized themselves into a militia to resist them: that was their only aim. The movement which on the next day swept away the Bastille might perhaps have been repressed by the National Guard if its organization had had greater stability." The fact could not have been better put.

The Hôtel de Ville was attacked, and one of the electors, Legrand, only cleared it of the hordes who were filling it with their infernal uproar by ordering six barrels of powder to be brought up, and threatening to blow the place up if they did not retire.

During the night of July 13, the shops of the bakers and wine-sellers were pillaged. The excellent Abbé Morellet, one of the Encyclopædists, who, as we have seen, was locked up in the Bastille under Louis XV., writes: "I spent a great part of the night of the 13th at my windows,

watching the scum of the population armed with muskets, pikes, and skewers, as they forced open the doors of the houses and got themselves food and drink, money and arms." Mathieu Dumas also describes in his *Souvenirs* these ragged vagabonds, several almost naked, and with horrible faces. During these two days and nights, writes Bailly, Paris ran great risk of pillage, and was only saved by the National Guard.

The proceedings of these bandits and the work of the National Guard are described in a curious letter from an English doctor, named Rigby, to his wife. "It was necessary not only to give arms to those one could rely on, but to disarm those of whom little protection could be expected and who might become a cause of disorder and harm. This required a good deal of skill. Early in the afternoon we began to catch a glimpse here and there among the swarms of people, where we saw signs of an irritation which might soon develop into excesses, of a man of decent appearance, carrying a musket with a soldierly air. These slowly but surely increased in number; their intention was evidently to pacify and at the same time to disarm the irregular bands. They had for the most part accomplished their task before nightfall. Then the citizens who had been officially armed occupied the streets almost exclusively: they were divided into several sections, some mounting guard at certain points, others patrolling the streets, all under the leadership of captains.

When night came, only very few of those who had armed themselves the evening before could be seen. Some, however, had refused to give up their arms, and during the night it was seen how well founded had been the fears they had inspired, for they started to pillage. But it was too late to do so with impunity. The looters were discovered and seized, and we learnt next morning that several of these wretches, taken redhanded, had been executed." Indeed, the repressive measures of the citizens were not wanting in energy. Here and there brigands were strung up to the lamp-posts, and then despatched, as they hung there, with musket shots.

The author of the *Authentic History*, who left the best of the contemporary accounts of the taking of the Bastille which we possess, says rightly enough: "The riot began on the evening of July 12." There was thus a combination of disorders and "brigandage" in which the capture of the Bastille, though it stands out more prominently than the other events, was only a part, and cannot be considered by itself.

The morning of the Fourteenth dawned bright and sunny. A great part of the population had remained up all night, and daylight found them still harassed with anxiety and alarm. To have arms was the desire of all; the citizens and supporters of order, so as to protect themselves; the brigands, a part of whom had been disarmed, in order to procure or recover the means of assault and pillage. There was a rush to the Invalides, where the magazines of effective arms were. This was the first violent action of the day. The mob carried off 28,000 muskets and twenty-four cannon. And as it was known that other munitions of war were deposited in the Bastille, the cry of "To the Invalides!" was succeeded

by the cry "To the Bastille!"

We must carefully distinguish between the two elements of which the throng flocking to the Bastille was composed. On the one hand, a horde of nameless vagabonds, those whom the contemporary documents invariably style the "brigands"; and, on the other hand, the respectable citizens--these certainly formed the minority--who desired arms for the equipment of the civil guard. The sole motive impelling this band to the Bastille was the wish to procure arms. On this point all documents of any value and all the historians who have studied the matter closely are in agreement. There was no question of liberty or of tyranny, of setting free the prisoners or of protesting against the royal authority. The capture of the Bastille was effected amid cries of "Vive le roi!" just as, for several months past in the provinces, the granaries had been plundered.

About 8 o'clock in the morning, the electors at the Hôtel de Ville received some inhabitants of the Suburb Saint-Antoine who came to complain that the district was threatened by the cannon trained on it from the towers of the Bastille. These cannon were used for firing salutes on occasions of public rejoicing, and were so placed that they could do no harm whatever to the adjacent districts. But the electors sent some of their number to the Bastille, where the governor, de Launey, received the deputation with the greatest affability, kept them to lunch, and at their request withdrew the cannon from the embrasures. To this deputation there succeeded another, which, however, was quite unofficial, consisting of three persons, with the advocate Thuriot de la Rosière at the head. They were admitted as their predecessors had been. Thuriot was the eloquent spokesman, "in the name of the nation and the fatherland." He delivered an ultimatum to the governor and harangued the garrison, consisting of 95 Invalides and 30 Swiss soldiers. Some thousand men were thronging round the Bastille, vociferating wildly. The garrison swore not to fire unless they were attacked. De Launey said that without orders he could do no more than withdraw the cannon from the embrasures, but he went so far as to block up these embrasures with planks. Then Thuriot took his leave and returned to the Hôtel de Ville, the crowd meanwhile becoming more and more threatening.

[Illustration: THE CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE.

_From an anonymous contemporary painting now in the Hôtel Carnavalet.]

"The entrance to the first courtyard, that of the barracks, was open," says M. Fernand Bourdon in his admirable account of the events of this day; "but de Launey had ordered the garrison to retire within the enclosure, and to raise the outer drawbridge by which the court of the governor was reached, and which in the ordinary way used to be lowered during the day. Two daring fellows dashed forward and scaled the roof of the guard-house, one of them a soldier named Louis Tournay: the name of

the other is unknown. They shattered the chains of the drawbridge with their axes, and it fell."

It has been said in a recent work, in which defects of judgment and criticism are scarcely masked by a cumbrous parade of erudition, that Tournay and his companion performed their feat under the fire of the garrison. At this moment the garrison did not fire a single shot, contenting themselves with urging the besiegers to retire. "While M. de Launey and his officers contented themselves with threats, these two vigorous champions succeeded in breaking in the doors and in lowering the outer drawbridge; then the horde of brigands advanced in a body and dashed towards the second bridge, which they wished to capture, firing at the troops as they ran. It was then for the first time that M. de Launey, perceiving his error in allowing the operations at the first bridge to be managed so quietly, ordered the soldiers to fire, which caused a disorderly stampede on the part of the rabble, which was more brutal than brave; and it is at this point that the calumnies against the governor begin. Transposing the order of events, it has been asserted that he had sent out a message of peace, that the people had advanced in reliance on his word, and that many citizens were massacred." This alleged treachery of de Launey, immediately hawked about Paris, was one of the events of the day. It is contradicted not only by all the accounts of the besieged, but by the besiegers themselves, and is now rejected by all historians.

A wine-seller named Cholat, aided by one Baron, nicknamed La Giroflée, had brought into position a piece of ordnance in the long walk of the arsenal. They fired, but the gun's recoil somewhat seriously wounded the two artillerymen, and they were its only victims. As these means were insufficient to overturn the Bastille, the besiegers set about devising others. A pretty young girl named Mdlle. de Monsigny, daughter of the captain of the company of Invalides at the Bastille, had been encountered in the barrack yard. Some madmen imagined that she was Mdlle. de Launey. They dragged her to the edge of the moat, and gave the garrison to understand by their gestures that they were going to burn her alive if the place was not surrendered. They had thrown the unhappy child, who had fainted, upon a mattress, to which they had already set light. M. de Monsigny saw the hideous spectacle from a window of the towers, and, desperately rushing down to save his child, he was killed by two shots. These were tricks in the siege of strongholds of which Duguesclin would never have dreamed. A soldier named Aubin Bonnemère courageously interposed and succeeded in saving the girl.

A detachment of Gardes Françaises, coming up with two pieces of artillery which the Hôtel de Ville had allowed to be removed, gave a more serious aspect to the siege. But the name of Gardes Françaises must not give rise to misapprehension: the soldiers of the regular army under the *ancien régime* must not be compared with those of the present day. The regiment of Gardes Françaises in particular had fallen into a

profound state of disorganization and degradation. The privates were permitted to follow a trade in the city, by this means augmenting their pay. It is certain that in the majority of cases the trade they followed was that of the bully. "Almost all the soldiers in the Guards belong to this class," we read in the *Encyclopédie méthodique*, "and many men indeed only enlist in the corps in order to live on the earnings of these unfortunates." The numerous documents relating to the Gardes Françaises preserved in the archives of the Bastille give the most precise confirmation to this statement. We see, for example, that the relatives of the engraver Nicolas de Larmessin requested a *lettre de cachet* ordering their son to be locked up in jail, where they would pay for his keep, "because he had threatened to enlist in the Gardes Françaises."

From the fifteen cannon placed on the towers, not a single shot was fired during the siege. Within the château, three guns loaded with grape defended the inner drawbridge; the governor had only one of them fired, and that only once. Not wishing to massacre the mob, de Launey determined to blow up the Bastille and find his grave among the ruins. The Invalides Ferrand and Béquart flung themselves upon him to prevent him from carrying out his intention. "The Bastille was not captured by main force," says Elie, whose testimony cannot be suspected of partiality in favour of the defenders; "it surrendered before it was attacked, on my giving my word of honour as a French officer that all should escape unscathed if they submitted."

We know how this promise was kept, in spite of the heroic efforts of Elie and Hulin, to whom posterity owes enthusiastic homage. Is the mob to be reproached for these atrocious crimes? It was a savage horde, the scum of the population. De Launey, whose confidence and kindness had never faltered, was massacred with every circumstance of horror. "The Abbé Lefèvre," says Dusaulx, "was an involuntary witness of his last moments: 'I saw him fall,' he told me, 'without being able to help him; he defended himself like a lion, and if only ten men had behaved as he did at the Bastille, it would not have been taken.'" His murderers slowly severed his head from his trunk with a penknife. The operation was performed by a cook's apprentice named Desnot, "who knew, as he afterwards proudly said, how to manage a joint." The deposition of this brute should be read. It has been published by M. Guiffrey in the *Revue historique*. To give himself courage, Desnot had gulped down brandy mixed with gunpowder, and he added that what he had done was done in the hope of obtaining a medal.

"We learnt by-and-by," continues Dusaulx, "of the death of M. de Losme-Salbray, which all good men deplored." De Losme had been the good angel of the prisoners during his term of office as major of the Bastille: there are touching details showing to what lengths he carried his kindness and delicacy of feeling. At the moment when the mob was hacking at him, there happened to pass the Marquis de Pelleport, who had

been imprisoned in the Bastille for several years; he sprang forward to save him: "Stop!" he cried, "you are killing the best of men." But he fell badly wounded, as also did the Chevalier de Jean, who had joined him in the attempt to rescue the unfortunate man from the hands of the mob. The adjutant Miray, Person the lieutenant of the Invalides, and Dumont, one of the Invalides, were massacred. Miray was led to the Grève, where the mob had resolved to execute him. Struck with fists and clubs, stabbed with knives, he crawled along in his death agony. He expired, "done to death with pin-pricks," before arriving at the place of execution. The Invalides Asselin and Béquart were hanged. It was Béquart who had prevented de Launey from blowing up the Bastille. "He was gashed with two sword-strokes," we read in the *Moniteur*, "and a sabre cut had lopped off his wrist. They carried the hand in triumph through the streets of the city—the very hand to which so many citizens owed their safety." "After I had passed the arcade of the Hôtel de Ville," says Restif de la Bretonne, who has left so curious a page about the 14th of July, "I came upon some cannibals: one—I saw him with my own eyes—brought home to me the meaning of a horrible word heard so often since: he was carrying at the end of a *taille-cime* [56] the bleeding entrails of a victim of the mob's fury, and this horrible top-knot caused no one to turn a hair. Farther on I met the captured Invalides and Swiss: from young and pretty lips—I shudder at it still—came screams of 'Hang them! Hang them!'"

Further, they massacred Flesselles, the provost of the guilds, accused of a treacherous action as imaginary as that of de Launey. They cut the throat of Foulon, an old man of seventy-four years, who, as Taine tells us, had spent during the preceding winter 60,000 francs in order to provide the poor with work. They assassinated Berthier, one of the distinguished men of the time. Foulon's head was cut off; they tore Berthier's heart from his body to carry it in procession through Paris—charming touch!—in a bouquet of white carnations. For the fun was growing fast and furious. De Launey's head was borne on a pike to the Palais Royal, then to the new bridge, where it was made to do obeisance three times to the statue of Henri IV., with the words, "Salute thy master!" At the Palais Royal, two of the conquerors had merrily set themselves down at a dining-table in an entresol. As we garnish our tables with flowers, so these men had placed on the table a trunkless head and gory entrails; but as the crowd below cried out for them, they shot them gaily out of the window.

Those who had remained in front of the Bastille had dashed on in quest of booty. As at the pillage of the warehouses of Réveillon and Henriot, and of the convent of the Lazarists, the first impulse of the conquerors was to bound forward to the cellar. "This rabble," writes the author of the *Authentic History*, "were so blind drunk that they made in one body for the quarters of the staff, breaking the furniture, doors, and windows. All this time their comrades, taking the pillagers for some of the garrison, were firing on them."

No one gave a thought to the prisoners, but the keys were secured and carried in triumph through Paris. The doors of the rooms in which the prisoners were kept had to be broken in. The wretched men, terrified by the uproar, were more dead than alive. These victims of arbitrary power were exactly seven in number. Four were forgers, Béchade, Laroche, La Corrège, and Pujade; these individuals had forged bills of exchange, to the loss of two Parisian bankers: while their case was being dealt with in regular course at the Châtelet, they were lodged in the Bastille, where they consulted every day with their counsel. Then there was the young Comte de Solages, who was guilty of monstrous crimes meriting death; he was kept in the Bastille out of regard for his family, who defrayed his expenses. Finally there were two lunatics, Tavernier and de Whyte. We know what immense progress has been made during the past century in the methods of treating lunatics. In those days they locked them up. Tavernier and de Whyte were before long transferred to Charenton, where assuredly they were not so well treated as they had been at the Bastille.

Such were the seven martyrs who were led in triumphant procession through the streets, amid the shouts of a deeply moved people.

Of the besiegers, ninety-eight dead were counted, some of whom had met their death through the assailants' firing on one another. Several had been killed by falling into the moat. Of this total, only nineteen were married, and only five had children. These are details of some interest.

There was no thought of burying either the conquerors or the conquered. At midnight on Wednesday the 15th, the presence of the corpses of the officers of the Bastille, still lying in the Place de Grève, was notified to the commissioners of the Châtelet. In his admirable work M. Furnand Bourdon has published the ghastly report that was drawn up on that night. It is a fitting crown to the work of the great day: "We, the undersigned commissioners, duly noted down the declaration of the said Sieur Houdan, and having then gone down into the courtyard of the Châtelet (whither the corpses had just been carried), we found there seven corpses of the male sex, the first without a head, clothed in a coat, vest, breeches, and black silk stockings, with a fine shirt, but no shoes; the second also without a head, clothed in a vest of red stuff, breeches of nankeen with regimental buttons, blue silk stockings with a small black pattern worked in; the third also headless, clothed in a shirt, breeches, and white cotton stockings; the fourth also headless, clothed in a blood-stained shirt, breeches, and black stockings; the fifth clad in a shirt, blue breeches, and white gaiters, with brown hair, apparently about forty years old, and having part of his forearm cut off and severe bruises on his throat; the sixth clothed in breeches and white gaiters, with severe bruises on his throat; and the seventh, clothed in a shirt, breeches, and black silk stockings, disfigured beyond recognition."

Meanwhile the majority of the victors, the first moments of intoxication having passed, were hiding themselves like men who had committed a crime. The disorder in the city was extreme. "The commissioners of the districts," writes the Sicilian ambassador, "seeing the peril in which the inhabitants were placed before this enormous number of armed men, including brigands and men let out of prison on the previous days, formed patrols of the National Guard. They proclaimed martial law, or rather, they issued one solitary law declaring that whoever robbed or set fire to a house would be hanged. Indeed, not a day passed without five and even as many as ten persons suffering this penalty. To this salutary expedient we owe our lives and the safety of our houses."

More than one conqueror of the Bastille was hanged in this way, which was a great pity, for two days later his glorious brow might have been crowned with laurels and flowers!

It has been said that the Bastille was captured by the people of Paris. But the number of the besiegers amounted to no more than a thousand, among whom, as Marat has already brought to our notice, there were many provincials and foreigners. As to the Parisians, they had come in great numbers, as they always do, to see what was going on. We have this too on the testimony of Marat. "I was present at the taking of the Bastille," writes the Chancellor de Pasquier also: "what has been called the 'fight' was not serious, and of resistance there was absolutely none. A few musket shots were fired to which there was no reply, and four or five cannon shots. We know the results of this boasted victory, which has brought a shower of compliments upon the heads of the so-called conquerors: the truth is that this great fight did not give a moment's uneasiness to the numerous spectators who had hurried up to see the result. Among them there was many a pretty woman; they had left their carriages at a distance in order to approach more easily. I was leaning on the end of the barrier which closed in the garden skirting Beaumarchais' garden in the direction of the Place de la Bastille. By my side was Mdlle. Contat, of the Comédie Française: we stayed to the end, and I gave her my arm to her carriage. As pretty as any woman could be, Mdlle. Contat added to the graces of her person an intelligence of the most brilliant order."

By next day there was quite another story. The Bastille had been "stormed" in a formidable and heroic assault lasting a quarter of an hour. The guns of the assailants had made a breach in its walls. These, it is true, were still standing intact; but that did not signify, the guns had made a breach, unquestionably! The seven prisoners who had been set free had been a disappointment, for the best will in the world could not make them anything but scoundrels and lunatics; some one invented an eighth, the celebrated Comte de Lorges, the white-headed hero and martyr. This Comte de Lorges had no existence; but that fact also is nothing to the purpose: he makes an admirable and touching story. There

was talk of instruments of torture that had been discovered: "an iron corslet, invented to hold a man fast by all his joints, and fix him in eternal immobility;" it was really a piece of knightly armour dating from the middle ages, taken from the magazine of obsolete arms which was kept at the Bastille. Some one discovered also a machine "not less destructive, which was brought to the light of day, but no one could guess its name or its special use"; it was a secret printing-press seized in the house of one François Lenormand in 1786. Finally, while digging in the bastion, some one came upon the bones of Protestants who had once been buried there, the prejudices of the time not allowing their remains to be laid in the consecrated ground of the cemetery: the vision of secret executions in the deepest dungeons of the Bastille was conjured up in the mind of the discoverers, and Mirabeau sent these terrible words echoing through France: "The ministers were lacking in foresight, they forgot to eat the bones!"

The compilation of the roll of the conquerors of the Bastille was a laborious work. A great number of those who had been in the thick of the fray did not care to make themselves known: they did not know but that their laurel-crowned heads might be stuck aloft! It is true that these bashful heroes were speedily replaced by a host of fine fellows who—from the moment when it was admitted that the conquerors were heroes, deserving of honours, pensions, and medals—were fully persuaded that they had sprung to the assault, and in the very first rank. The final list contained 863 names.

Victor Fournel in a charming book has sung the epic, at once ludicrous and lachrymose, of the men of the 14th of July. The book, which ought to be read, gives a host of delightful episodes it is impossible to abridge. In the sequel these founders of liberty did not shine either through the services they rendered to the Republic, or through their fidelity to the immortal principles. The Hulins—Hulin, however, had done nobly in trying to save de Launey—the Palloys, the Fourniers, the Latudes, and how many others! were the most servile lackeys of the Empire, and those of them who survived were the most assiduous servants of the Restoration. Under the Empire, the conquerors of the Bastille tried to secure the Legion of Honour for the whole crew. They went about soliciting pensions even up to 1830, and at that date, after forty-three years, there were still 401 conquerors living. In 1848 the conquerors made another appearance. There was still mention of pensions for the conquerors of the Bastille in the budget of 1874—let us save the ladder, the ladder of Latitude!

This is the amusing side of their story. But there is a painful side too: their rivalries with the Gardes Françaises, who charged them with filching the glory from them, and with the "volunteers of the Bastille." The heroes were acquainted with calumny and opprobrium. There were, too, deadly dissensions among their own body. There were the true conquerors, and others who, while they were true conquerors, were nevertheless not

true: there were always "traitors" among the conquerors, as well as "patriots." On July 1, 1790, two of the conquerors were found beaten to death near Beaumarchais' garden, in front of the theatre of their exploits. Next day there was a violent quarrel between four conquerors and some soldiers. In December two others were assassinated near the Champs de Mars. Early in 1791 two were wounded, and a third was discovered with his neck in a noose, in a ditch near the military school. Such were the nocturnal doings on the barriers.

It remains to explain this amazing veering round of opinion, this legend, of all things the least likely, which transformed into great men the "brigands" of April, June, and July, 1789.

The first reason is explained in the following excellent passage from Rabagas [57]:--

Carle.--But how then do you distinguish a riot from a revolution?

Boubard.--A riot is when the mob is defeated ... they are all curs. A revolution is when the mob is the stronger: they are all heroes!

During the night of July 14, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld woke Louis XVI. to announce to him the capture of the Bastille. "It's a revolt then," said the king. "Sire," replied the duke, "it is a revolution."

The day on which the royal power, in its feebleness and irresolution, abandoned Paris to the mob, was the day of its abdication. The Parisians attempted to organize themselves into a citizen militia in order to shoot down the brigands. The movement on the Bastille was a stroke of genius on the part of the latter--instinctive, no doubt, but for all that a stroke of genius. The people now recognized its masters, and with its usual facility it hailed the new régime with adulation. "From that moment," said a deputy, "there was an end of liberty, even in the Assembly; France was dumb before thirty factionaries."

What rendered the national enthusiasm for the conquerors more easy was precisely all those legends to which credence was given, in all sincerity, by the most intelligent people in France--the legends on the horrors of the Bastille and the cruelties of arbitrary power. For fifty years they had been disseminated throughout the kingdom, and had taken firm root. The pamphlets of Linguet and Mirabeau, the recent stupendous success of the Memoirs of Latitude, had given these stories renewed strength and vigour. Compelled to bow before the triumphant mob, people preferred to regard themselves--so they silenced their conscience--as hailing a deliverer. There was some sincerity in this movement of opinion, too. The same districts which on July 13 took arms against the brigands could exclaim, after the crisis had passed: "The districts applaud the capture of a fortress which, regarded hitherto as the seat

of despotism, dishonoured the French name under a popular king."

In his edition of the *Memoirs of Barras*, M. George Duruy has well explained the transformation of opinion. "In the *Memoirs*, the capture of the Bastille is merely the object of a brief and casual mention. Barras only retained and transmits to us one single detail. He saw leaving the dungeons the 'victims of arbitrary power, saved at last from rack and torture and from living tombs.' Such a dearth of information is the more likely to surprise us in that Barras was not only a spectator of the event, but composed, in that same year 1789, an account of it which has now been discovered. Now his narrative of 1789 is as interesting as the passage in the *Memoirs* is insignificant. The impression left by these pages, written while the events were vividly pictured in his mind, is, we are bound to say, that the famous capture of the Bastille was after all only a horrible and sanguinary saturnalia. There is no word of heroism in this first narrative: nothing about 'victims of arbitrary power' snatched from 'torture and living tombs'; but on the other hand, veritable deeds of cannibalism perpetrated by the victors. That is what Barras saw, and what he recorded on those pages where, at that period of his life, he noted down day by day the events of which he was a witness. Thirty years slip by. Barras has sat on the benches of the 'Montagne.'[58] He has remained an inflexible revolutionist. He gathers his notes together in view of *Memoirs* he intends to publish. At this time, the revolutionist version of the capture of the Bastille is officially established. It is henceforth accepted that the Bastille fell before an impulse of heroism on the part of the people of Paris, and that its fall brought to light horrible mysteries of iniquity. This legend, which has so profoundly distorted the event, was contemporary with the event itself, a spontaneous fruit of the popular imagination. And Barras, having to speak of the capture in his *Memoirs*, discovers his old narrative among his papers, and reads it, I imagine, with a sort of stupefaction. What! the capture of the Bastille was no more than that!--and he resolutely casts it aside."

In the provinces, the outbreak had a violent counterpart. "There instantly arose," writes Victor Fournel, "a strange, extraordinary, grotesque panic, which swept through the greater part of France like a hurricane of madness, and which many of us have heard our grand-fathers tell stories about under the name of the 'day of the brigands' or 'the day of the fear.' It broke out everywhere in the second fortnight of July, 1789. Suddenly, one knew not whence, an awful rumour burst upon the town or village: the brigands are here, at our very gates: they are advancing in troops of fifteen or twenty thousand, burning the standing crops, ravaging everything! Dust-stained couriers appear, spreading the terrible news. An unknown horseman goes through at the gallop, with haggard cheeks and dishevelled hair: 'Up, to arms, they are here!' Some natives rush up: it is only too true: they have seen them, the bandits are no more than a league or two away! The alarm bell booms out, the people fly to arms, line up in battle order, start off to reconnoitre.

In the end, nothing happens, but their terrors revive. The brigands have only turned aside: every man must remain under arms." In the frontier provinces, there were rumours of foreign enemies. The Bretons and Normans shook in fear of an English descent: in Champagne and Lorraine a German invasion was feared.

Along with these scenes of panic must be placed the deeds of violence, the assassinations, plunderings, burnings, which suddenly desolated the whole of France. In a book which sheds a flood of light on these facts, Gustave Bord gives a thrilling picture of them. The châteaux were invaded, and the owner, if they could lay hands on him, was roasted on the soles of his feet. At Versailles the mob threw themselves on the hangman as he was about to execute a parricide, and the criminal was set free: the state of terror in which the town was plunged is depicted in the journals of the municipal assembly. On July 23, the governor of Champagne sends word that the rising is general in his district. At Rennes, at Nantes, at Saint-Malo, at Angers, at Caen, at Bordeaux, at Strasburg, at Metz, the mob engaged in miniature captures of the Bastille more or less accompanied with pillage and assassination. Armed bands went about cutting down the woods, breaking down the dikes, fishing in the ponds.[59] The disorganization was complete.

Nothing could more clearly show the character of the government under the *ancien régime*: it was wholly dependent on traditions. Nowhere was there a concrete organization to secure the maintenance of order and the enforcement of the king's decrees. France was a federation of innumerable republics, held together by a single bond, the sentiment of loyalty every citizen felt towards the crown. One puff of wind sent the crown flying, and then disorder and panic bewilderment dominated the whole nation. The door was open to all excesses, and the means of checking them miserably failed. Under the *ancien régime*, devotion to the king was the whole government, the whole administration, the whole life of the state. And thus arose the necessity for the domination of the Terror, and the legislative work of Napoleon.

THE SIGN OF THE FALLING HAMMER

Project Gutenberg's It Might Have Happened To You, by Coningsby Dawson

There is an institution in Vienna known as the Dorotheum. It is the Government pawnshop and ==has for its sign a falling hammer against a sinking sun. More than two hundred years ago it was founded by the good Emperor Joseph to protect his people against the rapacity of private brokers. Formerly the rule was that if articles were not reclaimed within the space of ten months, they would be passed under the hammer. Today the respite for redemption has been cut down to three months; the Government cannot take the risk of a declining currency over a longer period.

This afternoon I visited the Dorotheum. It is a vast building, constructed on the grand scale like a palace. Up and down its marble stairway throng the more respectable part of the tragedy of Vienna; pressing hard upon its heels come the vulture purchasers, for the most part foreigners, intent on making bargains out of Austria's want. The Dorotheum is a museum of domestic sacrifices. Here is the complete story of a country gone bankrupt. There is no exchange in the world that is so crowded. Never in its history did it do so thriving a trade. Early in the morning the crowd begins to gather, each individual carrying a shamefully concealed bundle; it does not disperse till the gates are closed at night. The Dorotheum is patronised by all classes, from the bank-clerk, raising a few crowns on an alarm clock, to the archduchess, pledging her jewels. It is one of the last ports of call of the proudly destitute.

Before I made my tour of inspection I was ushered into the presence of the supervisor—a sad, thin man in a flapping black coat who had the nervous cough of an undertaker. He explained that the season being Christmas he was very busy. Trade was brisk; everyone in Vienna had something to sell. This may strike you as quaint, but in Vienna nowadays Christmas is celebrated by pawning and not by purchasing. Because of this the supervisor asked to be excused from conducting me personally over his mausoleum. He entrusted me to a gray, unshaven man who had the appearance of a broken Count. He may have been a Count. An Admiral, who was the hope of the Adriatic navy, is banging at a typewriter today.

This morning I shook the hand of a General, earning ten dollars a month, who once made the Allies tremble by his prowess against the Russians. You can never be quite sure of your companion in this fallen city of tragic transformations.

The first room we entered was jammed to the ceiling with everything from the cheapest electric fittings to the loot of palaces. I noticed a complete set of Empire drawing-room furniture marked at the absurd price of a thousand crowns—rather less than a dollar and a half. There were rare rugs on the walls—the kind one would purchase at Sloane's for anything above three thousand dollars; they were offered at from three to sixty dollars. The sixty dollar one was a magnificent specimen. In another room there was an art gallery, guarded by an ex-engineer of European reputation, who now survives chiefly on tips. The pictures which he guarded were all for sale and many of them the work of famous modern painters. The cheapest I saw was a signed Russian landscape; it would have cost me thirty cents. The dearest, frame and all, could have been mine for six dollars. Art is not much in demand in Vienna.

But the more pathetic sight was not the luxuries of the rich, but the necessities of the respectable middle-class, which had been left unredeemed for three months and were now to be auctioned off. The price

on the tags represented one-third their value, which had been advanced to their owners, plus a margin of interest on the Government's outlay. Here were dresses, millinery, fur coats, gramophones, silver wedding-presents, libraries and even cradles. There was nothing you can think of that goes to make a home that some unfortunate had not pledged and lost.

The Count touched my arm. Wouldn't I like to see how it was done? How what was done? Why, the pledging.

I followed him out of the crowded room, where the foreigners were selecting the bargains for which they intended to bid next day. We went down a narrow, draughty stairway till we found ourselves in a kind of railway station. All along one side was a tier of windows, with iron railings leading up to them, and between the railings queues of tired people. They all carried parcels, as if they were going on a journey, but when they reached the windows they parted with their bundles--pushed them through the slit, waited and went away stuffing wads of paper money in their pockets.

This was the department where the jewelry was pawned. I was escorted through a door into the room which lay behind the windows. Here in long rows the valuers sat with scales before them, and magnifying glasses screwed into their right eyes. As a package was pushed through the slit across the counter they took it, undid it and examined its contents. They tested the stones. They weighed the metal. Then they scribbled on a slip of paper the sum of money the Government was prepared to advance. The pledger never demurred at the amount offered. He presented the slip at a neighboring window and the money was counted out.

Watching from the inside room, where the valuing was in process, I could hardly see the pledgers' faces. It was their hands thrust with a shameful furtiveness through the windows that told their story. All kinds of hands! I remember one pair. They belonged to a man of thirty--they were the supple hands of an artist. Behind the window I could make out his firm, clean-shaven face. Beside him a young woman was standing--probably his wife. My attention was attracted to her because, when he pushed the jewelry across the counter, she made a regretful gesture, as if she would draw it back. The valuer commenced coldly to examine it. The parcel contained a woman's bracelet, a man's cuff-links, a gold watch-chain and a wedding ring. It was the wedding ring that gave me the meaning of her gesture. The valuer scribbled his offer. It was for 2,400 crowns--about three dollars fifty. The offer was accepted and the next comer's pair of hands were thrust tremblingly into sight.

Last of all I was taken to the auction-rooms, where the sales were in progress. The Count warned me that at this time in the afternoon the auctions were not interesting. It was too late. The expensive lots were sold earlier. But despite his pessimisms, I was interested.

There was a long room, dimly lighted. Running up and down it in an oval, was a pathway of tables. It formed a barrier like the enclosure of a circus. Seated on the outside of it were the bidders, with faces avid as gamblers'. At a high desk the auctioneer sat enthroned—he gets seventy dollars a year for his trouble. In the space on the inside, which the table surrounded, the goods being auctioned were piled. And what do you think they were? Children's toys. Not new toys, but old favorites—dolls and rocking-horses and tin soldiers, the pillage of the nurseries of Vienna. They were the gifts which Santa Claus had left at little bedsides in years when the world was kinder. Like the wedding ring, they had to go. Bread was required.

THE FISHERMAN'S RING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *From a Swedish Homestead*, by Selma Lagerlöf

During the reign of the Doge Gradenigos there lived in Venice an old fisherman, Cecco by name. He had been an unusually strong man, and was still very strong for his age, but lately he had given up work and left it to his two sons to provide for him. He was very proud of his sons, and he loved them—ah, signor, how he loved them!

Fate had so ordered it that their bringing up had been almost entirely left to him. Their mother had died early, and so Cecco had to take care of them. He had looked after their clothes and cooked their food; he had sat in the boat with needle and cotton and mended and darned. He had not cared in the least that people had laughed at him on that account. He had also, quite alone, taught them all it was necessary for them to know. He had made a couple of able fishermen of them, and taught them to honour God and San Marco.

'Always remember,' he said to them, 'that Venice will never be able to stand in her own strength. Look at her! Has she not been built on the waves? Look at the low islands close to land, where the sea plays amongst the seaweed. You would not venture to tread upon them, and yet it is upon such foundation that the whole city rests. And do you not know that the north wind has strength enough to throw both churches and palaces into the sea? Do you not know that we have such powerful enemies, that all the princes in Christendom cannot vanquish them? Therefore you must always pray to San Marco, for in his strong hands rests the chains which hold Venice suspended over the depths of the sea.'

And in the evening, when the moon shed its light over Venice, greenish-blue from the sea-mist; when they quietly glided up the Canale Grande and the gondolas they met were full of singers; when the palaces

shone in their white splendour, and thousands of lights mirrored themselves in the dark waters--then he always reminded them that they must thank San Marco for life and happiness.

But oh, signor! he did not forget him in the daytime either. When they returned from fishing and glided over the water of the lagoons, light-blue and golden; when the city lay before them, swimming on the waves; when the great ships passed in and out of the harbour, and the palace of the Doges shone like a huge jewel-casket, holding all the world's treasure--then he never forgot to tell them that all these things were the gift of San Marco, and that they would all vanish if a single Venetian were ungrateful enough to give up believing in and adoring him.

Then, one day, the sons went out fishing on the open sea, outside Lido. They were in company with several others, had a splendid vessel, and intended being away several days. The weather was fine, and they hoped for a goodly haul.

They left the Rialto, the large island where the city proper lies, one early morning, and as they passed through the lagoons they saw all the islands which, like fortifications, protect Venice against the sea, appear through the mist of the morning. There were La Gindecca and San Giorgio on the right, and San Michele, Muracco and San Lazzaro on the left. Then island followed upon island in a large circle, right on to the long Lido lying straight before them, and forming, as it were, the clasp of this string of pearls. And beyond Lido was the wide, infinite sea.

When they were well at sea, some of them got into a small boat and rowed out to set their nets. It was still fine weather, although the waves were higher here than inside the islands. None of them, however, dreamt of any danger. They had a good boat and were experienced men. But soon those left on the vessel saw that the sea and the sky suddenly grew darker in the north. They understood that a storm was coming on, and they at once shouted to their comrades, but they were already too far away to hear them.

The wind first reached the small boat. When the fishermen suddenly saw the waves rise around them, as herds of cattle on a large plain arise in the morning, one of the men in the boat stood up and beckoned to his comrades, but the same moment he fell backwards into the sea. Immediately afterwards a wave came which raised the boat on her bows, and one could see how the men, as it were, were shaken from off their seats and flung into the sea. It only lasted a moment, and everything had disappeared. Then the boat again appeared, keel upwards. The men in the vessel tried to reach the spot, but could not tack against the wind.

It was a terrific storm which came rushing over the sea, and soon the

fishermen in the vessel had their work set to save themselves. They succeeded in getting home safely, however, and brought with them the news of the disaster. It was Cecco's two sons and three others who had perished.

Ah me! how strangely things come about! The same morning Cecco had gone down to the Rialto to the fish-market. He went about amongst the stands and strutted about like a fine gentleman because he had no need to work. He even invited a couple of old Lido fishermen to an asteri and stood them a beaker of wine. He grew very important as he sat there and bragged and boasted about his sons. His spirits rose high, and he took out the zecchine—the one the Doge had given him when he had saved a child from drowning in Canale Grande. He was very proud of this large gold coin, carried it always about him, and showed it to people whenever there was an opportunity.

Suddenly a man entered the asteri and began to tell about the disaster, without noticing that Cecco was sitting there. But he had not been speaking long before Cecco threw himself over him and seized him by the throat.

'You do not dare to tell me that they are dead!' he shrieked—'not my sons!'

The man succeeded in getting away from him, but Cecco for a long time went on as if he were out of his mind. People heard him shout and groan; they crowded into the asteri—as many as it could hold—and stood round him in a circle as if he were a juggler.

Cecco sat on the floor and moaned. He hit the hard stone floor with his fist, and said over and over again:

'It is San Marco, San Marco, San Marco!'

'Cecco, you have taken leave of your senses from grief,' they said to him.

'I knew it would happen on the open sea,' Cecco said; 'outside Lido and Malamocco, there, I knew it would happen. There San Marco would take them. He bore them a grudge. I have feared it, boy. Yes,' he said, without hearing what they said to quiet him, 'they once laughed at him, once when we were lying outside Lido. He has not forgotten it; he will not stand being laughed at.'

He looked with confused glances at the bystanders, as if to seek help.

'Look here, Beppo from Malamocco,' he said, stretching out his hand towards a big fisherman, 'don't you believe it was San Marco?'

'Don't imagine any such thing, Cecco.'

'Now you shall hear, Beppo, how it happened. You see, we were lying out at sea, and to while away the time I told them how San Marco had come to Venice. The evangelist San Marco was first buried in a beautiful cathedral at Alexandria in Egypt. But the town got into the possession of unbelievers, and one day the Khalifa ordered that they should build him a magnificent palace at Alexandria, and take some columns from the Christian churches for its decoration. But just at that time there were two Venetian merchants at Alexandria who had ten heavily-laden vessels lying in the harbour. When these men entered the church where San Marco was buried and heard the command of the Khalifa, they said to the sorrowful priests: "The precious body which you have in your church may be desecrated by the Saracens. Give it to us; we will honour it, for San Marco was the first to preach on the Lagoon, and the Doge will reward you." And the priests gave their consent, and in order that the Christians of Alexandria should not object, the body of another holy man was placed in the Evangelist's coffin. But to prevent the Saracens from getting any news of the removal of the body, it was placed at the bottom of a large chest, and above it were packed hams and smoked bacon, which the Saracens could not endure. So when the Custom-house officers opened the lid of the chest, they at once hurried away. The two merchants, however, brought San Marco safely to Venice; you know, Beppo, that this is what they say.'

'I do, Cecco.'

'Yes; but just listen now,' and Cecco half arose, and in his fear spoke in a low voice. 'Something terrible now happened. When I told the boys that the holy man had been hidden underneath the bacon, they burst out laughing. I tried to hush them, but they only laughed the louder. Giacomo was lying on his stomach in the bows, and Pietro sat with his legs dangling outside the boat, and they both laughed so that it could be heard far out over the sea.'

'But, Cecco, surely two children may be allowed to laugh.'

'But don't you understand that is where they have perished to-day--on the very spot? Or can you understand why they should have lost their lives on that spot?'

Now they all began to talk to him and comfort him. It was his grief which made him lose his senses. This was not like San Marco. He would not revenge himself upon two children. Was it not natural that when a boat was caught in a storm this would happen on the open sea and not in the harbour?

Surely his sons had not lived in enmity with San Marco. They had heard them shout, 'Eviva San Marco!' as eagerly as all the others, and had

he not protected them to this very day. He had never, during the years that had passed, shown any sign of being angry with them.

'But, Cecco,' they said, 'you will bring misfortune upon us with your talk about San Marco. You, who are an old man and a wise man, should know better than to raise his anger against the Venetians. What are we without him?'

Cocco sat and looked at them bewildered.

'Then you don't believe it?'

'No one in his senses would believe such a thing.'

It looked as if they had succeeded in quieting him.

'I will also try not to believe it,' he said. He rose and walked towards the door. 'It would be too cruel, would it not?' he said. 'They were too handsome and too brave for anyone to hate them; I will not believe it.'

He went home, and in the narrow street outside his door he met an old woman, one of his neighbours.

'They are reading a Mass in the cathedral for the souls of the dead,' she said to Cecco, and hurried away. She was afraid of him; he looked so strange.

Cocco took his boat and made his way through the small canals down to Riva degli Schiavoni. There was a wide view from there; he looked towards Lido and the sea. Yes, it was a hard wind, but not a storm by any means; there were hardly any waves. And his sons had perished in weather like this! It was inconceivable.

He fastened his boat, and went across the Piazzetta and the Market Place into San Marco. There were many people in the church, and they were all kneeling and praying in great fear; for it is much more terrible for the Venetians, you know, than any other people when there is a disaster at sea. They do not get their living from vineyards or fields, but they are all, everyone of them, dependent on the sea. Whenever the sea rose against any one of them they were all afraid, and hurried to San Marco to pray to him for protection.

As soon as Cecco entered the cathedral he stopped. He thought of how he had brought his little sons there, and taught them to pray to San Marco. 'It is he who carries us over the sea, who opens the gates of Byzance for us and gives us the supremacy over the islands of the East,' he said to them. Out of gratitude for all this the Venetians had built San Marco the most beautiful temple in the world, and no vessel ever

returned from a foreign port without bringing a gift for San Marco.

Then they had admired the red marble walls of the cathedral and the golden mosaic ceiling. It was as if no misfortune could befall a city that had such a sanctuary for her patron Saint.

Cocco quickly knelt down and began to pray, the one Paternoster after the other. It came back, he felt. He would send it away by prayers. He would not believe anything bad about San Marco.

But it had been no storm at all. And so much was certain, that even if the Saint had not sent the storm, he had, in any case, not done anything to help Cecco's sons, but had allowed them to perish as if by accident. When this thought came upon him he began to pray; but the thought would not leave him.

And to think that San Marco had a treasury in this cathedral full of all the glories of fairyland! To think that he had himself prayed to him all his life, and had never rowed past the Piazetta without going into the cathedral to invoke him!

Surely it was not by a mere accident that his sons had to-day perished on the sea! Oh, it was miserable for the Venetians to have no one better to depend upon! Just fancy a Saint who revenged himself upon two children—a patron Saint who could not protect against a gust of wind!

He stood up, and he shrugged his shoulders, and disparagingly waved his hand when he looked towards the tomb of the Saint in the chancel.

A verger was going about with a large chased silver-gilt dish, collecting gifts for San Marco. He went from the one person to the other, and also came to Cecco.

Cocco drew back as if it were the Evil One himself who handed him the plate. Did San Marco ask for gifts from him? Did he think he deserved gifts from him?

All at once he seized the large golden zecchines he had in his belt, and flung it into the plate with such violence that the ring of it could be heard all over the church. It disturbed those who were praying, and made them turn round. And all who saw Cecco's face were terrified; he looked as if he were possessed of evil spirits.

Cocco immediately left the church, and at first felt it as a great relief that he had been revenged upon the Saint. He had treated him as one treats a usurer who demands more than he is entitled to. 'Take this too,' one says, and throws his last gold piece in the fellow's face so that the blood runs down over his eyes. But the usurer does not strike again—simply stoops and picks up the zecchines. So, too, had San Marco

done. He had accepted Cecco's zecchine, having first robbed him of his sons. Cecco had made him accept a gift which had been tendered with such bitter hatred. Would an honourable man have put up with such treatment? But San Marco was a coward--both cowardly and revengeful. But he was not likely to revenge himself upon Cecco. He was, no doubt, pleased and thankful he had got the zecchine. He simply accepted it and pretended that it had been given as piously as could be.

When Cecco stood at the entrance, two vergers quickly passed him.

'It rises--it rises terribly!' the one said.

'What rises?' asked Cecco.

'The water in the crypt. It has risen a foot in the last two or three minutes.'

When Cecco went down the steps, he saw a small pool of water on the Market Place close to the bottom step. It was sea-water, which had splashed up from the Piazetta. He was surprised that the sea had risen so high, and he hurried down to the Riva, where his boat lay. Everything was as he had left it, only the water had risen considerably. It came rolling in broad waves through the five sea-gates; but the wind was not very strong. At the Riva there were already pools of sea-water, and the canals rose so that the doors in the houses facing the water had to be closed. The sky was all gray like the sea.

It never struck Cecco that it might grow into a serious storm. He would not believe any such thing. San Marco had allowed his sons to perish without cause. He felt sure this was no real storm. He would just like to see if it would be a storm, and he sat down beside his boat and waited.

Then suddenly rifts appeared in the dull-gray clouds which covered the sky. The clouds were torn asunder and flung aside, and large storm-clouds came rushing, black like warships, and from them scourging rain and hail fell upon the city. And something like quite a new sea came surging in from Lido. Ah, signor! they were not the swan-necked waves you have seen out there, the waves that bend their transparent necks and hasten towards the shore, and which, when they are pitilessly repulsed, float away again with their white foam-hair dispersed over the surface of the sea. These were dark waves, chasing each other in furious rage, and over their tops the bitter froth of the sea was whipped into mist.

The wind was now so strong that the seagulls could no longer continue their quiet flight, but, shrieking, were thrust from their course. Cecco soon saw them with much trouble making their way towards the sea, so as not to be caught by the storm and flung against the walls. Hundreds of

pigeons on San Marco's square flew up, beating their wings, so that it sounded like a new storm, and hid themselves away in all the nooks and corners of the church roof.

But it was not the birds alone that were frightened by the storm. A couple of gondolas had already got loose, and were thrown against the shore, and were nearly shattered. And now all the gondoliers came rushing to pull their boats into the boathouses, or place them in shelter in the small canals.

The sailors on the ships lying in the harbour worked with the anchor-chains to make the vessels fast, in order to prevent them drifting on to the shore. They took down the clothes hanging up to dry, pulled their long caps well over their foreheads, and began to collect all the loose articles lying about in order to bring them below deck. Outside Canale Grande a whole fishing-fleet came hurrying home. All the people from Lido and Malamocco who had sold their goods at the Rialto were rushing homewards, before the storm grew too violent.

Cocco laughed when he saw the fishermen bending over their oars and straining themselves as if they were fleeing from death itself. Could they not see that it was only a gust of wind? They could very well have remained and given the Venetian women time to buy all their cattle, fish, and crabs.

He was certainly not going to pull his boat into shelter, although the storm was now violent enough for any ordinary man to have taken notice of it. The floating bridges were lifted up high and cast on to the shore, whilst the washerwomen hurried home shrieking. The broad-brimmed hats of the signors were blown off into the canals, from whence the street-boys fished them out with great glee. Sails were torn from the masts, and fluttered in the air with a cracking sound; children were knocked down by the strong wind; and the clothes hanging on the lines in the narrow streets were torn to rags and carried far away.

Cocco laughed at the storm—a storm which drove the birds away, and played all sorts of pranks in the street, like a boy. But, all the same, he pulled his boat under one of the arches of the bridge. One could really not allow what that wind might take it into its head to do.

In the evening Cocco thought that it would have been fun to have been out at sea. It would have been splendid sailing with such a fresh wind. But on shore it was unpleasant. Chimneys were blown down; the roofs of the boathouses were lifted right off; it rained tiles from the houses into the canals; the wind shook the doors and the window-shutters, rushed in under the open loggias of the palaces and tore off the decorations.

Cocco held out bravely, but he did not go home to bed. He could not take

the boat home with him, so it was better to remain and look after it. But when anyone went by and said that it was terrible weather he would not admit it. He had experienced very different weather in his young days.

'Storm!' he said to himself--'call this a storm? And they think, perhaps, that it began the same moment I threw the zecchine to San Marco. As if he can command a real storm!'

When night came the wind and the sea grew still more violent, so that Venice trembled in her foundations. Doge Gradenigo and the Gentlemen of the High Council went in the darkness of the night to San Marco to pray for the city. Torch-bearers went before them, and the flames were spread out by the wind, so that they lay flat, like pennants. The wind tore the Doge's heavy brocade gown, so that two men were obliged to hold it.

Cocco thought this was the most remarkable thing he had ever seen--Doge Gradenigo going himself to the cathedral on account of this bit of a wind! What would those people have done if there had been a real storm?

The waves beat incessantly against the bulwarks. In the darkness of the night it was as if white-headed wrestlers sprang up from the deep, and with teeth and claws clung fast to the piles to tear them loose from the shore. Cocco fancied he could hear their angry snorts when they were hurled back again. But he shuddered when he heard them come again and again, and tear in the bulwarks.

It seemed to him that the storm was far more terrible in the night. He heard shouts in the air, and that was not the wind. Sometimes black clouds came drifting like a whole row of heavy galleys, and it seemed as if they advanced to make an assault on the city. Then he heard distinctly someone speaking in one of the riven clouds over his head.

'Things look bad for Venice now,' it said from the one cloud. 'Soon our brothers the evil spirits will come and overthrow the city.'

'I am afraid San Marco will not allow it to happen,' came as a response from the other cloud.

'San Marco has been knocked down by a Venetian, so he lies powerless, and cannot help anyone,' said the first.

The storm carried the words down to old Cocco, and from that moment he was on his knees, praying San Marco for grace and forgiveness. For the evil spirits had spoken the truth. It did indeed look bad for Venice. The fair Queen of the Isles was near destruction. A Venetian had mocked San Marco, and therefore Venice was in danger of being carried away by the sea. There would be no more moonlight sails or her sea and in her canals, and no more barcaroles would be heard from her black gondolas.

The sea would wash over the golden-haired signoras, over the proud palaces, over San Marco, resplendent with gold.

If there was no one to protect these islands, they were doomed to destruction. Before San Marco came to Venice it had often happened that large portions of them had been washed away by the waves.

At early dawn San Marco's Church bells began to ring. People crept to the church, their clothes being nearly torn off them.

The storm went on increasing. The priests had resolved to go out and adjure the storm and the sea. The main doors of the cathedral were opened, and the long procession streamed out of the church. Foremost the cross was carried, then came the choir-boys with wax candles, and last in the procession were carried the banner of San Marco and the Sacred Host.

But the storm did not allow itself to be cowed; on the contrary, it was as if it wished for nothing better to play with. It upset the choir-boys, blew out the wax candles, and flung the baldachin, which was carried over the Host, on to the top of the Doge's palace. It was with the utmost trouble that they saved San Marco's banner, with the winged lion, from being carried away.

Cocco saw all this, and stole down to his boat moaning loudly. The whole day he lay near the shore, often wet by the waves and in danger of being washed into the sea. The whole day he was praying incessantly to God and San Marco. He felt that the fate of the whole city depended upon his prayers.

There were not many people about that day, but some few went moaning along the Riva. All spoke about the immeasurable damage the storm had wrought. One could see the houses tumbling down on the Murano. It was as if the whole island were under water. And also on the Rialto one or two houses had fallen.

The storm continued the whole day with unabated violence. In the evening a large multitude of people assembled at the Market Place and the Piazzetta, although these were nearly covered with water. People dared not remain in their houses, which shook in their very foundations. And the cries of those who feared disaster mingled with the lamentations of those whom it had already overtaken. Whole dwellings were under water; children were drowned in their cradles. The old and the sick had been swept with the overturned houses into the waves.

Cocco was still lying and praying to San Marco. Oh, how could the crime of a poor fisherman be taken in such earnest? Surely it was not his fault that the saint was so powerless! He would let the demons take him and his boat; he deserved no better fate. But not the whole city!—oh,

God in heaven, not the whole city!

'My sons!' Cecco said to San Marco. 'What do I care about my sons when Venice is at stake! I would willingly give a son for each tile in danger of being blown into the canal if I could keep them in their place at that price. Oh, San Marco, each little stone of Venice is worth as much as a promising son.'

At times he saw terrible things. There was a large galley which had torn itself from its moorings and now came drifting towards the shore. It went straight against the bulwark, and struck it with the ram's head in her bows, just as if it had been an enemy's ship. It gave blow after blow, and the attack was so violent that the vessel immediately sprang a leak. The water rushed in, the leak grew larger, and the proud ship went to pieces. But the whole time one could see the captain and two or three of the crew, who would not leave the vessel, cling to the deck and meet death without attempting to escape it.

The second night came, and Cecco's prayers continued to knock at the gate of heaven.

'Let me alone suffer!' he cried. 'San Marco, it is more than a man can bear, thus to drag others with him to destruction. Only send thy lion and kill me; I shall not attempt to escape. Everything that thou wilt have me give up for the city, that will I willingly sacrifice.'

Just as he had uttered these words he looked towards the Piazetta, and he thought he could no longer see San Marco's lion on the granite pillar. Had San Marco permitted his lion to be overthrown? old Cecco cried. He was nearly giving up Venice.

Whilst he was lying there he saw visions and heard voices all the time. The demons talked and moved to and fro. He heard them wheeze like wild beasts every time they made their assaults on the bulwarks. He did not mind them much; it was worse about Venice.

Then he heard in the air above him the beating of strong wings; this was surely San Marco's lion flying overhead. It moved backwards and forwards in the air; he saw and yet he did not see it. Then it seemed to him as if it descended on Riva degli Schiavoni, where he was lying, and prowled about there. He was on the point of jumping into the sea from fear, but he remained sitting where he was. It was no doubt he whom the lion sought. If that could only save Venice, then he was quite willing to let San Marco avenge himself upon him.

Then the lion came crawling along the ground like a cat. He saw it making ready to spring. He noticed that it beat its wings and screwed its large carbuncle eyes together till they were only small fiery slits.

Then old Cecco certainly did think of creeping down to his boat and hiding himself under the arch of the bridge, but he pulled himself together and remained where he was. The same moment a tall, imposing figure stood by his side.

'Good-evening, Cecco,' said the man; 'take your boat and row me across to San Giorgio Maggiore.'

'Yes, signor,' immediately replied the old fisherman.

It was as if he had awakened from a dream. The lion had disappeared, and the man must be somebody who knew him, although Cecco could not quite remember where he had seen him before. He was glad to have company. The terrible heaviness and anguish that had been over him since he had revolted against the Saint suddenly vanished. As to rowing across to San Giorgio, he did not for a moment think that it could be done.

'I don't believe we can even get the boat out,' he said to himself.

But there was something about the man at his side that made him feel he must do all he possibly could to serve him; and he did succeed in getting out the boat. He helped the stranger into the boat and took the oars.

Cecco could not help laughing to himself.

'What are you thinking about? Don't go out further in any case,' he said. 'Have you ever seen the like of these waves? Do tell him that it is not within the power of man.'

But he felt as if he could not tell the stranger that it was impossible. He was sitting there as quietly as if he were sailing to the Lido on a summer's eve. And Cecco began to row to San Giorgio Maggiore.

It was a terrible row. Time after time the waves washed over them.

'Oh, stop him!' Cecco said under his breath; 'do stop the man who goes to sea in such weather! Otherwise he is a sensible old fisherman. Do stop him!'

Now the boat was up a steep mountain, and then it went down into a valley. The foam splashed down on Cecco from the waves that rushed past him like runaway horses, but in spite of everything he approached San Giorgio.

'For whom are you doing all this, risking boat and life?' he said. 'You don't even know whether he can pay you. He does not look like a fine gentleman. He is no better dressed than you are.'

But he only said this to keep up his courage, and not to be ashamed of his tractability. He was simply compelled to do everything the man in the boat wanted.

'But in any case not right to San Giorgio, you foolhardy old man,' he said. 'The wind is even worse there than at the Rialto.'

But he went there, nevertheless, and made the boat fast whilst the stranger went on shore. He thought the wisest thing he could do would be to slip away and leave his boat, but he did not do it. He would rather die than deceive the stranger. He saw the latter go into the Church of San Giorgio. Soon afterwards he returned, accompanied by a knight in full armour.

'Row us now to San Nicolo in Lido,' said the stranger.

'Ay, ay,' Cecco thought; 'why not to Lido?' They had already, in constant anguish and death, rowed to San Giorgio; why should they not set out for Lido?

And Cecco was shocked at himself that he obeyed the stranger even unto death, for he now actually steered for the Lido.

Being now three in the boat, it was still heavier work. He had no idea how he should be able to do it. 'You might have lived many years yet,' he said sorrowfully to himself. But the strange thing was that he was not sorrowful, all the same. He was so glad that he could have laughed aloud. And then he was proud that he could make headway. 'He knows how to use his oars, does old Cecco,' he said.

They laid-to at Lido, and the two strangers went on shore. They walked towards San Nicolo in Lido, and soon returned accompanied by an old Bishop, with robe and stole, crosier in hand, and mitre on head.

'Now row out to the open sea,' said the first stranger.

Old Cecco shuddered. Should he row out to the sea, where his sons perished? Now he had not a single cheerful word to say to himself. He did not think so much of the storm, but of the terror it was to have to go out to the graves of his sons. If he rowed out there, he felt that he gave the stranger more than his life.

The three men sat silently in the boat as if they were on watch. Cecco saw them bend forward and gaze into the night. They had reached the gate of the sea at Lido, and the great storm-ridden sea lay before them.

Cecco sobbed within himself. He thought of two dead bodies rolling about in these waves. He gazed into the water for two familiar faces. But onward the boat went. Cecco did not give in.

Then suddenly the three men rose up in the boat; and Cecco fell upon his knees, although he still went on holding the oars. A big ship steered straight against them.

Cecco could not quite tell whether it was a ship or only drifting mist. The sails were large, spread out, as it were, towards the four corners of heaven; and the hull was gigantic, but it looked as if it were built of the lightest sea-mist. He thought he saw men on board and heard shouting; but the crew were like deep darkness, and the shouting was like the roar of the storm.

However it was, it was far too terrible to see the ship steer straight upon them, and Cecco closed his eyes.

But the three men in the boat must have averted the collision, for the boat was not upset. When Cecco looked up the ship had fled out to sea, and loud wailings pierced the night.

He rose, trembling to row further. He felt so tired that he could hardly hold the oars. But now there was no longer any danger. The storm had gone down, and the waves speedily laid themselves to rest.

'Now row us back to Venice,' said the stranger to the fisherman.

Cecco rowed the boat to Lido, where the Bishop went on shore, and to San Giorgio, where the knight left them. The first powerful stranger went with him all the way to the Rialto.

When they had landed at Riva degli Schiavoni he said to the fisherman:

'When it is daylight thou shalt go to the Doge and tell him what thou hast seen this night. Tell him that San Marco and San Giorgio and San Nicolo have to-night fought the evil spirits that would destroy Venice, and have put them to flight.'

'Yes, signor,' the fisherman answered, 'I will tell everything. But how shall I speak so that the Doge will believe me?'

Then San Marco handed him a ring with a precious stone possessed of a wonderful lustre.

'Show this to the Doge,' he said, 'then he will understand that it brings a message from me. He knows my ring, which is kept in San Marco's treasury in the cathedral.'

The fisherman took the ring, and kissed it reverently.

'Further, thou shalt tell the Doge,' said the holy man, 'that this is a

sign that I shall never forsake Venice. Even when the last Doge has left Palazzo Ducali I will live and preserve Venice. Even if Venice lose her islands in the East and the supremacy of the sea, and no Doge ever again sets out on the Bucintoro, even then I will preserve the city beautiful and resplendent. It shall always be rich and beloved, always be lauded and its praises sung, always a place of joy for men to live in. Say this, Cecco, and the Doge will not forsake thee in thine old age.'

Then he disappeared; and soon the sun rose above the gate of the sea at Torcello. With its first beautiful rays it shed a rosy light over the white city and over the sea that shone in many colours. A red glow lay over San Giorgio and San Marco, and over the whole shore, studded with palaces. And in the lovely morning radiant Venetian ladies came out on to the loggias and greeted with smiles the rising day.

Venice was once again the beautiful goddess, rising from the sea in her shell of rose-coloured pearl. Beautiful as never before, she combed her golden hair, and threw the purple robe around her, to begin one of her happiest days. For a transport of bliss filled her when the old fisherman brought San Marco's ring to the Doge, and she heard how the Saint, now, and until the end of time, would hold his protecting hand over her.

THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN

(LUXEMBOURG, ETC.)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Paris*, by Grant Allen

[THE town on the North Side, we saw, was early surrounded by a =suburban belt= of gardens and monasteries. A similar zone encircled the old University on the South Bank. The wall of Philippe Auguste, you will remember, bent abruptly southward in order to enclose the abbey of Ste. Geneviève; but an almost more important monastic establishment was left outside it a little to the west. This was the gigantic abbey of =St. Germain-des-Prés=, whose very name betokens its original situation. This rich and powerful community, whose building covered an enormous area of ground on the Left Bank, and grew at last into a town by itself, was originally founded by Childebert I as a thank-offering for his victory over the Visigoths in Spain in 543. Childebert, it may be remarked, was one of the most religious-minded among the Frankish monarchs,—which is why we have more than once met with his effigy in Gothic sculpture. He was also one of those few Merovingian kings who especially made his residence in Paris. On the portal of the other St. Germain (l'Auxerrois), which has numerous points in common with this one, we saw him represented with his wife Ultrogothe and the earlier St. Germain, a naïve way of expressing the fact that the King and Queen first gave

that church to the sainted bishop. At the Louvre, too, we saw his statue from this very monastery. Among the sacred objects which Childebert brought back from Spain was the tunic of =St. Vincent=, the patron saint of prisoners. When he was besieging Saragossa, he saw the inhabitants carry this tunic in unarmed procession round the walls; which so convinced him of its value that he raised the siege, on condition that he might take the holy object home with him. He also brought a large rich gold cross, ornamented with precious stones, from Toledo,—a piece of jeweller's work which might probably be compared with the crowns of the Gothic kings preserved at Cluny. =St. Germain=, Bishop of Paris (who must not be confounded with his earlier namesake of Auxerre), recommended to the king the foundation of a new church and abbey, in order fitly to receive these holy relics. A church was therefore built in the garden belt outside the wall, and was originally dedicated (as was natural) to the Holy Cross and St. Vincent. The latter thus became one of the local saints of Paris, through its possession of his tunic; and his effigy may often be seen, with or without that of his brother deacon St. Stephen, on many of the older buildings of the city. We noticed him in particular on the portal of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and on the frescoes within, though it was premature then to explain his presence. Note here that possession of the body of a Saint (St. Denis, Ste. Geneviève) or of some important relic (St. Vincent's tunic, St. Martin's cloak at St. Séverin) almost invariably gives rise to local churches, and decides the cult of local patrons.

Later on, =St. Germain of Paris= having died, was buried in turn in Childebert's church of St. Vincent. His body being preserved here (as it still is), and working many miraculous cures, it came about in time that St. Vincent and the Holy Cross were almost forgotten, and the local bishop whose bones were revered on the spot grew to be the acknowledged patron of the mighty abbey which surrounded his shrine. Such of the early Merovingian kings as were buried in Paris had their tombs in this first church: their stone coffins may still be seen at the Hôtel Carnavalet. The abbey, which belonged to monks of the Benedictine order, grew to be one of the most famous in Europe: its name is still bestowed upon the whole of the =Faubourg= (long since imbedded in the modern town) of which it forms the centre. It was to the South Bank what St. Denis was to Northern Paris.

The existing =church=, of course (save for a few small fragments), is of far later date than the age of Childebert. Most of the Paris churches and monasteries suffered severely at the hands of the Normans: even those which were not then burnt down or sacked, were demolished and rebuilt in a more sumptuous

style by the somewhat irreverent piety of later ages. This, the present church of St. Germain-des-Prés, belongs for the most part to the 11th century. It is therefore older than Notre-Dame or the Sainte Chapelle, and even as a whole than the greater part of St. Denis. It exhibits throughout that earlier =Romanesque= style which formed the transitional term between classical architecture and the pointed arches of the Gothic period. (What we call "Norman" in England is a local modification of Romanesque.) Portions of the building, however, show Gothic tendency; and the upper part is pure Pointed. Most of the Abbey has long since been swept away; a small part of the building still remains in the rear of the existing church. St. Germain should be visited if only on account of the fact that it is the earliest large ecclesiastical building now standing in or near Paris. Flandrin's noble modern frescoes have given it of comparatively recent years another form of attractiveness.

During the Renaissance period, while many of the nobility fixed their seats in the eastern and north-eastern part of Paris-within-the-Boulevards on the Right Bank, not a few erected houses for themselves in the open spaces of the =Faubourg St. Germain=. The most magnificent of these later buildings is the =Palais du Luxembourg=, erected for Marie de Médicis, after the death of Henri IV, by Jacques Debrosse, one of the best French architects of the generation which succeeded that of Jean Goujon and Philibert Delorme. It was built somewhat after the style of the Pitti Palace at Florence, where Marie was born, and it exhibits the second stage of French Renaissance architecture, when it was beginning to degenerate from the purity, beauty, and originality of its first outburst, towards the insipid classicism of Louis XIII and Louis XIV. It was for this building that Rubens executed his great series of pictures from the life of Marie, now in the Louvre; while Lesueur painted his St. Bruno legends for a Carthusian monastery within the grounds. The gardens which surround it are interesting in their way as being the only specimen now remaining in Paris of Renaissance methods of laying out; most of the other palaces have gardens designed by Le Nôtre in the formal style of Louis XIV. The Palace is now occupied by the Senate: it is practically difficult of access, and the interior contains so little of interest that it may well be omitted save by those who can spend much time in being ushered round almost empty rooms by perfunctory officials. But the exterior, the gardens, and the Medici fountain should be visited by all those who wish to form a consistent idea of Renaissance Paris.

In the same excursion may be easily combined a visit to =St. Sulpice=, a church which occupies the site of an old foundation, but which was entirely rebuilt from the ground in the age of

Louis XIV, and which is mainly interesting as the best example of the cold, lifeless, and grandiose taste of that pompous period.

The =Faubourg St. Germain= and the quarter about it, as a whole, are still the region of the old noble families. The western end of this Faubourg, especially about the Quai d'Orsay, is given over to embassies and political machinery, particularly that connected with foreign affairs. The South Bank is also the district of the =Legislature=, in both its branches. The Quartier Latin, however, has largely overflowed of recent years into the Luxembourg district and that immediately behind it, which are now to a great extent occupied by the students, artists, and other Bohemian classes.]

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Cross the river, if possible, by the Pont de la Concorde. The classical building which fronts you proclaims itself legibly on its very face as the =Chambre des Députés=. But it has borne in its time many other names. This façade towards the river is of the age of the First Empire; the main edifice, however, is much older, being the =Palais Bourbon=, built in 1722 for the Duchesse de Bourbon. In 1790, it was confiscated, and has ever since been the seat of one or other legislative body, according to the Government of the moment.

You can go round to the back, as you pass, to inspect the original façade, in the style of Louis XIV, facing the little Place du Palais Bourbon. The interior is uninteresting, but has a few good pictures, which should only be visited by those whose time is unlimited.

The river front is on the =Quai d'Orsay=, the centre of modern political and diplomatic Paris. The building to the R of the Chamber is the official residence of its President; still further R, the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. The broad thoroughfare which opens obliquely south-eastward, L of the Chamber, is the Boulevard St. Germain, which we have crossed before in other parts of its semi-circle. It was Haussmannized in a wide curve through the quiet streets of the Faubourg, and the purlieus of the Quartier Latin, with ruthless regularity. Many of the tranquil aristocratic roads characteristic of the region lie R and L of it; their type should be casually noted as you pass them. Down the Rue de Lille stands the German Embassy; on the Boulevard itself, R, the Ministère de la Guerre, and further on, L, the Travaux Publics. Other ministries and embassies cluster thickly behind, about the diplomatic Rue de Grenelle and its neighbours. To the R, again, the Boulevard Raspail, another very modern street, not yet quite complete, runs southward through the heart of the Luxembourg district. Continue straight along the Boulevard St. Germain, till you reach the Place of the same name, with the church of =St. Germain-des-Prés= full in front

of you. (It may also be reached directly by the Rue Bonaparte; but this other is a more characteristic and instructive approach to the Abbey Church which forms the centre of the quarter.) Observe how the new Boulevard skirts its side, giving a clever effect of its having always been there; the front of the church is round the corner in the Rue Bonaparte.

The =exterior=, with the houses still built against it in places, though picturesque, has little minute architectural detail. The massive tower has been so much renewed as to be practically modern; but the Romanesque arches near the top give it distinction and beauty. The mean and unworthy porch is of the 17th cent.; the inner portal, however (though its arch has been Gothicised), belongs to the Romanesque church and is not without interest. Observe the character of the pilasters and capitals, with grotesque animals. Statues of St. Germain, of Childebert and Ultrogothe (as at the other St. Germain) and of Clovis, etc., which once flanked the door, were destroyed at the Revolution. In the tympanum are the unusual subjects of the Eternal Father, blessing, and beneath Him a Romanesque relief of the Last Supper (not, as commonly, the Last Judgment).

The =interior= still preserves in most part its Romanesque arches and architecture; but the lower part of the nave is the oldest portion (early 12th cent.); the choir is about a century later. Most of the pillars have had their capitals so modernized and gilt as to be of relatively little interest, while the decorations, though good and effective, are in many cases of such a sort as effectually to conceal the real antiquity of the building. The church was used during the Great Revolution as a saltpetre factory, and was restored and re-decorated in polychrome a little too freely under the Second Empire. A few capitals, however, notably those of the Baptistry to the L as you enter retain their antique carving and are worthy of notice; while even the modern gilt figures on those of the aisle are Romanesque in character and quaint in conception. (You can examine some of the old ones which they replace in the garden at Cluny.)

Walk round the church. The architecture of the =ambulatory and choir=, though later, is in a much more satisfactory condition than that of the main body. The arches of the first story are mostly round, but pointed in the apse; those of the clerestory are entirely Gothic. The detail below is good Romanesque; study it. Observe the handsome triforium, between the two stories; and more especially the interesting capitals of the columns—relics of the original church of Childebert, built into the later fabric. The choir, on the whole, is a fine specimen of late 12th cent. work. The Lady Chapel, behind, is a modern addition.

After having thus walked round the aisles and the back of the choir to observe the architecture, return once more to the doorway by which you entered and proceed up =the nave=, in order to notice the admirable

modern =frescoes by Flandrin= (Second Empire). These are disposed in pairs, each containing subjects, supposed to be parallel, from the Old and New Testaments. Note in these the constant survival of early traditions, revivified by Flandrin in accordance with the art of his own period. The subjects are as follows:—

Begin on the L. (1) The Annunciation (treated somewhat in the traditional manner, the relative positions of the Madonna and the Angel Gabriel being preserved); typified by the Almighty appearing to Moses in the Burning Bush, as His first Annunciation. (2) The Nativity, as the pledge of redemption; typified or rendered necessary by the Fall. (The New Testament scenes are of course the usual series; those from the Old Testament foreshadow them, for which reason they are placed in the opposite from the chronological order.) (3) The Adoration of the Magi (reminiscences of the conventional, entirely altered by Oriental costumes and attitudes of submission); typified by Balaam blessing Israel—a famous picture. (4) The Baptism in Jordan (positions conventional, with the three angels to the L as always); typified by the Passage of the Red Sea. (5) The Institution of the Eucharist, very original in treatment; typified by Melchisedec bringing forth bread and wine to Abraham. Now return by the R side, beginning at the transept:—(6) The Betrayal of Christ by Judas; typified by the Sale of Joseph. (7) The Crucifixion—a very noble picture; typified by the Offering of Isaac, full of pathos. (8) The Resurrection; typified by Jonah restored from the sea, the whale being with great tact omitted. (9) The Keys given to Peter; typified by the Dispersion of the Nations at Babel. (A little thought is sometimes required to connect these subjects, which are occasionally, as in the last pair, rather to be regarded as opposites than types—the one remedying the other. Thus, the counterpart to the Dispersal at Babel is Christ's command to preach the Gospel to all nations.)

Above this fine frieze of subject-pictures runs a course of single figures, grouped in pairs, on either side of the windows in the clerestory. They are Old Testament characters, from Adam and Eve onward, ending with John the Baptist, as the last of the prophets. But as all the characters have their names legibly inscribed beside them, I need not enumerate them; all, however, should be observed, especially Adam and Eve, Miriam, Deborah, and Judith. Hold your hat or a book to cover the light from the windows, if the glare is too great, and after a little while you will see them distinctly.

Now proceed again to the front of the choir. On either side are other mural paintings, also by Flandrin: L, The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, very beautiful: R, The Bearing of the Cross. Round the choir, the Twelve Apostles: by the pointed arches of the apse, the symbols of the Evangelists—the angel, lion, bull, and eagle. Above all—an interesting link with the earlier history of the church—are the pious founders, Childebert and Ultrogothe; the original patron, St. Vincent,

with his successor, St. Germain; and finally, Abbot Morard who rebuilt the church, substantially in its present form, after the Norman invasion. He is thus commemorated in the beautiful choir which represents the work of his successor, Abbot Hugues, in the next century.

Before leaving, observe, architecturally speaking, how a Romanesque church of this type leads up to the more complex arrangement, with chevet and chapels, in Notre-Dame and later Gothic churches. Note the simplicity and dignity of the choir. Note also the peculiar character of the vaulting, comparing it with the later type at Notre-Dame, and especially with the reversion to much the same form in Renaissance times at St. Étienne-du-Mont, and St. Eustache. In spite of its newness, much of the modern decorative work is extremely effective; indeed, as a specimen of almost complete internal decoration, this church, notwithstanding the cruel overlaying of its early Romanesque sculpture by gold and paint, is perhaps the most satisfactory of any in Paris, except the Sainte Chapelle. I strongly advise you to sit down for some time and inspect the capitals built into the aisle, and the beautiful Merovingian pillars of the triforium, with an opera-glass, at your leisure.

On quitting the church, walk round it for the view on every side, which is picturesque and characteristic. Behind it, in the Rue de l'Abbaye, stands an interesting portion of the 16th-century =Abbot's Palace=—the only remaining relic of the vast conventional buildings, once enclosed for defence by a wall and moat, and containing a large lay and clerical population, like a little city. The sumptuous carved and gilded figure of Childebert, the founder, in the Mediæval Sculpture Room at the Louvre, came from the doorway of the old Refectory—a magnificent work by Pierre de Montereau (the architect of the Sainte Chapelle)—now wholly demolished. After you have visited each church, you will often find it pleasant to look out for such isolated works, divorced at present from their surroundings, and placed at Cluny or elsewhere. They will always gain new meaning for you by being thus identified as belonging to such-and-such an original building. For instance, in the Christian Antiquities Room at the Louvre, you will find an interesting capital of a pillar belonging to the Merovingian church of St. Vincent.

Now return to the Boulevard St. Germain, which a little further on occupies the site of the old Abbey Prison, famous as the scene of the massacres in September, 1792. Take the Rue Bonaparte on the opposite side, and go straight on till you reach the =Place St. Sulpice=, with its huge church in front of you. The building replaces an earlier one to the same saint: under Louis XIV, when the Faubourg St. Germain was becoming the quarter of the nobles, it was rebuilt in a style of ugly magnificence, befitting the maker of Versailles and Marly.

=St. Sulpice=, a vast bare barn, is chiefly interesting, indeed, as a gigantic specimen of the coldly classical type of church built under

Louis XIV, when Gothic was despised, and even the Renaissance richness of St. Eustache and St. Étienne was decried as barbaric. It is a painful monument of declining taste. The =exterior= is chilly. The façade, whose sole recommendation nowadays is its size and its massiveness, is a triumph of its kind; it consists of two stories, with arcades of Doric and Ionic pillars superimposed on one another, and crowned with a pair of octagonal towers, only one of which is completed. The scanty detail of the sculpture is of the familiar character of the decadent period. But Fergusson praises the general effect of the exterior.

The =interior= consists of a cruciform pseudo-classical nave, with aisles, two bare single transepts, and a choir ending in a circular apse,—all vast, gloomy, barren, and unimpressive. The pillars and pilasters have Corinthian capitals, and most of the sculpture betrays the evil influence of Bernini. The holy water stoups, by the second pillars, however, are more satisfactory: they consist of huge shells, presented by the Republic of Venice to François I^{er}, standing on bases by Pigalle,—an effective piece of decorative work in this unpleasing edifice. As a whole, this chilly interior stands in marked contrast to the polychromatic richness of St. Germain-des-Prés, and to the exquisite Gothic detail of Notre-Dame and St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. The roof and false cupola contrast very much to their disadvantage with the charming Renaissance vaulting of St. Étienne-du-Mont and St. Eustache. Accept this visit as penance done to the age of Louis XIV. Save historically, indeed, this barren church is almost devoid of interest. Like everything of its age, it aims at grandeur: it only succeeds in being gaunt and grandiose. The very size is thrown away for want of effective vistas and groups of pillars; it looks smaller than it is, and sadly lacks furnishing.

Several of the =chapels= around this disappointing church, however, contain many good modern pictures: most of them also bear the names of the saints to whom they are dedicated, which largely aids the recognition of the symbolism. I enumerate a few of them for their interest in this matter. =Right aisle= (1) St. Agnes. Jacob and the angel: Heliodorus expelled from the Temple: by Delacroix. (2) Chapel of Souls in Purgatory. Religion brings comfort to the dying; benefit of prayers for the dead: by Heim. (3) Chapel of St. Roch, the plague saint. He prays for the plague-stricken: he dies in prison at Montpellier: by Abel de Pujol. (4) St. Maurice, the soldier saint. His legend: by Vinchon. =Left aisle.= The chapels here are chiefly dedicated to the newer humanitarian saints of Catholicism. (1) St. François Xavier. He resuscitates a dead man: miraculous cures at his burial: by Lafon. (2) St. François de Sales. He preaches in Savoy: he gives to Ste. J. F. Chantal the constitution of his Order of nuns: by Hesse. (3) St. Paul. His conversion; he preaches at Athens: by Drolling. (4) St. Vincent de Paul. He founds the hospital for foundlings, with the Sisters of Charity: he attends the death-bed of Louis XIII: by Guillemot. =Chapels of the choir: L= (1) St. John the Evangelist. His martyrdom: and his

assumption. (2) San Carlo Borromeo. He ministers during the plague at Milan: he gives the sacrament to his uncle, Pius IV, on his death-bed. (3) Uninteresting. (4) St. Louis the King. He carries a dying man during the plague: he administers justice under the oak of Vincennes. =Lady Chapel=, a miracle of ugliness. Statue of the Virgin on clouds in a recess, by Pajon, lighted from above, and in execrable taste,—the worst feature in this insipid and often vulgar building. Bad statues and frescoes. The other choir chapels on the =R side= are dedicated to the older patron saints of Paris. (1) St. Denis. His preaching: his condemnation. (2) St. Martin. He divides his cloak with the beggar: he resuscitates a dead man. (3) Ste. Geneviève. She brings food from Troyes during the siege of Paris: miracles wrought by her relics. (4) Our Lady. Her Birth: her Presentation in the Temple, interesting as modern examples of the treatment of these traditional subjects. Over the door, N or L side, her Death: S or R side, her Assumption.

St. Sulpice has a reputation for good music.

The Fontaine St. Sulpice, in front of the church, is from Visconti's designs, and has appropriate statues of the four great French preachers—Bossuet, Fénélon, Massillon, and Fléchier. The pulpit here is still famous for its oratory.

From St. Sulpice, the Rue Férou, to the R of the façade, leads you straight to the Luxembourg Palace. The long low building almost directly opposite you as you emerge is the

**Musée du Luxembourg,

containing the works of modern French painters. This, of course, is one of the most important objects to be visited in Paris; but I do not give any detailed account of it here, because the pictures themselves are entirely modern, and chiefly by living painters and sculptors, the various examples being sent to the Louvre, or to provincial museums, within ten years of the death of the artist. A visit to this Museum is therefore indispensable to those who desire to form a just acquaintance with contemporary art. But nothing in the Gallery demands historical elucidation. The visitor should provide himself with the Official Catalogue, which will amply suffice for his needs in this Gallery. I need hardly say that a proper inspection of it cannot be combined in one day with the other objects mentioned in this Excursion. Devote to it at least one or two separate mornings.

Turning to the L, as we leave the end of the Rue Férou, the first building on our R is the official residence of the President of the Senate; the second is Marie de Médicis's

Palace of the Luxembourg,

now employed as the seat of the Senate. Walk along its façade, the work of Jacques Debrosse, one of the ablest architects of the later classicizing Renaissance, in order to observe the modified style of the age of Henri IV and Louis XIII, which it still on the whole preserves, in spite of modern additions and alterations. Note the gradual falling-off from the exquisitely fanciful period of the earlier French Renaissance, which produced the best parts of the Louvre and St. Eustache; and the way this building lets us down gently to the bald classicism of Louis XIV and Perrault. If you know Florence, observe also the distinct reminiscences of the Pitti Palace. Continue your walk along the whole of the façade, as far as the corner by the Odéon Théâtre,—the subventioned theatre of the students and the Quartier Latin. Then, turn into the =garden=, and note the rest of the building, whose façade towards this side, though restored under Louis Philippe, more nearly represents Debrosse's architecture than does that towards the main thoroughfare. You need not trouble about the interior: though it contains a few good modern paintings.

The =garden=, however, is well worth a visit on its own account, both for the sake of the typical manner in which it is laid out, and especially for the handsome =Fontaine de Médicis= by Debrosse, on the side next the Panthéon. The group of sculpture in the middle represents Polyphemus surprising Acis and Galatea. Go round to the back, to see the (modern) Fountain of Leda,—that favourite subject of Renaissance sculpture. The best way back from this Excursion is by the Rue de Seine, which leads you past the Marché St.-Germain.

Another building in this district to which, if possible, the reader should pay at least one visit, is the =École des Beaux-Arts= in the Rue Bonaparte. This collection is interesting, both because it contains a number of valuable fragments of French Renaissance work, especially architectural, and also because of its =Museum of Copies=, including transcripts (mostly very good) of the best pictures of various ages, many of which are useful to the student of art-history for comparison with originals in the Louvre and elsewhere. Everybody who has not been to Rome, Venice, and Florence, should certainly try to visit this Museum; and even those who have made firsthand acquaintance with the masterpieces of Italian art in their native homes will find that it sometimes affords them opportunities for comparison of works widely scattered in the originals, which can be better understood here in certain of their aspects than in isolation. The building is open to the public, free, from 12 to 4 on Sundays; on week-days, non-students are also admitted from 10 to 4 (except Mondays), on application to the Concierge (small fee). I strongly advise a Sunday visit, however, as you are then less hurried, and also as the door on the Quai Malaquais is open on that day. This building should, if possible, be made the object of a separate excursion. It takes a long time to inspect it thoroughly.

Pass through the Tuileries Gardens, or across the Place du Carrousel,

and traverse the river by the Pont Royal or the Pont du Carrousel. The second turn to the R, after the last-named bridge, the Rue Bonaparte, will take you straight to the door of the École. The building occupies the site of the old Couvent des Petits-Augustins; the convent chapel and a few other remains of the original works are embedded in it. Enter the courtyard. Here, during the Great Revolution, the painter Alexandre Lenoir founded his Musée des Monuments for the accommodation of the tombs removed from St. Denis and other churches. To his indefatigable exertions almost alone we owe the preservation of these priceless Mediaeval and Renaissance relics. Under the Restoration, most of the monuments were replaced in their original positions, and we shall visit several of them later at St. Denis. To the R of the entrance in this =First Court= is the beautiful =doorway of the Château d'Anet=—that gem of Early French Renaissance architecture, which was erected for Diane de Poitiers by Philibert Delorme and Jean Goujon, by order of Henri II, in 1548: many objects from the same building we have already seen elsewhere. The portal is now placed as the entrance to the old =Abbey Chapel=. The end of this court is formed by part of the =façade= from the =Château de Gaillon=, erected for the Cardinal d'Amboise, Minister of Louis XII, and one of the favourite residences of François I^{er}. It presents mixed Renaissance and Gothic features, as did the sculpture of Michel Colombe from the same building, which we saw at the Louvre. Both these imposing works—the portal of Château d'Anet and this _façade_—should be compared with the Italian Renaissance doorway from Cremona and the Gothic one from Valencia, which we saw in the collection of sculpture at the Louvre. They are indispensable to a full comprehension of the French Renaissance. The Château de Gaillon was destroyed during the Revolution, and many of its finest monuments are now at the Louvre. If you have time, after seeing this Museum, go back and compare them.

The =Second Court=, beyond the _façade_, contains several fragments of buildings and sculpture, among which notice the capitals from the old church of Ste. Geneviève (Romanesque), and a fine stone basin of the 12th cent., brought from St. Denis.

Now, return to the First Court, and visit the former =Chapel=. It contains =plaster casts=, adequately described for casual visitors by the labels, as well as =copies of paintings=. These plaster casts, especially those of the pulpit from Pisa, by Nicolò Pisano, the first mediaeval sculptor who tried to imitate the antique, will enable you to piece out your conception of Italian Renaissance sculpture, as formed at the Louvre. Do not despise these casts: they are excellent for comparison. Among the pictures, notice the copy of Mantegna's fresco of St. James conducted to Martyrdom, from the church of the Eremitani at Padua. The fresco itself is a work of Mantegna's first period, and I select this copy for notice because it will help you to fill in the idea you formed of that great painter from consideration of his originals at the Louvre. Notice, for example, the strenuous efforts at perspective

and foreshortening; the introduction of decorated Renaissance architecture; the love of reliefs and ornament; the classical armour; and many other features which display the native bent of Mantegna, but not as yet in the maturity of his powers. Observe, again, the copy of Ghirlandajo's exquisite Adoration of the Magi, with its numerous portraits, disguised as the Three Kings, the Shepherds, and the spectators, to which I have already called attention when speaking of Luini's treatment of this subject in the Louvre. I do not enlarge upon these mere copies, as the originals will occupy us at Florence or Munich; but the student who has become interested in the evolution of art will find it a most valuable study to trace the connection, first, between these subjects and others like them in the Louvre, and, second, between these copies of works by various masters and the originals by the same artists preserved in that collection. Compare, and compare, and compare again ceaselessly.

The Inner Court, the =Cour du Mûrier=, leads to another hall, the =Salle de Melpomène=, entered on Sundays direct from the Quai Malaquais. This room also contains a large number of =copies= which are valuable for study to those who have not seen the originals, and which will often recall forgotten facts in new connections to those who have seen them. I would call special attention, from the point of view of this book, to the good copies of Raphael's and Perugino's =Marriage of the Virgin=: as the originals are respectively at Milan and Caen (two places sufficiently remote from one another), the composition of the two can be better compared here than under any other circumstances. As examples of development, I shall notice them briefly. Perugino's is, of course, the older work. It was painted for a chapel in the Cathedral at Perugia, where it still hung when Raphael painted his imitation of it. First look carefully at both works, and then read these remarks upon them. The Sposalizio or Marriage of the Virgin, one of the set subjects in the old series of the Life of Mary, and often used as an altar-piece, consists traditionally of the following features. In the centre, stands the High Priest, wearing his robes and ephod—or what the particular painter takes for such: he joins the hands of Joseph and the Madonna. Joseph stands always on the L side of the picture, which Perugino has rightly assigned to him; though Raphael, already revolutionary, has reversed this order. He holds in his hand a staff, which has budded into lily flowers—the tradition (embodied in the Protevangelion) being that the High Priest caused the various suitors for Mary's hand to place their staffs in the Holy of Holies, as had long before been done in the case of Aaron, intending that he whose staff budded should become the husband of the Holy Virgin. Joseph's put forth leaves and flowers; and so this staff, either flowering or otherwise, is the usual symbol by which you can recognise him in sacred art. Behind Joseph stand the other disappointed suitors, one or more of whom always breaks his staff in indignation. Behind Mary stand the attendant maidens—the Virgins of the Lord—together with Our Lady's mother, St. Anne, recognisable by her peculiar head-dress and wimple. (Compare Leonardo in the Salon Carré.) A

temple always occupies the background. Perugino took the main elements of this scene from earlier painters. (You will find numerous examples in the churches and galleries at Florence and elsewhere.) But he transformed it in accordance with his peculiar genius and his views of art, substituting a round or octagonal temple of Renaissance architecture for the square Gothic building of earlier painters. Such round buildings were the conventional representation of the Temple at Jerusalem among Renaissance artists. The peculiar head-dress and the balanced position are also characteristic of Perugino. How closely Raphael followed his master on these points of composition you can see for yourself by comparing the two copies. But you can also see how thoroughly he transformed Perugino's spirit; retaining the form while altering the whole sentiment and feeling of the figures. You see in it Perugino's conception, but Raphael's treatment. I have called special attention to these two pictures because they admirably illustrate the value and importance of comparison in art. You cannot wholly understand the Raphael without having seen the Perugino; nor can you wholly understand the Perugino without having seen the Ghirlandajos and Fra Angelicos, and Taddeo Gaddis which preceded it. Go from one to the other of these two pictures and note the close resemblance even in the marble pavement, the grouping of each component cluster, and the accessories in the background. Nay, the more graceful attitude of the suitor who breaks his staff in the Raphael is borrowed from a minor figure in the background of the Perugino. It is only by thus comparing work with work that we can arrive at a full comprehension of early painting, and especially of the relations between painter and painter.

I will not call special attention to the various other copies in this Museum. I will merely point out, as casting light on subjects we have already considered, Verocchio's Baptism of Christ, Perugino's group from the same subject, Raphael's Entombment, Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi, and Madonnas by Filippo Lippi, Giovanni Bellini, Correggio, and Mantegna. Many of these can be compared here and nowhere else. For those who are making a long stay in Paris, a judicious use of this collection, in conjunction with the Louvre, will cast unexpected light in many cases on works in that Gallery which it has been impossible here to describe in full detail.

The =Amphithéâtre=, approached from the Second Court, contains in its =Vestibule= a number of =plaster casts=, also valuable for purposes of comparison. The transitional archaic period of Greek sculpture, for instance, ill represented at the Louvre, is here well exemplified by casts from the statues in the pediment of the Temple of Athénè at Ægina, now in the Pinakothek at Munich. Compare these with the reliefs from Thasos in the Salle de Phidias. Similarly, casts of the Children of Niobe, belonging to the same school as the Venus of Milo, are useful for comparison with that famous statue. The Amphithéâtre itself, behind the Vestibule, contains Paul Delaroche's famous =Hémicycle=, one of that great painter's most celebrated works. Do not think, because I do not

specify, that the other objects in this Museum are unworthy of notice. Observe them for yourself, and return afterwards to the Louvre time after time, comparing the types you have seen here with originals of the same artists and variants of the same subject in that collection.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *French Classics*, by William Cleaver Wilkinson

Of French literature, taken as a whole, it may boldly be said that it is, not the wisest, not the weightiest, not certainly the purest and loftiest, but by odds the most brilliant and the most interesting, literature in the world. Strong at many points, at some points triumphantly strong, it is conspicuously weak at only one point,—the important point of poetry. In eloquence, in philosophy, even in theology; in history, in fiction, in criticism, in epistolary writing, in what may be called the pamphlet; in another species of composition, characteristically, peculiarly, almost uniquely, French—the Thought and the Maxim; by eminence in comedy, and in all those related modes of written expression for which there is scarcely any name but a French name—the *jeu d'esprit*, the *bon mot*, *persiflage*, the *phrase*; in social and political speculation; last, but not least, in scientific exposition elegant enough in form and in style to rise to the rank of literature proper—the French language has abundant achievement to show, that puts it, upon the whole, hardly second in wealth of letters to any other language whatever, either ancient or modern.

What constitutes the charm—partly a perilous charm—of French literature is before all else its incomparable clearness, its precision, its neatness, its point; then, added to this, its lightness of touch, its sureness of aim; its vivacity, sparkle, life; its inexhaustible gayety; its impulsion toward wit—impulsion so strong as often to land it in mockery; the sense of release that it breathes and inspires; its freedom from prick to the conscience; its exquisite study and choice of effect; its deference paid to decorum—decorum, we mean, in taste, as distinguished from morals; its infinite patience and labor of art, achieving the perfection of grace and of ease—in one word, its style.

We speak, of course, broadly and in the gross. There are plenty of French authors to whom some of the traits just named could by no means be attributed, and there is certainly not a single French author to whom one could truthfully attribute them all. Voltaire insisted that what was not clear was not French—so much, to the conception of this typical Frenchman, was clearness the genius of the national speech. Still, Montaigne, for example, was sometimes obscure; and even the tragedist Corneille wrote here and there what his commentator, Voltaire, declared to be hardly intelligible. So, too, Rabelais, coarsest of humorists,

offending decorum in various ways, offended it most of all exactly in that article of taste, as distinguished from morals, which, with first-rate French authors in general, is so capital a point of regard. On the other hand, Pascal—not to mention the moralists by profession, such as Nicole, and the preachers Bourdaloue and Massillon—Pascal, quivering himself, like a soul unclad, with sense of responsibility to God, constantly probes you, reading him, to the inmost quick of your conscience. Rousseau, notably in the "Confessions," and in the "Reveries" supplementary to the "Confessions;" Chateaubriand, echoing Rousseau; and that wayward woman of genius, George Sand, disciple she to both—were so far from being always light-heartedly gay, that not seldom they spread over their page a somber atmosphere almost of gloom—gloom flushed pensively, as with a clouded "setting sun's pathetic light." In short, when you speak of particular authors, and naturally still more when you speak of particular works, there are many discriminations to be made. Such exceptions, however, being duly allowed, the literary product of the French mind, considered in the aggregate, will not be misconceived if regarded as possessing the general characteristics in style that we have now sought briefly to indicate.

French literature, we have hinted, is comparatively poor in poetry. This is due in part, no doubt, to the genius of the people; but it is also due in part to the structure of the language. The language, which is derived chiefly from Latin, is thence in such a way derived as to have lost the regularity and stateliness of its ancient original, without having compensated itself with any richness and sweetness of sound peculiarly its own; like, for instance, that canorous vowel quality of its sister derivative, the Italian. The French language, in short, is far from being an ideal language for the poet.

In spite, however, of this fact, disputed by nobody, it is true of French literature, as it is true of almost any national literature, that it took its rise in verse instead of in prose. Anciently there were two languages subsisting together in France which came to be distinguished from each other in name by the word of affirmation—oc or oil, yes—severally peculiar to them, and thus to be known respectively as langue d'oc and langue d'oil. The future belonged to the latter of the two forms of speech—the one spoken in the northern part of the country. This, the langue d'oil, became at length the French language. But the langue d'oc, a soft and musical tongue, survived long enough to become the vehicle of lyric strains, mostly on subjects of love and gallantry, still familiar in mention, and famous as the songs of the troubadours. The flourishing time of the troubadours was in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Provençal is an alternative name of the language.

Side by side with the southern troubadours, or a little later than they, the trouvères of the north sang, with more manly ambition, of national themes, and, like Virgil, of arms and of heroes. Some productions of the trouvères may fairly be allowed an elevation of aim

and of treatment entitling them to be called epic in character.

Chansons de geste (songs of exploit), or *romans*, is the native name by which those primitive French poems are known. They exist in three principal cycles, or groups, of productions—one cycle composed of those pertaining to Charlemagne; one, of those pertaining to British Arthur, and a third, of those pertaining to ancient Greece and Rome, notably to Alexander the Great. The cycle revolving around the majestic legend of Charlemagne for its center was Teutonic, rather than Celtic, in spirit as well as in theme. It tended to the religious in tone. The Arthurian cycle was properly Celtic. It dealt more with adventures of love. The Alexandrian cycle, so named from one principal theme celebrated—namely, the deeds of Alexander the Great—mixed fantastically the traditions of ancient Greece and Rome with the then prevailing ideas of chivalry, and with the figments of fairy lore. (The metrical form employed in these poems gave its name to the Alexandrine line later so predominant in French poetry.) The volume of this quasi-epical verse, existing in its three groups, or cycles, is immense. So is that of the satire and the allegory in meter that followed. From this latter store of stock and example, Chaucer drew to supply his muse with material. The *fabliaux*, so called—fables, that is, or stories—were still another form of French literature in verse. It is only now, within the current decade of years, that a really ample collection of *fabliaux*—hitherto, with the exception of a few printed volumes of specimens, extant exclusively in manuscript—has been put into course of publication. Rutebeuf, a *trouvère* of the reign of St. Louis (Louis IX., thirteenth century), is perhaps as conspicuous a personal name as any that thus far emerges out of the sea of practically anonymous early French authorship. A frankly sordid and mercenary singer, Rutebeuf always tending to mockery, was not seldom licentious—in both these respects anticipating, as probably also to some extent by example conforming, the subsequent literary spirit of his nation. The *fabliaux* generally mingled with their narrative interest that spice of raillery and satire constantly so dear to the French literary appetite. Thibaud was, in a double sense, a royal singer of songs; for he reigned over Navarre, as well as chanted sweetly in verse his love and longing, so the disputed legend asserts, for Queen Blanche of Castile. Thibaud bears the historic title of The Song-maker. He has been styled the Béranger of the thirteenth century. To Thibaud is said to be due the introduction of the feminine rhyme into French poetry—a metrical variation of capital importance. The songs of Abélard, in the century preceding Thibaud, won a wide popularity.

Prose, meantime, had been making noteworthy approaches to form. Villehardouin must be named as first in time among French writers of history. His work is entitled, "Conquest of Constantinople." It gives an account of the fourth crusade. Joinville, a generation later, continues the succession of chronicles with his admiring story of the life of St. Louis, whose personal friend he was. But Froissart of the fourteenth century, and Comines of the fifteenth, are greater names. Froissart, by his simplicity and his narrative art, was the Herodotus, as Philip de

Comines, for his political sagacity, has been styled the Tacitus, of French historical literature. Up to the time of Froissart, the literature which we have been treating as French was different enough in form from the French of to-day to require what might be called translation in order to become generally intelligible to the living generation of Frenchmen. The text of Froissart is pretty archaic, but it definitely bears the aspect of French.

With the name of Comines, who wrote of Louis XI. (compare Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward"), we reach the fifteenth century, and are close upon the great revival of learning which accompanied the religious reformation under Luther and his peers. Now come Rabelais, boldly declared by Coleridge one of the great creative minds of literature; and Montaigne, with those essays of his, still living, and, indeed, certain always to live. John Calvin, meantime, writes his "Institutes of the Christian Religion" in French as well as in Latin, showing, once and for all, that in the right hands his vernacular tongue was as capable of gravity as many a writer before him had superfluously shown that it was capable of levity. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, is a French writer of power, without whom the far greater Montaigne could hardly have been. The influence of Amyot on French literary history is wider in reach and longer in duration than we thus indicate; but Montaigne's indebtedness to him is alone enough to prove that a mere translator had in this man made a very important contribution to the forming prose literature of France.

"The Pleiades," so called, were a group of seven writers, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century, banded themselves together in France, with the express aim of supplying influential example to improve the French language for literary purposes. Their peculiar appellation, "The Pleiades," was copied from that of a somewhat similar group of Greek writers that existed in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Of course, the implied allusion in it is to the constellation of the Pleiades. The individual name by which the "Pleiades" of the sixteenth century may best be remembered is that of Ronsard, the poet, associated with the romantic and pathetic memory of Mary Queen of Scots. Never, perhaps, in the history of letters was the fame of a poet in the poet's own life-time more universal and more splendid than was the fame of Ronsard. A high court of literary judicature formally decreed to Ronsard the title of The French Poet by eminence. This occurred in the youth of the poet. The wine of success so brilliant turned the young fellow's head. He soon began to play lord paramount of Parnassus, with every air of one born to the purple. The kings of the earth vied with each other to do him honor. Ronsard affected scholarship, and the foremost scholars of his time were proud to place him with Homer and with Virgil on the roll of the poets. Ronsard's peculiarity in style was the free use of words and constructions not properly French. Boileau indicated whence he enriched his vocabulary and his syntax, by satirically saying that Ronsard spoke Greek and Latin in French. At his death, Ronsard was

almost literally buried under praises. Sainte-Beuve strikingly says that he seemed to go forward into posterity as into a temple.

Sharp posthumous reprisals awaited the extravagant fame of Ronsard. Malherbe, coming in the next generation, legislator of Parnassus, laughed the literary pretensions of Ronsard to scorn. This stern critic of form, such is the story, marked up his copy of Ronsard with notes of censure so many, that a friend of his, seeing the annotated volume, observed, "What here is not marked will be understood to have been approved by you." Whereupon Malherbe, taking his pen, with one indiscriminate stroke drew it abruptly through the whole volume. "There I Ronsardized," the contemptuous critic would exclaim, when in reading his own verses to an acquaintance—for Malherbe was a poet himself—he happened to encounter a word that struck him as harsh or improper. Malherbe, in short, sought to chasten and check the luxuriant overgrowth to which the example and method of the Pleiades were tending to push the language of poetry in French. The resultant effect of the two contrary tendencies—that of literary wantonness on the one hand, and that of literary prudery on the other—was at the same time to enrich and to purify French poetical diction. Balzac (the elder), close to Malherbe in time, performed a service for French prose similar to that which the latter performed for French verse. These two critical and literary powers brought in the reign of what is called classicism in France. French classicism had its long culmination under Louis XIV.

But it was under Louis XIII., or rather under that monarch's great minister, Cardinal Richelieu, that the rich and splendid Augustan age of French literature was truly prepared. Two organized forces, one of them private and social, the other official and public, worked together, though sometimes perhaps not in harmony, to produce the magnificent literary result that illustrated the time of Louis XIV. Of these two organized forces the Hôtel de Rambouillet was one, and the French Academy was the other. The Hôtel de Rambouillet has become the adopted name of a literary society, presided over by the fine inspiring genius of the beautiful and accomplished Italian wife of the Marquis de Rambouillet, a lady who generously conceived the idea of rallying the feminine wit and virtue of the kingdom to exert a potent influence for regenerating the manners and morals, and indeed the literature, of France. At the high court of blended rank and fashion and beauty and polish and virtue and wit, thus established in the exquisitely builded and decorated saloons of the Rambouillet mansion, the selectest literary genius and fame of France were proud and glad to assemble for the discussion and criticism of literature. Here came Balzac and Voiture; here Corneille read aloud his masterpieces before they were represented on the stage; here Descartes philosophized; here the large and splendid genius of Bossuet first unfolded itself to the world; here Madame de Sévigné brought her bright, incisive wit, trebly commended by stainless reputation, unwithering beauty, and charming address, in the woman who wielded it. The noblest blood of France added the decoration and

inspiration of their presence. It is not easy to overrate the diffusive beneficent influence that hence went forth to change the fashion of literature, and to change the fashion of society, for the better. The Hôtel de Rambouillet proper lasted two generations only; but it had a virtual succession, which, though sometimes interrupted, was scarcely extinct until the brilliant and beautiful Madame Récamier ceased, about the middle of the present century, to hold her famous salons in Paris. The continuous fame and influence of the French Academy, founded by Richelieu, everybody knows. No other European language has been elaborately and sedulously formed and cultivated like the French.

But great authors are better improvers of a language than any societies, however influential. Corneille, Descartes, Pascal, did more for French style than either the Hôtel de Rambouillet or the Academy—more than both these two great literary societies together. In verse, Racine, following Corneille, advanced in some important respects upon the example and lead of that great original master; but in prose, when Pascal published his "Provincial Letters," French style reached at once a point of perfection beyond which it never since has gone. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Massillon, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère—what a constellation of names are these to glorify the age of Louis XIV.! And Louis XIV. himself, royal embodiment of a literary good sense carried to the pitch of something very like real genius in judgment and taste—what a sun was he (with that talent of his for kingship, probably never surpassed), to balance and to sway, from his unshaken station, the august intellectual system of which he alone constituted the despotic center to attract and repel! Seventy-two years long was this sole individual reign. Louis XIV. still sat on the throne of France when the seventeenth century became the eighteenth.

The eighteenth century was an age of universal reaction in France. Religion, or rather ecclesiasticism—for, in the France of those times, religion was the Church, and the Church was the Roman Catholic hierarchy—had been the dominant fashion under Louis XIV. Infidelity was a broad literary mark, written all over the face of the eighteenth century. It was the hour and power of the Encyclopædists and the Philosophers—of Voltaire, of Diderot, of D'Alembert, of Rousseau. Montesquieu, though contemporary, belongs apart from these writers. More really original, more truly philosophical, he was far less revolutionary, far less destructive, than they. Still, his influence was, on the whole, exerted in the direction, if not of infidelity, at least of religious indifferentism. The French Revolution was laid in train by the great popular writers whom we have now named, and by their fellows. It needed only the spark, which the proper occasion would be sure soon to strike out, and the awful earthshaking explosion would follow. After the Revolution, during the First Empire, so called—the usurpation, that is, of Napoleon Bonaparte—literature was well-nigh extinguished in France. The names, however, then surpassingly brilliant, of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staél, belong to this period.

Three centuries have now elapsed since the date of "The Pleiades." Throughout this long period, French literature has been chiefly under the sway of that spirit of classicism in style which the reaction against Ronsardism, led first by Malherbe and afterward by Boileau, had established as the national standard in literary taste and aspiration. But Rousseau's genius acted as a powerful solvent of the classic tradition. Chateaubriand's influence was felt on the same side, continuing Rousseau's. George Sand, too, and Lamartine, were forces that strengthened this component. Finally, the great personality of Victor Hugo proved potent enough definitively to break the spell that had been so long and so heavily laid on the literary development of France. The bloodless warfare was fierce between the revolutionary Romanticists and the conservative Classicists in literary style, but the victory seemed at last to remain with the advocates of the new romantic revival. It looked, on the face of the matter, like a signal triumph of originality over prescription, of genius over criticism, of power over rule. We still live in the midst of the dying echoes of this resonant strife. Perhaps it is too early, as yet, to determine on which side, by the merit of the cause, the advantage truly belongs. But, by the merit of the respective champions, the result was, for a time at least, triumphantly decided in favor of the Romanticists, against the Classicists. The weighty authority, however, of Sainte-Beuve, at first thrown into the scale that was destined to sink, was thence withdrawn, and at last, if not resolutely cast upon the opposite side of the balance, was left wavering in a kind of equipoise between the one and the other.

But our preliminary sketch already reaches the limit within which our choice of authors for representation is necessarily confined.

With first a few remarks, naturally suggested, that may be useful, on the general subject thus rather touched merely than handled, the present writer gives way to let now the representative authors themselves, selected for the purpose, supply to the reader a just and lively idea of French literature.

The first thing, perhaps, to strike the thoughtful mind in a comprehensive view of the subject is not so much the length--though this is remarkable--as the long continuity of French literary history. From its beginning down to the actual moment, French literature has suffered no serious break in the course of its development. There have been periods of greater and periods of less prosperity and fruit; but wastes of marked suspension and barrenness there have been none.

The second thing noticeable is, that French literature has, to a singular degree, lived an independent life of its own. It has found copious springs of health and growth within its own bosom.

But then a third thing to be also observed is that, on the other hand, the touch of foreign influence, felt and acknowledged by this most proudly and self-sufficiently national of literatures, has proved to it, at various epochs, a sovereign force of revival and elastic expansion. Thus, the great renascence in the sixteenth century of ancient Greek and Latin letters was new life to French literature. So, again, Spanish literature, brought into contact with French through Corneille and Molière, with others, gave to the national mind of France a new literary launch. But the most recent and perhaps the most remarkable example of foreign influence quickening French literature to make it freshly fruitful is supplied in the great romanticizing movement under the lead of Victor Hugo. English literature—especially Shakespeare—was largely the pregnant cause of this attempted emancipation of the French literary mind from the bondage of classicism.

A fourth very salient trait in French literary history consists in the self-conscious, elaborate, persistent efforts put forth from time to time by individuals, and by organizations, both public and private, in France, to improve the language and to elevate the literature of the nation. We know of nothing altogether comparable to this anywhere else in the literature of the world.

A fifth striking thing about French literature is, that it has, to a degree as we believe beyond parallel, exercised a real and vital influence on the character and the fortune of the nation. The social, the political, the moral, the religious, history of France is from age to age a faithful reflex of the changing phases of its literature. Of course, a reciprocal influence has been constantly reflected back and forth from the nation upon its literature, as well as from its literature upon the nation. But where else in the world has it ever been so extraordinarily, we may say so appallingly, true as in France, that the nation was such because such was its literature?

French literature, it will at once be seen, is a study possessing, beyond the literary, a social, a political, and even a religious, interest.

Readers desiring to push their conversance with the literary history of France further into the catalogue of its less important names than the present volume will enable them to do will consult with profit either the Primer, or the Short History, of French Literature, by Mr. George Saintsbury. Mr. Saintsbury is a well-informed writer, who diffuses himself perhaps too widely to do his best possible work. But he has made French literature a specialty, and he is in general a trustworthy authority on the subject.

Another writer on the subject is Mr. H. Van Laun. Him, although a predecessor of his own in the field, Mr. Saintsbury severely ignores, by claiming that he is himself the first to write in English a history of

French literature based on original and independent reading of the authors. We are bound to say that Mr. Van Laun's work is of very poor quality. It offers, indeed, to the reader one advantage not afforded by either of Mr. Saintsbury's works—the advantage, namely, of illustrative extracts from the authors treated extracts, however, not unfrequently marred by wretched translation.

A noteworthy book of the year 1889 is "A History of French Literature" by Charles Woodward Hutson, Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Mississippi. This is an intelligent, well-studied, well-written, carefully conscientious, comprehensive account of French letters from the beginning down to the present day. It has, as a concluding chapter, a notice of the "French Writers of Louisiana." An admirable series of books, translated from the French, on the great French writers, has recently been brought out in Chicago. These two last mentions, by the way, strikingly suggest how wide, territorially, the bounds of the republic of letters are becoming in our country.

The cyclopædias are, some of them, both in articles on particular authors and in their sketches of French literary history as a whole, good sources of general information on the subject. Readers who command the means of comparing several different cyclopædias, or several successive editions of some one cyclopædia, as, for example, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," will find enlightening and stimulating the not always harmonious views presented on the same topics. Hallam's "History of Literature in Europe" is an additional authority by no means to be overlooked. And, finally, it is to be remembered that any good general history of France will almost certainly contain notices of the more important literary events co-ordinately with those of political, social, economic, or scientific moment.

CLOCHETTE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Le Horla and Others*, by Guy de Maupassant

Sont-ils étranges, ces anciens souvenirs qui vous hantent sans qu'on puisse se défaire d'eux!

Celui-là est si vieux, si vieux que je ne saurais comprendre comment il est resté si vif et si tenace dans mon esprit. J'ai vu depuis tant de choses sinistres, émouvantes ou terribles, que je m'étonne de ne pouvoir passer un jour, un seul jour, sans que la figure de la mère Clochette ne se retrace devant mes yeux, telle que je la connus, autrefois, voilà si longtemps, quand j'avais dix ou douze ans.

C'était une vieille couturière qui venait une fois par semaine, tous les mardis, raccommoder le linge chez mes parents. Mes parents habitaient une de ces demeures de campagne appelées châteaux, et qui sont simplement

d'antiques maisons à toit aigu, dont dépendent quatre ou cinq fermes groupées autour.

Le village, un gros village, un bourg, apparaissait à quelques centaines de mètres, serré autour de l'église, une église de briques rouges devenues noires avec le temps.

Donc, tous les mardis, la mère Clochette arrivait entre six heures et demie et sept heures du matin et montait aussitôt dans la lingerie se mettre au travail.

C'était une haute femme maigre, barbue, ou plutôt poilue, car elle avait de la barbe sur toute la figure, une barbe surprenante, inattendue, poussée par bouquets invraisemblables, par touffes frisées qui semblaient semées par un fou à travers ce grand visage de gendarme en jupes. Elle en avait sur le nez, sous le nez, autour du nez, sur le menton, sur les joues; et ses sourcils d'une épaisseur et d'une longueur extravagantes, tout gris, touffus, hérissés, avaient tout à fait l'air d'une paire de moustaches placées là par erreur.

Elle boitait, non pas comme boitent les estropiés ordinaires, mais comme un navire à l'ancre. Quand elle posait sur sa bonne jambe son grand corps osseux et dévié, elle semblait prendre son élan pour monter sur une vague monstrueuse, puis, tout à coup, elle plongeait comme pour disparaître dans un abîme, elle s'enfonçait dans le sol. Sa marche éveillait bien l'idée d'une tempête, tant elle se balançait en même temps; et sa tête toujours coiffée d'un énorme bonnet blanc, dont les rubans lui flottaient dans le dos, semblait traverser l'horizon, du nord au sud et du sud au nord, à chacun de ses mouvements.

J'adorais cette mère Clochette. Aussitôt levé je montais dans la lingerie où je la trouvais installée à coudre, une chaufferette sous les pieds. Dès que j'arrivais, elle me forçait à prendre cette chaufferette et à m'asseoir dessus pour ne pas m'enrumer dans cette vaste pièce froide, placée sous le toit.

—Ça te tire le sang de la gorge, disait-elle.

Elle me contait des histoires, tout en reprisant le linge avec ses longs doigts crochus, qui étaient vifs; ses yeux derrière ses lunettes aux verres grossissants, car l'âge avait affaibli sa vue, me paraissaient énormes, étrangement profonds, doubles.

Elle avait, autant que je puis me rappeler les choses qu'elle me disait et dont mon cœur d'enfant était remué, une âme magnanime de pauvre femme. Elle voyait gros et simple. Elle me contait les événements du bourg, l'histoire d'une vache qui s'était sauvée de l'étable et qu'on avait retrouvée, un matin, devant le moulin de Prosper Malet, regardant tourner les ailes de bois, ou l'histoire d'un oeuf de poule découvert dans le

clocher de l'église sans qu'on eût jamais compris quelle bête était venue le pondre là, ou l'histoire du chien de Jean-Jean Pilas, qui avait été reprendre à dix lieues du village la culotte de son maître volée par un passant tandis qu'elle séchait devant la porte après une course à la pluie. Elle me conta ces naïves aventures de telle façon qu'elles prenaient en mon esprit des proportions de drames inoubliables, de poèmes grandioses et mystérieux; et les contes ingénieux inventés par des poètes et que me narrait ma mère, le soir, n'avaient point cette saveur, cette ampleur, cette puissance des récits de la paysanne.

* * * *

Or, un mardi, comme j'avais passé toute la matinée à écouter la mère Clochette, je voulus remonter près d'elle, dans la journée, après avoir été cueillir des noisettes avec le domestique, au bois des Hallets, derrière la ferme de Noirpré. Je me rappelle tout cela aussi nettement que les choses d'hier.

Or, en ouvrant la porte de la lingerie, j'aperçus la vieille couturière étendue sur le sol, à côté de sa chaise, la face par terre, les bras allongés, tenant encore son aiguille d'une main, et de l'autre, une de mes chemises. Une de ses jambes, dans un bas bleu, la grande sans doute, s'allongeait sous sa chaise; et les lunettes brillaient au pied de la muraille, ayant roulé loin d'elle.

Je me sauvai en poussant des cris aigus. On accourut; et j'appris au bout de quelques minutes que la mère Clochette était morte.

Je ne saurais dire l'émotion profonde, poignante, terrible, qui crispa mon cœur d'enfant. Je descendis à petits pas dans le salon et j'allai me cacher dans un coin sombre, au fond d'une immense et antique bergère où je me mis à genoux pour pleurer. Je restai là longtemps sans doute, car la nuit vint.

Tout à coup on entra avec une lampe, mais on ne me vit pas et j'entendis mon père et ma mère causer avec le médecin, dont je reconnus la voix.

On l'avait été chercher bien vite et il expliquait les causes de l'accident. Je n'y compris rien d'ailleurs. Puis il s'assit, et accepta un verre de liqueur avec un biscuit.

Il parlait toujours; et ce qu'il dit alors me reste et me restera gravé dans l'âme jusqu'à ma mort! Je crois que je puis reproduire même presque absolument les termes dont il se servit.

—Ah! disait-il, la pauvre femme! ce fut ici ma première cliente. Elle se cassa la jambe le jour de mon arrivée et je n'avais pas eu le temps de me laver les mains en descendant de la diligence quand on vint me quérir en toute hâte, car c'était grave, très grave.

«Elle avait dix-sept ans, et c'était une très belle fille, très belle, très belle! L'aurait-on cru? Quant à son histoire, je ne l'ai jamais dite; et personne hors moi et un autre qui n'est plus dans le pays ne l'a jamais sué. Maintenant qu'elle est morte, je puis être moins discret.

«A cette époque-là venait de s'installer, dans le bourg, un jeune aide instituteur qui avait une jolie figure et une belle taille de sous-officier. Toutes les filles lui couraient après, et il faisait le dédaigneux, ayant grand'peur d'ailleurs du maître d'école, son supérieur, le père Grabu, qui n'était pas bien levé tous les jours.

«Le père Grabu employait déjà comme couturière la belle Hortense, qui vient de mourir chez vous et qu'on baptisa plus tard Clochette, après son accident. L'aide instituteur distingua cette belle fillette, qui fut sans doute flattée d'être choisie par cet imprenable conquérant; toujours est-il qu'elle l'aima, et qu'il obtint un premier rendez-vous, dans le grenier de l'école, à la fin d'un jour de couture, la nuit venue.

«Elle fit donc semblant de rentrer chez elle, mais au lieu de descendre l'escalier en sortant de chez les Grabu, elle le monta, et alla se cacher dans le foin, pour attendre son amoureux. Il l'y rejoignit bientôt, et il commençait à lui conter fleurette, quand la porte de ce grenier s'ouvrit de nouveau et le maître d'école parut et demanda:

«--Qu'est-ce que vous faites là haut, Sigisbert?

«Sentant qu'il serait pris, le jeune instituteur, affolé, répondit stupidement:

«--J'étais monté me reposer un peu sur les bottes, monsieur Grabu.

«Ce grenier était très grand, très vaste, absolument noir; et Sigisbert poussait vers le fond la jeune fille effarée, en répétant: «Allez là-bas, cachez-vous. Je vais perdre ma place, sauvez-vous, cachez-vous?»

«Le maître d'école entendant murmurer, reprit: «Vous n'êtes donc pas seul ici?»

«--Mais oui, monsieur Grabu!

«--Mais non, puisque vous parlez.

«--Je vous jure que oui, monsieur Grabu.

«--C'est ce que je vais savoir, reprit le vieux; et fermant la porte à double tour, il descendit chercher une chandelle.

«Alors le jeune homme, un lâche comme on en trouve souvent, perdit la tête

et il répétait, paraît-il, devenu furieux tout à coup: «Mais cachez-vous, qu'il ne vous trouve pas. Vous allez me mettre sans pain pour toute ma vie. Vous allez briser ma carrière... Cachez-vous donc!»

«On entendait la clef qui tournait de nouveau dans la serrure.

«Hortense courut à la lucarne qui donnait sur la rue, l'ouvrit brusquement, puis, d'une voix basse et résolue:

«--Vous viendrez me ramasser quand il sera parti, dit-elle.

«Et elle sauta.

«Le père Grabu ne trouva personne et redescendit, fort surpris.

«Un quart d'heure plus tard, M. Sigisbert entrait, chez moi et me conta son aventure. La jeune fille était restée au pied du mur incapable de se lever, étant tombée de deux étages. J'allai la chercher avec lui. Il pleuvait à verse, et j'apportai chez moi cette malheureuse dont la jambe droite était brisée à trois places, et dont les os avaient crevé les chairs. Elle ne se plaignait pas et disait seulement avec une admirable résignation. «Je suis punie, bien punie!»

«Je fis venir du secours et les parents de l'ouvrière, à qui je contai la fable d'une voiture emportée qui l'avait renversée et estropiée devant ma porte.

«On me crut, et la gendarmerie chercha en vain, pendant un mois, l'auteur de cet accident.

«Voilà! Et je dis que cette femme fut une héroïne, de la race de celles qui accomplissent les plus belles actions historiques.

«Ce fut là son seul amour. Elle est morte vierge. C'est une martyre, une grande âme, une Dévouée sublime! Et si je ne l'admirais pas absolument je ne vous aurais pas conté cette histoire, que je n'ai jamais voulu dire à personne pendant sa vie, vous comprenez pourquoi.»

Le médecin s'était tu. Maman pleurait. Papa prononça quelques mots que je ne sais pas bien; puis ils s'en allèrent.

Et je restai à genoux sur ma bergère, sanglotant, pendant que j'entendais un bruit étrange de pas lourds et de heurts dans l'escalier.

On emportait le corps de Clochette.

CLOCHE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Maupassant Original Short Stories (180)*,
Complete, by Guy de Maupassant

How strange those old recollections are which haunt us, without our being able to get rid of them.

This one is so very old that I cannot understand how it has clung so vividly and tenaciously to my memory. Since then I have seen so many sinister things, which were either affecting or terrible, that I am astonished at not being able to pass a single day without the face of Mother Bellflower recurring to my mind's eye, just as I knew her formerly, now so long ago, when I was ten or twelve years old.

She was an old seamstress who came to my parents' house once a week, every Thursday, to mend the linen. My parents lived in one of those country houses called chateaux, which are merely old houses with gable roofs, to which are attached three or four farms lying around them.

The village, a large village, almost a market town, was a few hundred yards away, closely circling the church, a red brick church, black with age.

Well, every Thursday Mother Clochette came between half-past six and seven in the morning, and went immediately into the linen-room and began to work. She was a tall, thin, bearded or rather hairy woman, for she had a beard all over her face, a surprising, an unexpected beard, growing in improbable tufts, in curly bunches which looked as if they had been sown by a madman over that great face of a gendarme in petticoats. She had them on her nose, under her nose, round her nose, on her chin, on her cheeks; and her eyebrows, which were extraordinarily thick and long, and quite gray, bushy and bristling, looked exactly like a pair of mustaches stuck on there by mistake.

She limped, not as lame people generally do, but like a ship at anchor. When she planted her great, bony, swerving body on her sound leg, she seemed to be preparing to mount some enormous wave, and then suddenly she dipped as if to disappear in an abyss, and buried herself in the ground. Her walk reminded one of a storm, as she swayed about, and her head, which was always covered with an enormous white cap, whose ribbons fluttered down her back, seemed to traverse the horizon from north to south and from south to north, at each step.

I adored Mother Clochette. As soon as I was up I went into the linen-room where I found her installed at work, with a foot-warmer under her feet. As soon as I arrived, she made me take the foot-warmer and sit upon it, so that I might not catch cold in that large, chilly room under the roof.

"That draws the blood from your throat," she said to me.

She told me stories, whilst mending the linen with her long crooked nimble fingers; her eyes behind her magnifying spectacles, for age had impaired her sight, appeared enormous to me, strangely profound, double.

She had, as far as I can remember the things which she told me and by which my childish heart was moved, the large heart of a poor woman. She told me what had happened in the village, how a cow had escaped from the cow-house and had been found the next morning in front of Prosper Malet's windmill, looking at the sails turning, or about a hen's egg which had been found in the church belfry without any one being able to understand what creature had been there to lay it, or the story of Jean-Jean Pila's dog, who had been ten leagues to bring back his master's breeches which a tramp had stolen whilst they were hanging up to dry out of doors, after he had been in the rain. She told me these simple adventures in such a manner, that in my mind they assumed the proportions of never-to-be-forgotten dramas, of grand and mysterious poems; and the ingenious stories invented by the poets which my mother told me in the evening, had none of the flavor, none of the breadth or vigor of the peasant woman's narratives.

Well, one Tuesday, when I had spent all the morning in listening to Mother Clochette, I wanted to go upstairs to her again during the day after picking hazelnuts with the manservant in the wood behind the farm. I remember it all as clearly as what happened only yesterday.

On opening the door of the linen-room, I saw the old seamstress lying on the ground by the side of her chair, with her face to the ground and her arms stretched out, but still holding her needle in one hand and one of my shirts in the other. One of her legs in a blue stocking, the longer one, no doubt, was extended under her chair, and her spectacles glistened against the wall, as they had rolled away from her.

I ran away uttering shrill cries. They all came running, and in a few minutes I was told that Mother Clochette was dead.

I cannot describe the profound, poignant, terrible emotion which stirred my childish heart. I went slowly down into the drawing-room and hid myself in a dark corner, in the depths of an immense old armchair, where I knelt down and wept. I remained there a long time, no doubt, for night came on. Suddenly somebody came in with a lamp, without seeing me, however, and I heard my father and mother talking with the medical man, whose voice I recognized.

He had been sent for immediately, and he was explaining the causes of the accident, of which I understood nothing, however. Then he sat down and had a glass of liqueur and a biscuit.

He went on talking, and what he then said will remain engraved on my mind until I die! I think that I can give the exact words which he used.

"Ah!" said he, "the poor woman! She broke her leg the day of my arrival here, and I had not even had time to wash my hands after getting off the diligence before I was sent for in all haste, for it was a bad case, very bad.

"She was seventeen, and a pretty girl, very pretty! Would any one believe it? I have never told her story before, and nobody except myself and one other person who is no longer living in this part of the country ever knew it. Now that she is dead, I may be less discreet.

"Just then a young assistant-teacher came to live in the village; he was a handsome, well-made fellow, and looked like a non-commissioned officer. All the girls ran after him, but he paid no attention to them, partly because he was very much afraid of his superior, the schoolmaster, old Grabu, who occasionally got out of bed the wrong foot first.

"Old Grabu already employed pretty Hortense who has just died here, and who was afterwards nicknamed Clochette. The assistant master singled out the pretty young girl, who was, no doubt, flattered at being chosen by this impregnable conqueror; at any rate, she fell in love with him, and he succeeded in persuading her to give him a first meeting in the hay-loft behind the school, at night, after she had done her day's sewing.

"She pretended to go home, but instead of going downstairs when she left the Grabus' she went upstairs and hid among the hay, to wait for her lover. He soon joined her, and was beginning to say pretty things to her, when the door of the hay-loft opened and the schoolmaster appeared, and asked: 'What are you doing up there, Sigisbert?' Feeling sure that he would be caught, the young schoolmaster lost his presence of mind and replied stupidly: 'I came up here to rest a little amongst the bundles of hay, Monsieur Grabu.'

"The loft was very large and absolutely dark, and Sigisbert pushed the frightened girl to the further end and said: 'Go over there and hide yourself. I shall lose my position, so get away and hide yourself.'

"When the schoolmaster heard the whispering, he continued: 'Why, you are not by yourself?' 'Yes, I am, Monsieur Grabu!' 'But you are not, for you are talking.' 'I swear I am, Monsieur Grabu.' 'I will soon find out,' the old man replied, and double locking the door, he went down to get a light.

"Then the young man, who was a coward such as one frequently meets, lost his head, and becoming furious all of a sudden, he repeated: 'Hide yourself, so that he may not find you. You will keep me from making a

living for the rest of my life; you will ruin my whole career. Do hide yourself! They could hear the key turning in the lock again, and Hortense ran to the window which looked out on the street, opened it quickly, and then said in a low and determined voice: 'You will come and pick me up when he is gone,' and she jumped out.

"Old Grabu found nobody, and went down again in great surprise, and a quarter of an hour later, Monsieur Sigisbert came to me and related his adventure. The girl had remained at the foot of the wall unable to get up, as she had fallen from the second story, and I went with him to fetch her. It was raining in torrents, and I brought the unfortunate girl home with me, for the right leg was broken in three places, and the bones had come through the flesh. She did not complain, and merely said, with admirable resignation: 'I am punished, well punished!'

"I sent for assistance and for the work-girl's relatives and told them a, made-up story of a runaway carriage which had knocked her down and lamed her outside my door. They believed me, and the gendarmes for a whole month tried in vain to find the author of this accident.

"That is all! And I say that this woman was a heroine and belonged to the race of those who accomplish the grandest deeds of history.

"That was her only love affair, and she died a virgin. She was a martyr, a noble soul, a sublimely devoted woman! And if I did not absolutely admire her, I should not have told you this story, which I would never tell any one during her life; you understand why."

The doctor ceased. Mamma cried and papa said some words which I did not catch; then they left the room and I remained on my knees in the armchair and sobbed, whilst I heard a strange noise of heavy footsteps and something knocking against the side of the staircase.

They were carrying away Clochette's body.

FRANCE

Project Gutenberg's *The Modern Woman's Rights Movement*, by Kaethe Schirmacher
1912

Total population: 38,466,924.

Women: 19,346,369.

Men: 18,922,651.

Federation of French Women's Clubs.

Woman's Suffrage League.

The European woman's rights movement was born in France; it is a child of

the Revolution of 1789. When a whole country enjoys freedom, equality, and fraternity, woman can no longer remain in bondage. The Declaration of the Rights of Man apply to Woman also. The European woman's rights movement is based on purely logical principles; not, as in the United States, on the practical exercise of woman's right to vote. This purely theoretical origin is not denied by the advocates of the woman's rights movement in France. It ought to be mentioned that the principles of the woman's rights movement were brought from France to England by Mary Wollstonecraft, and were stated in her pamphlet, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*. But enthusiastic Mary Wollstonecraft did not form a school in England, and the organized English woman's rights movement did not cast its lot with this revolutionist. What Mary Wollstonecraft did for England, Olympe de Gouges did for France in 1789; at that time she dedicated to the Queen her little book, *The Declaration of the Rights of Women* (*La declaration des droits des femmes*). It happened that The Declaration of the Rights of Man (*La declaration des droits de l'homme*) of 1789 referred only to the men. The National Assembly recognized only male voters, and refused the petition of October 28, 1789, in which a number of Parisian women demanded universal suffrage in the election of national representatives. Nothing is more peculiar than the attitude of the men advocates of liberty toward the women advocates of liberty. At that time woman's struggle for liberty had representatives in all social groups. In the aristocratic circles there was Madame de Staél, who as a republican (her father was Swiss) never doubted the equality of the sexes; but by her actions showed her belief in woman's right to secure the highest culture and to have political influence. Madame de Staél's social position and her wealth enabled her to spread these views of woman's rights; she was never dependent on the men advocates of freedom. Madame Roland was typical of the educated republican bourgeoisie. She participated in the revolutionary drama and was a "political woman." On the basis of historical documents it can be asserted that the men advocates of freedom have not forgiven her.

The intelligent people of the lower classes are represented by Olympe de Gouges and Théroigne de Mericourt. Both played a political rôle; both were woman's rights advocates; of both it was said that they had forgotten the virtues of their sex,—modesty and submissiveness. The men of freedom still thought that the home offered their wives all the freedom they needed. The populace finally made demonstrations through woman's clubs. These clubs were closed in 1793 by the Committee of Public Safety because the clubs disturbed "public peace." The public peace of 1793! What an idyl! In short, the régime of liberty, equality, and fraternity regarded woman as unfree, unequal, and treated her very unfraternally. What harmony between theory and practice! In fact, the Revolution even withdrew rights that the women formerly possessed. For example, the old régime gave a noblewoman, as a landowner, all the rights of a feudal lord. She levied troops, raised taxes, and administered justice. During the old régime in France there were women peers; women were now and then active in diplomacy. The abbesses exercised the same feudal power as the abbots; they had unlimited power over their convents. The women owners of large

feudal lands met with the provincial estates,--for instance, Madame de Sévigné in the Estates General of Brittany, where there was autonomy in the provincial administration. In the gilds the women masters exercised their professional right as voters. All of these rights ended with the old régime; beside the politically free man stood the politically unfree woman. Napoleon confirmed this lack of freedom in the Civil and Criminal Codes. Napoleon's attitude toward all women (excepting his mother, Madame Mère) was such as we still find among the men in Southern Italy, in Spain, and in the Orient. His sisters and Josephine Beauharnais, the creole, could not give him a more just opinion of women. His fierce hatred for Madame de Staél indicates his attitude toward the woman's rights representatives. The great Napoleon did not like intellectual women.

The Code Napoleon places the wife completely under the guardianship of the husband. Without him she can undertake no legal transaction. The property law requires joint property holding, excepting real estate (but most of the women are neither landowners nor owners of houses). The married woman has had independent control of her earnings and savings only since the enactment of the law of July 13, 1907. Only the husband has legal authority over the children. Such a legal status of woman is found in other codes. But the following provisions are peculiar to the Code Napoleon: If a husband kills his wife for committing adultery, the murder is "excusable." An illicit mother cannot file a paternity suit. In practice, however, the courts in a roundabout way give the illicit mother an opportunity to file an action for damages.

No other code, above all no other Germanic or Slavic code,[81] has been disgraced by such paragraphs. In the first of the designated paragraphs we hear the Corsican, a cousin of the Moor of Venice; in the second we hear the military emperor, and general of an unbridled, undisciplined troop of soldiers. No one will be astonished to learn that this same lawgiver in 1801 supplemented the Code with a despotic state regulation of prostitution. What became of the woman's rights movement during this arbitrary military régime? Full of fear and anxiety, the woman's rights advocates concealed their views. The Restoration was scarcely a better time for advocating woman's rights. The philosopher of the epoch, de Bonald, spoke very pompously against the equality of the sexes, "Man and woman are not and never will be equal." It was not until the July Revolution of 1830 and the February Revolution of 1848 that the question of woman's rights could gain a favorable hearing. The Saint Simonians, the Fourierists, and George Sand preached the rights of man and the rights of woman. During the February Revolution the women were found, just as in 1789, in the front ranks of the Socialists. The French woman's rights movement is closely connected with both political movements. Every time a sacrifice of Republicans and Democrats was demanded, women were among the banished and deported: Jeanne Deroin in 1848, Louise Michel, in 1851 and 1871.

Marie Deraismes, belonging to the wealthy Parisian middle class, appeared

in the sixties as a public speaker. She was a woman's rights advocate. However, in a still greater degree she was a tribune of the people, a republican and a politician. Marie Deraismes and her excellent political adherent, Léon Richer, were the founders of the organized French woman's rights movement. As early as 1876 they organized the "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Woman and for Demanding Woman's Rights"; in 1878 they called the first French woman's rights congress.

The following features characterize the modern French woman's rights movement: It is largely restricted to Paris; in the provinces there are only weak and isolated beginnings; even the Parisian woman's rights organizations are not numerous, the greatest having 400 members. Thanks to the republican and socialist movements, which for thirty years have controlled France, the woman's rights movement is for political reasons supported by the men to a degree not noticeable in any other country. The republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the republican press, and republican literature effectively promote the woman's rights movement. The Federation of French Women's Clubs, founded in 1901, and reputed to have 73,000 members, is at present promoting the movement by the systematic organization of provincial divisions. Less kindly disposed--sometimes indifferent and hostile--are the Church, the Catholic circles, the nobility, society, and the "liberal" capitalistic bourgeoisie. A sharp division between the woman's rights movements of the middle class and the movement of the Socialists, such as exists, for example, in Germany, does not exist in France. A large part of the bourgeoisie (not the great capitalists) are socialistically inclined. On the basis of principle the Republicans and Socialists cannot deny the justice of the woman's rights movement. Hence everything now depends on the opportuneness of the demands of the women.

The French woman has still much to demand. However enlightened, however advanced the Frenchman may regard himself, he has not yet reached the point where he will favor woman's suffrage; what the National Assembly denied in 1789, the Republic of 1870 has also withheld. Nevertheless conditions have improved, in so far as measures in favor of woman's suffrage and the reform of the civil rights of woman have since 1848 been repeatedly introduced and supported by petitions.[82] As for the civil rights of woman,--the principles of the Code Napoleon, the minority of the wife, and the husband's authority over her are still unchanged. However, a few minor concessions have been made: To-day a woman can be a witness to a civil transaction, e.g. a marriage contract. A married woman can open a savings bank account in her maiden name; and, as in Belgium, her husband can make it impossible for her to withdraw the money! A wife's earnings now belong to her. The severe law concerning adultery by the wife still exists, and affiliation cases are still prohibited. That is not exactly liberal.

Attempts to secure reforms of the civil law are being made by various women's clubs, the Group of Women Students (Le groupe d'études

féministes_) (Madame Oddo Deflou), and by the committee on legal matters of the Federation of French Women's Clubs (Madame d'Abbadie).

In both the legal and the political fields the French women have hitherto (in spite of the Republic) achieved very little. In educational matters, however, the republican government has decidedly favored the women. Here the wishes of the women harmonized with the republican hatred for the priests. What was done perhaps not for the women, was done to spite the Church.

Elementary education has been obligatory since 1882. In 1904-1905 there were 2,715,452 girls in the elementary schools, and 2,726,944 boys. State high schools, or *lycées*, for girls have existed since 1880. The programme of these schools is not that of the German *Gymnasiums*, but that of a German high school for girls (foreign languages, however, are elective). In the last two years (in which the ages of the girls are 16 to 18 years) the curriculum is that of a seminary for women teachers. In 1904-1905 these institutions were attended by 22,000 girls, as compared with 100,000 boys. The French woman's rights movement has as yet not succeeded in establishing *Gymnasiums* for girls; at present, efforts are being made to introduce *Gymnasium* courses in the girls' *lycées*. The admission of girls to the boys' *lycées*, which has occurred in Germany and in Italy, has not even been suggested in France. To the present, the preparation of girls for the universities has been carried on privately.

The right to study in the universities has never been withheld from women. From the beginning, women could take the *Abiturientenexamen* (the university entrance examinations) with the young men before an examination commission. All departments are open to women. The number of women university students in France is 3609; the male students number 38,288. Women school teachers control the whole public school system for girls. In the French schools for girls most of the teachers are women; the superintendents are also women. The ecclesiastical educational system,—which still exists in secular guise,—is naturally, so far as the education of girls is concerned, entirely in the hands of women. The salaries of the secular women teachers in the first three classes of the elementary schools are equal to those of the men. The women teachers in the *lycées* (*agrégées*) are trained in the Seminary of Sèvres and in the universities. Their salaries are lower than those of the men. In 1907 the first woman teacher in the French higher institutions of learning was appointed,—Madame Curie, who holds the chair of physics in the Sorbonne, in Paris. In the provincial universities women are lecturers on modern languages. There are no women preachers in France. *Dr. jur.* Jeanne Chauvin was the first woman lawyer, being admitted to the bar in 1899. To-day women lawyers are practicing in Paris and in Toulouse.

In the government service there are women postal clerks, telegraph clerks, and telephone clerks,—with an average daily wage of 3 francs (60 cents). Only the subordinate positions are open to women. The same is true of the

women employed in the railroad offices. Women have been admitted as clerks in some of the administrative departments of the government and in the public poor-law administration. Women are employed as inspectors of schools, as factory inspectors, and as poor-law administrators. There is a woman member of each of the following councils: the Superior Council of Education, the Superior Council of Labor, and the Superior Council of Public Assistance (*Conseil Superior d'Education*, *Conseil Superior du Travail*, *Conseil Superior de l'Assistance Publique*). The first woman court interpreter was appointed in the Parisian Court of Appeals in 1909.

The French woman is an excellent business woman. However, the women employed in commercial establishments, being organized as yet to a small extent, earn no more than women laborers,—70 to 80 francs (\$14 to \$16) a month. In general, greater demands are made of them in regard to personal appearance and dress. There is a law requiring that chairs be furnished during working hours. There is a consumers' league in Paris which probably will effect reforms in the laboring conditions of women. The women in the industries, of whom there are about 900,000, have an average wage of 2 francs (50 cents) a day. Hardly 30,000 are organized into trade-unions; all women tobacco workers are organized. As elsewhere, the French ready-made clothing industry is the most wretched home industry. A part of the French middle-class women oppose legislation for the protection of women workers on the ground of "equality of rights for the sexes."^[83] This attitude has been occasioned by the contrast between the typographers and the women typesetters; the men being aided in the struggle by the prohibition of night work for women. It is easy to explain the rash and unjustifiable generalization made on the basis of this exceptional case. The women that made the generalization and oppose legislation for the protection of women laborers belong to the bourgeois class. There are about 1,500,000 women engaged in agriculture, the average wage being 1 franc 50 (about 37 cents). Many of these women earn 1 franc to 1 franc 20 (20 to 24 cents) a day. In Paris, women have been cab drivers and chauffeurs since 1907. In 1901 women formed 35 per cent of the population engaged in the professions and the industries (6,805,000 women; 12,911,000 men: total, 19,716,000).

There are three parties in the French woman's rights movement. The Catholic (*le féminisme chrétien*), the moderate (predominantly Protestant), and the radical (almost entirely socialistic). The Catholic party works entirely independently; the two others often coöperate, and are represented in the National Council of Women (*Conseil national des femmes*), while the *féminisme chrétien* is not represented. The views of the Catholic party are as follows: "No one denies that man is stronger than woman. But this means merely a physical superiority. On the basis of this superiority man dare not despise woman and regard her as morally inferior to him. But from the Christian point of view God gave man authority over woman. This does not signify any intellectual superiority, but is simply a fact of hierarchy."^[84] The *féminisme chrétien* advocates: A thorough education for girls according to Catholic

principles; a reform of the marriage law (the wife should control her earnings, separate property holding should be established); the same moral standard for both sexes (abolition of the official regulation of prostitution); the same penalty for adultery for both sexes (however, there should be no divorce); the authority of the mother (*autorité maritale*) should be maintained, for only in this way can peace prevail in the family. "A high-minded woman will never wish to rule. It is her wish to sacrifice herself, to admire, to lean on the arm of a strong man that protects her."^[85]

In the moderate group (President, Miss Sara Monod), these ideas have few advocates. Protestantism, which is strongly represented in this party, has a natural inclination toward the development of individuality. This party is more concerned with the woman that does not find the arm of the "strong man" to lean on, or who detected him leaning upon her. This party is entirely opposed to the husband's authority over the wife and to the dogma of obligatory admiration and sacrifice. The leaders of the party are Madame Bonnevial, Madame Auclert, and others. During the five years' leadership of Madame Marguerite Durand, the "Fronde" was the meeting place of the party.

The radicals demand: absolute coeducation; anti-military instruction in history; schools that prepare girls for motherhood; the admission of women to government positions; equal pay for both sexes; official regulation of the work of domestic servants; the abolition of the husband's authority; municipal and national suffrage for women. A member of the radical party presented herself in 1908 as a candidate in the Parisian elections. In November, 1908, women were granted passive suffrage for the arbitration courts for trade disputes (they already possessed active suffrage).

The founding of the National Council of French Women (*Conseil national des femmes française*) has aided the woman's rights movement considerably. Stimulated by the progress made in other countries, the French women have systematically begun their work. They have organized two sections in the provinces (Touraine and Normandy); they have promoted the organization of women into trade-unions; they have studied the marriage laws; and have organized a woman's suffrage department. Since 1907 the woman's magazine, *La Française*, published weekly, has done effective work for the cause. The place of publication (49 rue Laffite, Paris) is also a public meeting place for the leaders of the woman's rights movements. *La Française* arouses interest in the cause of woman's rights among women teachers and office clerks in the provinces. Recently the management of the magazine has been converted to the cause of woman's suffrage. In the spring of 1909 the French Woman's Suffrage Society (*Union française pour le souffrage des femmes*) was organized under the presidency of Madame Schmall (a native of England). Madame Schmall is also to be regarded as the originator of the law of July 13, 1907, which pertains to the earnings of the wife. The *Union* has joined the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance. In the House of Deputies there is a group in favor of woman's

rights. The French woman's rights movement seems to be spreading rapidly.

Émile de Morsier organized the French movement favoring the abolition of the official regulation of prostitution. Through this movement an extraparliamentary commission (1903-1907) was induced to recognize the evil of the existing official regulation of prostitution. This is the first step toward abolition.

JEAN FROISSART

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Best of the World's Classics, Restricted to Prose, Vol. VII (of X)–Continental Europe I*, by Various

Born in France in 1337, died in 1410; went to England in 1360 by invitation of Queen Philippa, a French woman; visited Scotland in 1365 and Italy in 1368, where he met Petrarch, and Chaucer; published his "Chronicles," covering events from 1325 until about 1400, at the close of the fifteenth century, the same being one of the first books printed from movable types; the modern edition comprises twenty-five volumes.

THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY[8]

(1346)

The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles.

The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

[Footnote 8: The field of Crécy lies about thirty miles northwest of Amiens, in France. The English under Edward III, numbering about 40,000 men, here defeated the French under Philip VI, numbering 80,000 men, the French loss being commonly placed at 30,000.]

Of the merits of Froissart, only one opinion has prevailed. He drew a faithful and vivid picture of events which in the main were personally known to him. "No more graphic account exists of any age," says one writer. Froissart was first translated into English in 1525 by

Bourchier, Lord Berners, That translation was superseded later by others. In 1802-1805 Thomas Johnes made another translation, which has since been the one chiefly read.]

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clyse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming.

Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason."

Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we can not tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I can not tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordaintly and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the curours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, and his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Crécy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many afeat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time,

for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the King's words, the which, greatly encouraged them, and repined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The

King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them This battle ended about evensong time.

FEASTING THE RULER OF PURGATORY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* vol. II (of 2), by Songling Pu

At Ching-hai there lived a young man, named Shao, whose family was very poor. On the occasion of his mother completing her cycle,[270] he arranged a quantity of meat-offerings and wine on a table in the court-yard, and proceeded to invoke the Gods in the usual manner; but when he rose from his knees, lo and behold! all the meat and wine had disappeared. His mother thought this was a bad omen, and that she was not destined to enjoy a long life; however, she said nothing on the subject to her son, who was himself quite at a loss to account for what had happened. A short time afterwards the Literary Chancellor[271] arrived; and young Chao, scraping together what funds he could, went off to present himself as a candidate. On the road he met with a man who gave him such a cordial invitation to his house that he willingly accepted; and the stranger led him to a stately mansion, with towers and terraces rising one above the other as far as the eye could reach. In one of the apartments was a king, sitting upon a throne, who received Shao in a very friendly manner; and, after regaling him with an excellent banquet, said, "I have to thank you for the food and drink you gave my servants that day we passed your house." Shao was greatly astonished at this remark, when the King proceeded, "I am the Ruler of Purgatory. Don't you recollect sacrificing on your mother's birthday?" The King then bestowed on Shao a packet of silver, saying, "Pray accept this in return for your kindness." Shao thanked him and retired; and in another moment the palace and its occupants had one and all vanished from his sight, leaving him alone in the midst of some tall trees. On opening his packet he found it to contain five ounces of pure gold; and, after defraying the expenses of his examination, half was still left, which he carried home and gave to his mother.

FOOTNOTES:

[270] See No. XXIII., note 152.

[271] The examiner for the bachelor's, or lowest, degree.

FRIJOLÉS

(Spanish Beans)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *California Mexican-Spanish Cook Book*, by Bertha Haffner-Ginger

How to Cook Beans

Soak over night, put in fresh water in the morning and add one-fourth teaspoon of soda to each quart of water, boil until half done, drain and add more boiling water and cook till tender. Boil longer when they are to be mashed.

Frijoles (Bean) Sauce

Cook red Spanish beans tender, put in pan with hot lard, add onions, green or red chile pulp, salt, brown a little flour with it, mash, press through sieve, add meat stock to thin for sauce, serve over meat or whole beans.

Frijoles

Soak pink or kidney beans over night, boil till tender in salted water with pinch soda. Drain and add can tomatoes, pulp of three red and three green chile peppers, one-half cup onions fried in bacon fat, salt to taste, boil slowly till very soft.

Spanish Mashed Baked Beans

Cook pink or kidney beans in salted water with pinch of soda until very soft. Drain and mash, fry bacon crisp, remove from pan and turn beans into fat, let brown and turn out on hot platter, pour hot Spanish sauce over, garnish with bacon and parsley.

Spanish Beans Au Gratin

Two cups of well-cooked beans, drained of water--into two tablespoons of hot lard, two tablespoons of red chile pulp; brown; add one-half cup grated cheese, stir until melted. Serve piping hot.

Sopa de Frijoles (Bean Soup)

Cook one pint pink beans in two quarts beef stock till tender. Add one cup chopped onions, two green, two ripe chiles (fresh or canned), one

quart canned tomatoes, two tablespoons chopped parsley. Cook all thoroughly. Drop in Spanish meat balls and serve with Spanish cheese fingers.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Miss Parloa's New Cook Book*, by Maria Parloa

French Salad Dressing.

Three table-spoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, one salt-spoonful of salt, one-half a salt-spoonful of pepper. Put the salt and pepper in a cup, and add one table-spoonful of the oil. When thoroughly mixed, add the remainder of the oil and the vinegar. This is dressing enough for a salad for six persons. If you like the flavor of onion, grate a little juice into the dressing. The juice is obtained by first peeling the onion, and then grating with a coarse grater, using a good deal of pressure. Two strokes will give about two drops of juice--enough for this rule.

French Fried Potatoes.

Pare small uncooked potatoes. Divide them in halves, and each half in three pieces. Put in the frying basket and cook in boiling fat for ten minutes. Drain, and dredge with salt. Serve hot with chops or beefsteak. Two dozen pieces can be fried at one time.

French Fried Sweet Potatoes.

Prepare and fry the same as the white potatoes. Or, they can first be boiled half an hour, and then pared, cut and fried as directed. The latter is the better way, as they are liable to be a little hard if fried when raw.

Potatoes à la Parisienne.

Pare large uncooked potatoes. Cut little balls out of these with the vegetable scoop. Six balls can be cut from one large potato. Drop them in ice water. When all are prepared, drain them, and put in the frying basket. This can be half full each time--that is, about three dozen balls can be put in. Put the basket carefully into the fat, the same as for thin fried potatoes. Cook ten minutes. Drain. Dredge with salt, and serve very hot. These are nice to serve with a fillet of beef, beefsteak, chops or game. They may be arranged on the dish with the meats, or served in a separate dish.

French Paste for Raised Pies.

One quart of pastry flour, one table-spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one scant cupful of butter, one egg, one tea-

cupful of water. Rub the butter, salt and sugar into the flour. Beat the egg, and add the water to it. Stir this into the flour and butter. Stir this mixture until it is a smooth paste; then put on the board and roll the same as puff paste. This paste must be rolled eight times.

Recipes from Project Gutenberg's *Margaret Brown's French Cookery Cook*, by Margaret Brown

FRENCH VANILLA ICE-CREAM.

One quart of rich, sweet cream, 1/2 pound of granulated sugar, yolks of 6 eggs. Place the cream and sugar in a porcelain kettle on the fire, and allow them to come to a boil; strain immediately through a hair sieve, and having the eggs well beaten add them slowly to the cream and sugar while hot, at the same time stirring rapidly. Place them on the fire again and stir for a few minutes, then pour it into the freezer and flavor with 1 tablespoonful of vanilla, and freeze.

FRENCH COFFEE.

Three pints of water to 1 cup of ground coffee. Put the coffee grounds in a bowl, pour over it about 1/2 pint of cold water, and let stand for 15 minutes; bring remaining 2-1/2 pints water to a boil. Take coffee in bowl, strain through a fine sieve, then take a French coffee pot, put coffee grounds in strainer at top of French pot, leaving the water in the bowl. Then take the boiling water and pour over the coffee very slowly; then set the coffee pot on the stove for five minutes; must not boil. Take off and pour in the cold water from the bowl that coffee was first soaked in to settle. Serve in another pot. The French have the reputation of making the best coffee. Use 3 parts Java and 1 part Mocha.

Poetry from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Georgian Poetry 1920-22, by Various

FOX'S DINGLE ROBERT GRAVES

Take now a country mood,
Resolve, distil it:-
Nine Acre swaying alive,
June flowers that fill it,

Spicy sweet-briar bush,
The uneasy wren

Fluttering from ash to birch
And back again.

Milkwort on its low stem,
Spread hawthorn tree,
Sunlight patching the wood,
A hive-bound bee....

Girls riding nim-nim-nim,
Ladies, trot-trot,
Gentlemen hard at gallop,
Shouting, steam-hot.

Now over the rough turf
Bridles go jingle,
And there's a well-loved pool,
By Fox's Dingle,

Where Sweetheart, my brown mare,
Old Glory's daughter,
May loll her leathern tongue
In snow-cool water.

FULL MOON

Vita Sackville-West

She was wearing the coral taffeta trousers
Someone had brought her from Ispahan,
And the little gold coat with pomegranate blossoms,
And the coral-hafted feather fan;
But she ran down a Kentish lane in the moonlight,
And skipped in the pool of the moon as she ran.

She cared not a rap for all the big planets,
For Betelgeuse or Aldebaran,
And all the big planets cared nothing for her,
That small impudent charlatan;
But she climbed on a Kentish stile in the moonlight,
And laughed at the sky through the sticks of her fan.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

3RD CENTURY B.C.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Love, Worship and Death*, by Rennell Rodd

Pause not here to drink thy fill
Where the sheep have stirred the rill,
And the pool lies warm and still–
Cross yon ridge a little way,
Where the grazing heifers stray,
And the stone-pine's branches sway
O'er a creviced rock below;
Thence the bubbling waters flow
Cooler than the northern snow.

FROM FAR AWAY THE LOST ADVENTURES GLEAM

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Iris Tree

From far away the lost adventures gleam,
The print of childhood's feet that dance and run,
The love of her who showed me to the sun
In triumph of creation, who did seem
With vivid spirit like a rainbow stream
To paint the shells, young blossoms, one by one
Each strange and delicate toy, whose hands have spun
The woven cloth of wonder like a dream ...
The row of soldiered books, authority
Sharp as the scales I strummed upon the keys,
The priest who damned the things I dared not praise,
Rebellion, love made sad with mystery–
And like a firefly through the twilit trees
Romance, the golden play-boy of my days.

1917

THE FIFTH WAY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Blazed Trail Stories*, by Stewart Edward White

The prophet confessed four things as beyond his understanding—the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon the rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid—but we of modern times must add a fifth, and that is the way of justice. For often a blunderer caught red-handed escapes with slight punishment, while the clever man who transgresses, yet conceals his transgression craftily, pays at the end of a devious sequence with his life. Of this fashion was the death of Regis Brugiere.

It happened that in the fall of the year two strangers came to Ste. Jeanne for the purpose of shooting grouse, and Regis Brugiere hired himself to them as guide. His duties were not many. He had simply to drive them from one hardwood belt to another. But in his leisure he often followed them about, and so fell in love with Jim.

Jim was a black-and-white setter dog. Regis Brugiere watched him as he trotted carefully through the woods, his four legs working like pistons, his head high, his soft, intelligent eyes spying for the likely cover. Then when he caught a faint whiff of the game, he would stop short, and look around, and wag his tail. Not one step would he take toward assuring his point until the man had struggled through the thicket to his side. Thus his master obtained many shots at birds flushing wild before the dog which otherwise he would not have had.

But when the bird lay well, then Jim would tread carefully forward as though on eggs, until, his nostrils filled with the warm body-scent, he stood rigid, a living statue of beauty. A moment of breathless excitement ensued. With a burst of sound the bird roared away. There followed the quick crack of the fowling-piece, a cloud of feathers in the air, a long slanting fall. Jim looked up, eager but self-controlled.

"Fetch, Jim," said the man.

At once the dog bounded away, to return after a moment in the pride of an army with banners, carrying the grouse daintily between his jaws.

Or the shot failed. Jim waited until he heard the click of the gun as its breech closed after reloading, then moved forward with well-bred restraint to sniff long and inquiringly where the bird had been.

These things Regis Brugiere saw, following the hunt through the thickets, so that he broke the tenth commandment and coveted Jim with a great love. He worshipped the dog's aloof dignity, his gentlemanly demeanour of unhasting grace in the woods, his well-bred far-away gaze

as he sat on his haunches staring into the distance.

So Regis Brugiere stole Jim, the black-and-white setter, and concealed him well. To him it was a little thing to do. He did not know Jim's value, for in the north country a dog is a dog. After the strangers had gone, bewailing their loss, Regis Brugiere loaded a toboggan with supplies and traps and set out into the northwest on his annual trapping excursion. He took with him Jim, by now entirely accustomed to his new master.

The two journeyed far through the forest, over many rivers and muskegs, through many swamps and ranges of hills. Regis Brugiere drew the toboggan after him. The task should have been Jim's, but to the trapper that would have seemed like harnessing Ignace St. Cloud, the seigneur of Ste. Jeanne, to an apple-cart. So Jim ranged at large in diagonals having a good time, while the man enjoyed himself by watching the animal. In due course they came to a glade through which ran a soggy, choked, little spring-creek. Here Regis Brugiere kicked off his snow-shoes with an air of finality. Here he erected a cabin, and established himself and Jim.

Over a circumference of forty miles then he set his traps, for the beaver, the mink, the fox, the fisher, the muskrat, and the other fur-bearing animals of the north. At regular intervals he visited these traps one after the other, crunching swiftly along on his snow-shoes. Jim always accompanied him. When the snow was deep, he wallowed painfully after in the tracks made by Regis Brugiere. When it was not so deep, he looked for grouse or ptarmigan, investigated many strange things, or ran at large over the frozen surfaces of the little lakes.

At the trapping-places Jim had to stay behind. The man left with him his capote and snow-shoes, which Jim imagined himself to be guarding faithfully. Thus he was satisfied.

Then on the return journey the two had fun. Regis Brugiere liked to pick Jim up and throw him bodily into the deepest snow. Jim liked to have him do so, and would disappear with an ecstatic yelp. In a moment he would burst out of the drift and would dance about on the tips of his toes growling fiercely in mock deprecation of a repetition for which he hoped. These were the only occasions in which Jim relaxed his solemnity. At all other times his liquid brown eyes were mournful with the tempered, delicious sorrow of affection.

In the woods Jim acquired bad habits. He reverted to the original dog. Finding that Regis Brugiere paid little attention to the grouse so carefully pointed, Jim resolved to hunt on his own account. At first his conscience hurt him so that the act amounted to sin. But afterward the delighted applause of his new master reassured him. He crouched, he trailed, he flushed, he chased, he broke all the commandments of a

sporting-dog's morality. In this was demoralisation, but also great profit. For Jim came to be an adept at surprising game in the snow. His point now became exactly what it used to be in the primordial dog—a pause of preparation before the spring. Jim was beautifully independent. Except in the matter of delicacies, he supported himself.

But one thing he knew not, and that was the deer. To him they were as horses or sheep. He could not understand, nor did he care greatly, why they should flee so suddenly when he appeared. So Regis Brugiere tried to teach him, but vainly. Thus it happened that often Jim had to be left at home, for to a solitary trapper the deer is a necessity. There is in him food and clothing.

At such times Regis Brugiere was accustomed to pile high the fireplace with wood in order that his friend might be comfortable during his absence. Then he would leave the dog disconsolate. On the first of these occasions Jim effected an escape, and rejoined his master at a distance with every symptom of delight. Regis Brugiere, returning disgusted, found the cabin-door sprawled wide: Jim had learned to pull it toward him with his teeth. Shortly the trapper was forced to make a latch so that the dog could not pull it ajar by the strength of his jaws and legs. Perhaps it is well here to explain that ordinarily such a cabin-door merely jams shut against the spring of a wand of hickory.

Now mark you this: If Regis Brugiere had not coveted and stolen the dog Jim, he would not have been forced to construct the latch; without the latch, he could easily have pushed open the door by leaning against it; if he could have pushed open the door, all would have been well with both himself and Jim. And in this we admire the wonder of the fifth way—the way of justice by which a man's life is bartered for a fault.

One morning in the midwinter, when it was very cold with seventy degrees of frost, Regis Brugiere resolved to hunt the deer. As usual, he filled the fireplace, spread a robe for Jim's accommodation, thrust the latch-string through the small hole bored for that purpose, and set out in the forest. When he reached the swamp edge, he removed his snow-shoes and began carefully to pick his way along the fallen tops. Mounting on a snow-covered root, he thrust his right foot down into an unsuspected crevice, stumbled, and fell forward on his face.

When the blur of pain had cleared away, and he was able to take stock of what had happened, Regis Brugiere found that he had snapped the bones of his leg short off below the knee.

The first part of his journey home to the cabin was one of profanity; the second of prayer; the third of grim silence. In the first he lost his rifle; in the second his courage; in the third his knowledge of what was about him. Like a crippled rabbit he dragged himself over the snow, a single black spot against the whiteness. The dark forest-trees

gathered curiously about his wavering consciousness to look down on him in aloof compassion. And over him, invisible, palpable, hovered the dreadful north-country cold, waiting to stoop.

Regis Brugiere, by the grace of a woodsman's perseverance and the instinct of a wild creature, gained at last the clearing in which his cabin stood. Behind him wavered a long, deep-gouged furrow-trail, pitiful attest of suffering. His strength was water, but he was home. After a long time he reached the door, and rested. The incident was cruel, but it was only one of many in a cruel way of life.

The twilight was coming down with thronging mysterious voices. Among them clamoured fiercely the voice of the cold. Regis Brugiere felt its breath on his heart, and, in alarm, broke through the apathy of his condition. It was time to recall his forces, to enter where could be found provisions and warmth. Painfully he turned on his right side and prepared to reach the latch-string. His first movement brought him an agony to be endured only with teeth and eyes closed, only by summoning to the minute task of thrusting his hand upward along the rough door all the forces of his being down to the last shred of vitality. At once the indomitable spirit of the woods-runner answered the call. Regis Brugiere concentrated his will on a pinpoint. Like a sprinter his volition was fixed on a goal, beyond which lay collapse.

Inch by inch the hand kept on, blindly groping. It reached the latch-string; passed it by.

Then, like a flame before it expires, the spirit of Regis Brugiere blazed out. With strange contortions of the body and writhings of the face his form came upright, the arm still reaching. So it swayed for a moment, then fell. The man's will-power ran from him in a last supreme effort. Twice more he struggled blindly, but the efforts were feeble. At last with a sigh he gave himself to the cold, which had been waiting. And the cold was kind. Regis Brugiere fell asleep.

Five days later Jim, the black-and-white setter-dog, ceased his restless wanderings to and fro, ceased trying to leap to the oiled window beyond which lay the forest and food in abundance, ceased vain clawings below the shelf-high supplies of flour and bacon, to curl himself by the door as near as possible to the master who lay without. There he starved, dreaming in a merciful torpor of partridges in the snow. Thus was the way of justice fulfilled in the case of Regis Brugiere and the setter-dog Jim.

THE FOUR FISTS

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *Flappers and Philosophers*
by F. Scott Fitzgerald

At the present time no one I know has the slightest desire to hit Samuel Meredith; possibly this is because a man over fifty is liable to be rather severely cracked at the impact of a hostile fist, but, for my part, I am inclined to think that all his hitable qualities have quite vanished. But it is certain that at various times in his life hitable qualities were in his face, as surely as kissable qualities have ever lurked in a girl's lips.

I'm sure every one has met a man like that, been casually introduced, even made a friend of him, yet felt he was the sort who aroused passionate dislike—expressed by some in the involuntary clinching of fists, and in others by mutterings about "takin' a poke" and "landin' a swift smash in ee eye." In the juxtaposition of Samuel Meredith's features this quality was so strong that it influenced his entire life.

What was it? Not the shape, certainly, for he was a pleasant-looking man from earliest youth: broad-bowed with gray eyes that were frank and friendly. Yet I've heard him tell a room full of reporters angling for a "success" story that he'd be ashamed to tell them the truth that they wouldn't believe it, that it wasn't one story but four, that the public would not want to read about a man who had been walloped into prominence.

It all started at Phillips Andover Academy when he was fourteen. He had been brought up on a diet of caviar and bell-boys' legs in half the capitals of Europe, and it was pure luck that his mother had nervous prostration and had to delegate his education to less tender, less biased hands.

At Andover he was given a roommate named Gilly Hood. Gilly was thirteen, undersized, and rather the school pet. From the September day when Mr. Meredith's valet stowed Samuel's clothing in the best bureau and asked, on departing, "hif there was hanything helse, Master Samuel?" Gilly cried out that the faculty had played him false. He felt like an irate frog in whose bowl has been put goldfish.

"Good gosh!" he complained to his sympathetic contemporaries, "he's a damn stuck-up Willie. He said, 'Are the crowd here gentlemen?' and I said, 'No, they're boys,' and he said age

didn't matter, and I said, 'Who said it did? Let him get fresh with me, the ole pieface!"

For three weeks Gilly endured in silence young Samuel's comments on the clothes and habits of Gilly's personal friends, endured French phrases in conversation, endured a hundred half-feminine meannesses that show what a nervous mother can do to a boy, if she keeps close enough to him--then a storm broke in the aquarium.

Samuel was out. A crowd had gathered to hear Gilly be wrathful about his roommate's latest sins.

"He said, 'Oh, I don't like the windows open at night,' he said, 'except only a little bit,'" complained Gilly.

"Don't let him boss you."

"Boss me? You bet he won't. I open those windows, I guess, but the darn fool won't take turns shuttin' 'em in the morning."

"Make him, Gilly, why don't you?"

"I'm going to." Gilly nodded his head in fierce agreement.
"Don't you worry. He needn't think I'm any ole butler."

"Le's see you make him."

At this point the darn fool entered in person and included the crowd in one of his irritating smiles. Two boys said, "Lo, Mer'dith"; the others gave him a chilly glance and went on talking to Gilly. But Samuel seemed unsatisfied.

"Would you mind not sitting on my bed?" he suggested politely to two of Gilly's particulars who were perched very much at ease.

"Huh?"

"My bed. Can't you understand English?"

This was adding insult to injury. There were several comments on the bed's sanitary condition and the evidence within it of animal life.

"S'matter with your old bed?" demanded Gilly truculently.

"The bed's all right, but--"

Gilly interrupted this sentence by rising and walking up to Samuel. He paused several inches away and eyed him fiercely.

"You an' your crazy ole bed," he began. "You an' your crazy--"

"Go to it, Gilly," murmured some one.

"Show the darn fool--"

Samuel returned the gaze coolly.

"Well," he said finally, "it's my bed-- "

He got no further, for Gilly hauled of and hit him succinctly in the nose.

"Yea! Gilly!"

"Show the big bully!"

Just let him touch you--he'll see!"

The group closed in on them and for the first time in his life Samuel realized the insuperable inconvenience of being passionately detested. He gazed around helplessly at the glowering, violently hostile faces. He towered a head taller than his roommate, so if he hit back he'd be called a bully and have half a dozen more fights on his hands within five minutes; yet if he didn't he was a coward. For a moment he stood there facing Gilly's blazing eyes, and then, with a sudden choking sound, he forced his way through the ring and rushed from the room.

The month following bracketed the thirty most miserable days of his life. Every waking moment he was under the lashing tongues of his contemporaries; his habits and mannerisms became butts for intolerable witticisms and, of course, the sensitiveness of adolescence was a further thorn. He considered that he was a natural pariah; that the unpopularity at school would follow him through life. When he went home for the Christmas holidays he was so despondent that his father sent him to a nerve specialist. When he returned to Andover he arranged to arrive late so that he could be alone in the bus during the drive from station to school.

Of course when he had learned to keep his mouth shut every one promptly forgot all about him. The next autumn, with his realization that consideration for others was the discreet attitude, he made good use of the clean start given him by the shortness of boyhood memory. By the beginning of his senior year Samuel Meredith was one of the best-liked boys of his class--and

no one was any stronger for him than his first friend and constant companion, Gilly Hood.

II

Samuel became the sort of college student who in the early nineties drove tandems and coaches and tallyhos between Princeton and Yale and New York City to show that they appreciated the social importance of football games. He believed passionately in good form—his choosing of gloves, his tying of ties, his holding of reins were imitated by impressionable freshmen. Outside of his own set he was considered rather a snob, but as his set was THE set, it never worried him. He played football in the autumn, drank high-balls in the winter, and rowed in the spring. Samuel despised all those who were merely sportsmen without being gentlemen or merely gentlemen without being sportsmen.

He live in New York and often brought home several of his friends for the week-end. Those were the days of the horse-car and in case of a crush it was, of course, the proper thing for any one of Samuel's set to rise and deliver his seat to a standing lady with a formal bow. One night in Samuel's junior year he boarded a car with two of his intimates. There were three vacant seats. When Samuel sat down he noticed a heavy-eyed laboring man sitting next to him who smelt objectionably of garlic, sagged slightly against Samuel and, spreading a little as a tired man will, took up quite too much room.

The car had gone several blocks when it stopped for a quartet of young girls, and, of course, the three men of the world sprang to their feet and proffered their seats with due observance of form. Unfortunately, the laborer, being unacquainted with the code of neckties and tallyhos, failed to follow their example, and one young lady was left at an embarrassed stance. Fourteen eyes glared reproachfully at the barbarian; seven lips curled slightly; but the object of scorn stared stolidly into the foreground in sturdy unconsciousness of his despicable conduct. Samuel was the most violently affected. He was humiliated that any male should so conduct himself. He spoke aloud.

"There's a lady standing," he said sternly.

That should have been quite enough, but the object of scorn only looked up blankly. The standing girl tittered and exchanged nervous glances with her companions. But Samuel was aroused.

"There's a lady standing," he repeated, rather raspingly. The man seemed to comprehend.

"I pay my fare," he said quietly.

Samuel turned red and his hands clinched, but the conductor was looking their way, so at a warning nod from his friends he subsided into sullen gloom.

They reached their destination and left the car, but so did the laborer, who followed them, swinging his little pail. Seeing his chance, Samuel no longer resisted his aristocratic inclination. He turned around and, launching a full-featured, dime-novel sneer, made a loud remark about the right of the lower animals to ride with human beings.

In a half-second the workman had dropped his pail and let fly at him. Unprepared, Samuel took the blow neatly on the jaw and sprawled full length into the cobblestone gutter.

"Don't laugh at me!" cried his assailant. "I been workin' all day. I'm tired as hell!"

As he spoke the sudden anger died out of his eyes and the mask of weariness dropped again over his face. He turned and picked up his pail. Samuel's friends took a quick step in his direction.

"Wait!" Samuel had risen slowly and was motioning back. Some time, somewhere, he had been struck like that before. Then he remembered—Gilly Hood. In the silence, as he dusted himself off, the whole scene in the room at Andover was before his eyes—and he knew intuitively that he had been wrong again. This man's strength, his rest, was the protection of his family. He had more use for his seat in the street-car than any young girl.

"It's all right," said Samuel gruffly. "Don't touch 'him. I've been a damn fool."

Of course it took more than an hour, or a week, for Samuel to rearrange his ideas on the essential importance of good form. At first he simply admitted that his wrongness had made him powerless—as it had made him powerless against Gilly—but eventually his mistake about the workman influenced his entire attitude. Snobbishness is, after all, merely good breeding grown dictatorial; so Samuel's code remained but the necessity of imposing it upon others had faded out in a certain gutter. Within that year his class had somehow stopped referring to him as a snob.

III

After a few years Samuel's university decided that it had shone long enough in the reflected glory of his neckties, so they declaimed to him in Latin, charged him ten dollars for the paper which proved him irretrievably educated, and sent him into the turmoil with much self-confidence, a few friends, and the proper assortment of harmless bad habits.

His family had by that time started back to shirt-sleeves, through a sudden decline in the sugar-market, and it had already unbuttoned its vest, so to speak, when Samuel went to work. His mind was that exquisite TABULA RASA that a university education sometimes leaves, but he had both energy and influence, so he used his former ability as a dodging half-back in twisting through Wall Street crowds as runner for a bank.

His diversion was—women. There were half a dozen: two or three debutantes, an actress (in a minor way), a grass-widow, and one sentimental little brunette who was married and lived in a little house in Jersey City.

They had met on a ferry-boat. Samuel was crossing from New York on business (he had been working several years by this time) and he helped her look for a package that she had dropped in the crush.

"Do you come over often?" he inquired casually.

"Just to shop," she said shyly. She had great brown eyes and the pathetic kind of little mouth. "I've only been married three months, and we find it cheaper to live over here."

"Does he—does your husband like your being alone like this?"

She laughed, a cheery young laugh.

"Oh, dear me, no. We were to meet for dinner but I must have misunderstood the place. He'll be awfully worried."

"Well," said Samuel disapprovingly, "he ought to be. If you'll allow me I'll see you home."

She accepted his offer thankfully, so they took the cable-car together. When they walked up the path to her little house they saw a light there; her husband had arrived before her.

"He's frightfully jealous," she announced, laughingly apologetic.

"Very well," answered Samuel, rather stiffly. "I'd better leave you here."

She thanked him and, waving a good night, he left her.

That would have been quite all if they hadn't met on Fifth Avenue one morning a week later. She started and blushed and seemed so glad to see him that they chatted like old friends. She was going to her dressmaker's, eat lunch alone at Taine's, shop all afternoon, and meet her husband on the ferry at five. Samuel told her that her husband was a very lucky man. She blushed again and scurried off.

Samuel whistled all the way back to his office, but about twelve o'clock he began to see that pathetic, appealing little mouth everywhere—and those brown eyes. He fidgeted when he looked at the clock; he thought of the grill down-stairs where he lunched and the heavy male conversation thereof, and opposed to that picture appeared another; a little table at Taine's with the brown eyes and the mouth a few feet away. A few minutes before twelve-thirty he dashed on his hat and rushed for the cable-car.

She was quite surprised to see him.

"Why—hello," she said. Samuel could tell that she was just pleasantly frightened.

"I thought we might lunch together. It's so dull eating with a lot of men."

She hesitated.

"Why, I suppose there's no harm in it. How could there be!"

It occurred to her that her husband should have taken lunch with her—but he was generally so hurried at noon. She told Samuel all about him: he was a little smaller than Samuel, but, oh, MUCH better-looking. He was a book-keeper and not making a lot of money, but they were very happy and expected to be rich within three or four years.

Samuel's grass-widow had been in a quarrelsome mood for three or four weeks, and through contrast, he took an accentuated pleasure in this meeting; so fresh was she, and earnest, and faintly adventurous. Her name was Marjorie.

They made another engagement; in fact, for a month they lunched together two or three times a week. When she was sure that her husband would work late Samuel took her over to New Jersey on the ferry, leaving her always on the tiny front porch, after she had gone in and lit the gas to use the security of his masculine presence outside. This grew to be a ceremony—and it annoyed him. Whenever the comfortable glow fell out through the front windows, that was his CONGE; yet he never suggested coming in and Marjorie didn't invite him.

Then, when Samuel and Marjorie had reached a stage in which they sometimes touched each other's arms gently, just to show that they were very good friends, Marjorie and her husband had one of those ultrasensitive, supercritical quarrels that couples never indulge in unless they care a great deal about each other. It started with a cold mutton-chop or a leak in the gas-jet—and one day Samuel found her in Taine's, with dark shadows under her brown eyes and a terrifying pout.

By this time Samuel thought he was in love with Marjorie—so he played up the quarrel for all it was worth. He was her best friend and patted her hand—and leaned down close to her brown curls while she whispered in little sobs what her husband had said that morning; and he was a little more than her best friend when he took her over to the ferry in a hansom.

"Marjorie," he said gently, when he left her, as usual, on the porch, "if at any time you want to call on me, remember that I am always waiting, always waiting."

She nodded gravely and put both her hands in his. "I know," she said. "I know you're my friend, my best friend."

Then she ran into the house and he watched there until the gas went on.

For the next week Samuel was in a nervous turmoil. Some persistently rational strain warned him that at bottom he and Marjorie had little in common, but in such cases there is usually so much mud in the water that one can seldom see to the bottom. Every dream and desire told him that he loved Marjorie, wanted her, had to have her.

The quarrel developed. Marjorie's husband took to staying in New York until late at night came home several times disagreeably overstimulated, and made her generally miserable. They must have had too much pride to talk it out—for Marjorie's husband was, after all, pretty decent—so it drifted on from one misunderstanding to another. Marjorie kept coming more and more

to Samuel; when a woman can accept masculine sympathy it is much more satisfactory to her than crying to another girl. But Marjorie didn't realize how much she had begun to rely on him, how much he was part of her little cosmos.

One night, instead of turning away when Marjorie went in and lit the gas, Samuel went in, too, and they sat together on the sofa in the little parlor. He was very happy. He envied their home, and he felt that the man who neglected such a possession out of stubborn pride was a fool and unworthy of his wife. But when he kissed Marjorie for the first time she cried softly and told him to go. He sailed home on the wings of desperate excitement, quite resolved to fan this spark of romance, no matter how big the blaze or who was burned. At the time he considered that his thoughts were unselfishly of her; in a later perspective he knew that she had meant no more than the white screen in a motion picture: it was just Samuel--blind, desirous.

Next day at Taine's, when they met for lunch, Samuel dropped all pretense and made frank love to her. He had no plans, no definite intentions, except to kiss her lips again, to hold her in his arms and feel that she was very little and pathetic and lovable. . . . He took her home, and this time they kissed until both their hearts beat high--words and phrases formed on his lips.

And then suddenly there were steps on the porch--a hand tried the outside door. Marjorie turned dead-white.

"Wait!" she whispered to Samuel, in a frightened voice, but in angry impatience at the interruption he walked to the front door and threw it open.

Every one has seen such scenes on the stage--seen them so often that when they actually happen people behave very much like actors. Samuel felt that he was playing a part and the lines came quite naturally: he announced that all had a right to lead their own lives and looked at Marjorie's husband menacingly, as if daring him to doubt it. Marjorie's husband spoke of the sanctity of the home, forgetting that it hadn't seemed very holy to him lately; Samuel continued along the line of "the right to happiness"; Marjorie's husband mentioned firearms and the divorce court. Then suddenly he stopped and scrutinized both of them--Marjorie in pitiful collapse on the sofa, Samuel haranguing the furniture in a consciously heroic pose.

"Go up-stairs, Marjorie," he said, in a different tone.

"Stay where you are!" Samuel countered quickly.

Marjorie rose, wavered, and sat down, rose again and moved hesitatingly toward the stairs.

"Come outside," said her husband to Samuel. "I want to talk to you."

Samuel glanced at Marjorie, tried to get some message from her eyes; then he shut his lips and went out.

There was a bright moon and when Marjorie's husband came down the steps Samuel could see plainly that he was suffering—but he felt no pity for him.

They stood and looked at each other, a few feet apart, and the husband cleared his throat as though it were a bit husky.

"That's my wife," he said quietly, and then a wild anger surged up inside him. "Damn you!" he cried—and hit Samuel in the face with all his strength.

In that second, as Samuel slumped to the ground, it flashed to him that he had been hit like that twice before, and simultaneously the incident altered like a dream—he felt suddenly awake. Mechanically he sprang to his feet and squared off. The other man was waiting, fists up, a yard away, but Samuel knew that though physically he had him by several inches and many pounds, he wouldn't hit him. The situation had miraculously and entirely changed—a moment before Samuel had seemed to himself heroic; now he seemed the cad, the outsider, and Marjorie's husband, silhouetted against the lights of the little house, the eternal heroic figure, the defender of his home.

There was a pause and then Samuel turned quickly away and went down the path for the last time.

IV

Of course, after the third blow Samuel put in several weeks at conscientious introspection. The blow years before at Andover had landed on his personal unpleasantness; the workman of his college days had jarred the snobbishness out of his system, and Marjorie's husband had given a severe jolt to his greedy selfishness. It threw women out of his ken until a year later, when he met his future wife; for the only sort of woman worth while seemed to be the one who could be protected as Marjorie's husband had protected her. Samuel could not imagine his grass-

widow, Mrs. De Ferriac, causing any very righteous blows on her own account.

His early thirties found him well on his feet. He was associated with old Peter Carhart, who was in those days a national figure. Carhart's physique was like a rough model for a statue of Hercules, and his record was just as solid—a pile made for the pure joy of it, without cheap extortion or shady scandal. He had been a great friend of Samuel's father, but he watched the son for six years before taking him into his own office. Heaven knows how many things he controlled at that time—mines, railroads, banks, whole cities. Samuel was very close to him, knew his likes and dislikes, his prejudices, weaknesses and many strengths.

One day Carhart sent for Samuel and, closing the door of his inner office, offered him a chair and a cigar.

"Everything O. K., Samuel?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

"I've been afraid you're getting a bit stale."

"Stale?" Samuel was puzzled.

"You've done no work outside the office for nearly ten years?"

"But I've had vacations, in the Adiron—"

Carhart waved this aside.

"I mean outside work. Seeing the things move that we've always pulled the strings of here."

"No" admitted Samuel; "I haven't."

"So," he said abruptly "I'm going to give you an outside job that'll take about a month."

Samuel didn't argue. He rather liked the idea and he made up his mind that, whatever it was, he would put it through just as Carhart wanted it. That was his employer's greatest hobby, and the men around him were as dumb under direct orders as infantry subalterns.

"You'll go to San Antonio and see Hamil," continued Carhart. "He's got a job on hand and he wants a man to take charge."

Hamil was in charge of the Carhart interests in the Southwest, a man who had grown up in the shadow of his employer, and with whom, though they had never met, Samuel had had much official correspondence.

"When do I leave?"

"You'd better go to-morrow," answered Carhart, glancing at the calendar. "That's the 1st of May. I'll expect your report here on the 1st of June."

Next morning Samuel left for Chicago, and two days later he was facing Hamil across a table in the office of the Merchants' Trust in San Antonio. It didn't take long to get the gist of the thing. It was a big deal in oil which concerned the buying up of seventeen huge adjoining ranches. This buying up had to be done in one week, and it was a pure squeeze. Forces had been set in motion that put the seventeen owners between the devil and the deep sea, and Samuel's part was simply to "handle" the matter from a little village near Pueblo. With tact and efficiency the right man could bring it off without any friction, for it was merely a question of sitting at the wheel and keeping a firm hold. Hamil, with an astuteness many times valuable to his chief, had arranged a situation that would give a much greater clear gain than any dealing in the open market. Samuel shook hands with Hamil, arranged to return in two weeks, and left for San Felipe, New Mexico.

It occurred to him, of course, that Carhart was trying him out. Hamil's report on his handling of this might be a factor in something big for him, but even without that he would have done his best to put the thing through. Ten years in New York hadn't made him sentimental and he was quite accustomed to finish everything he began--and a little bit more.

All went well at first. There was no enthusiasm, but each one of the seventeen ranchers concerned knew Samuel's business, knew what he had behind him, and that they had as little chance of holding out as flies on a window-pane. Some of them were resigned--some of them cared like the devil, but they'd talked it over, argued it with lawyers and couldn't see any possible loophole. Five of the ranches had oil, the other twelve were part of the chance, but quite as necessary to Hamil's purpose, in any event.

Samuel soon saw that the real leader was an early settler named McIntyre, a man of perhaps fifty, gray-haired, clean-shaven, bronzed by forty New Mexico summers, and with those clear steady eye that Texas and New Mexico weather are apt to give. His ranch

had not as yet shown oil, but it was in the pool, and if any man hated to lose his land McIntyre did. Every one had rather looked to him at first to avert the big calamity, and he had hunted all over the territory for the legal means with which to do it, but he had failed, and he knew it. He avoided Samuel assiduously, but Samuel was sure that when the day came for the signatures he would appear.

It came--a baking May day, with hot wave rising off the parched land as far as eyes could see, and as Samuel sat stewing in his little improvised office--a few chairs, a bench, and a wooden table--he was glad the thing was almost over. He wanted to get back East the worst way, and join his wife and children for a week at the seashore.

The meeting was set for four o'clock, and he was rather surprised at three-thirty when the door opened and McIntyre came in. Samuel could not help respecting the man's attitude, and feeling a bit sorry for him. McIntyre seemed closely related to the prairies, and Samuel had the little flicker of envy that city people feel toward men who live in the open.

"Afternoon," said McIntyre, standing in the open doorway, with his feet apart and his hands on his hips.

"Hello, Mr. McIntyre." Samuel rose, but omitted the formality of offering his hand. He imagined the rancher cordially loathed him, and he hardly blamed him. McIntyre came in and sat down leisurely.

"You got us," he said suddenly.

This didn't seem to require any answer.

"When I heard Carhart was back of this," he continued, "I gave up."

"Mr. Carhart is--" began Samuel, but McIntyre waved him silent.

"Don't talk about the dirty sneak-thief!"

"Mr. McIntyre," said Samuel briskly, "if this half-hour is to be devoted to that sort of talk--"

"Oh, dry up, young man," McIntyre interrupted, "you can't abuse a man who'd do a thing like this."

Samuel made no answer.

"It's simply a dirty filch. There just ARE skunks like him too

big to handle."

"You're being paid liberally," offered Samuel.

"Shut up!" roared McIntyre suddenly. "I want the privilege of talking." He walked to the door and looked out across the land, the sunny, steaming pasturage that began almost at his feet and ended with the gray-green of the distant mountains. When he turned around his mouth was trembling.

"Do you fellows love Wall Street?" he said hoarsely, "or wherever you do your dirty scheming—" He paused. "I suppose you do. No critter gets so low that he doesn't sort of love the place he's worked, where he's sweated out the best he's had in him."

Samuel watched him awkwardly. McIntyre wiped his forehead with a huge blue handkerchief, and continued:

"I reckon this rotten old devil had to have another million. I reckon we're just a few of the poor he's blotted out to buy a couple more carriages or something." He waved his hand toward the door. "I built a house out there when I was seventeen, with these two hands. I took a wife there at twenty-one, added two wings, and with four mangy steers I started out. Forty summers I've saw the sun come up over those mountains and drop down red as blood in the evening, before the heat drifted off and the stars came out. I been happy in that house. My boy was born there and he died there, late one spring, in the hottest part of an afternoon like this. Then the wife and I lived there alone like we'd lived before, and sort of tried to have a home, after all, not a real home but nigh it—cause the boy always seemed around close, somehow, and we expected a lot of nights to see him runnin' up the path to supper." His voice was shaking so he could hardly speak and he turned again to the door, his gray eyes contracted.

"That's my land out there," he said, stretching out his arm, "my land, by God— It's all I got in the world—and ever wanted." He dashed his sleeve across his face, and his tone changed as he turned slowly and faced Samuel. "But I suppose it's got to go when they want it—it's got to go."

Samuel had to talk. He felt that in a minute more he would lose his head. So he began, as level-voiced as he could—in the sort of tone he saved for disagreeable duties.

"It's business, Mr. McIntyre," he said. "It's inside the law. Perhaps we couldn't have bought out two or three of you at any

price, but most of you did have a price. Progress demands some things--"

Never had he felt so inadequate, and it was with the greatest relief that he heard hoof-beats a few hundred yards away.

But at his words the grief in McIntyre's eyes had changed to fury.

"You and your dirty gang of crooks!" he cried. "Not one of you has got an honest love for anything on God's earth! You're a herd of money-swine!"

Samuel rose and McIntyre took a step toward him.

"You long-winded dude. You got our land--take that for Peter Carhart!"

He swung from the shoulder quick as lightning and down went Samuel in a heap. Dimly he heard steps in the doorway and knew that some one was holding McIntyre, but there was no need. The rancher had sunk down in his chair, and dropped his head in his hands.

Samuel's brain was whirring. He realized that the fourth fist had hit him, and a great flood of emotion cried out that the law that had inexorably ruled his life was in motion again. In a half-daze he got up and strode from the room.

The next ten minutes were perhaps the hardest of his life. People talk of the courage of convictions, but in actual life a man's duty to his family may make a rigid corpse seem a selfish indulgence of his own righteousness. Samuel thought mostly of his family, yet he never really wavered. That jolt had brought him to.

When he came back in the room there were a log of worried faces waiting for him, but he didn't waste any time explaining.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. McIntyre has been kind enough to convince me that in this matter you are absolutely right and the Peter Carhart interests absolutely wrong. As far as I am concerned you can keep your ranches to the rest of your days."

He pushed his way through an astounded gathering, and within a half-hour he had sent two telegrams that staggered the operator into complete unfitness for business; one was to Hamil in San Antonio; one was to Peter Carhart in New York.

Samuel didn't sleep much that night. He knew that for the first

time in his business career he had made a dismal, miserable failure. But some instinct in him, stronger than will, deeper than training, had forced him to do what would probably end his ambitions and his happiness. But it was done and it never occurred to him that he could have acted otherwise.

Next morning two telegrams were waiting for him. The first was from Hamil. It contained three words:

"You blamed idiot!"

The second was from New York:

"Deal off come to New York immediately Carhart."

Within a week things had happened. Hamil quarrelled furiously and violently defended his scheme. He was summoned to New York and spent a bad half-hour on the carpet in Peter Carhart's office. He broke with the Carhart interests in July, and in August Samuel Meredith, at thirty-five years old, was, to all intents, made Carhart's partner. The fourth fist had done its work.

I suppose that there's a caddish streak in every man that runs crosswise across his character and disposition and general outlook. With some men it's secret and we never know it's there until they strike us in the dark one night. But Samuel's showed when it was in action, and the sight of it made people see red. He was rather lucky in that, because every time his little devil came up it met a reception that sent it scurrying down below in a sickly, feeble condition. It was the same devil, the same streak that made him order Gilly's friends off the bed, that made him go inside Marjorie's house.

If you could run your hand along Samuel Meredith's jaw you'd feel a lump. He admits he's never been sure which fist left it there, but he wouldn't lose it for anything. He says there's no cad like an old cad, and that sometimes just before making a decision, it's a great help to stroke his chin. The reporters call it a nervous characteristic, but it's not that. It's so he can feel again the gorgeous clarity, the lightning sanity of those four fists.

THE FROG AND THE PUDDLE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Buttered Side Down*, by Edna Ferber

Any one who has ever written for the magazines (nobody could devise a more sweeping opening; it includes the iceman who does a humorous article on the subject of his troubles, and the neglected wife next door, who journalizes) knows that a story the scene of which is not New York is merely junk. Take Fifth Avenue as a framework, pad it out to five thousand words, and there you have the ideal short story.

Consequently I feel a certain timidity in confessing that I do not know Fifth Avenue from Hester Street when I see it, because I've never seen it. It has been said that from the latter to the former is a ten-year journey, from which I have gathered that they lie some miles apart. As for Forty-second Street, of which musical comedians carol, I know not if it be a fashionable shopping thoroughfare or a factory district.

A confession of this kind is not only good for the soul, but for the editor. It saves him the trouble of turning to page two.

This is a story of Chicago, which is a first cousin of New York, although the two are not on chummy terms. It is a story of that part of Chicago which lies east of Dearborn Avenue and south of Division Street, and which may be called the Nottingham curtain district.

In the Nottingham curtain district every front parlor window is embellished with a "Rooms With or Without Board" sign. The curtains themselves have mellowed from their original department-store-basement-white to a rich, deep tone of Chicago smoke, which has the notorious London variety beaten by several shades. Block after block the two-story-and-basement houses stretch, all grimy and gritty and looking sadly down upon the five square feet of mangy grass forming the pitiful front yard of each. Now and then the monotonous line of front stoops is broken by an outjutting basement delicatessen shop. But not often. The Nottingham curtain district does not run heavily to delicacies. It is stronger on creamed cabbage and bread pudding.

Up in the third floor back at Mis' Buck's (elegant rooms \$2.50 and up a week. Gents preferred) Gertie was brushing her hair for the night. One hundred strokes with a bristle brush. Anyone who reads the beauty column in the newspapers knows that. There was something heroic in the sight of Gertie brushing her hair one hundred strokes before going to bed at night. Only a woman could understand her doing it.

Gertie clerked downtown on State Street, in a gents' glove department. A gents' glove department requires careful dressing on the part of its clerks, and the manager, in selecting them, is particular about choosing "lookers," with especial attention to figure, hair, and finger nails. Gertie was a looker. Providence had taken care of that. But you cannot

leave your hair and finger nails to Providence. They demand coaxing with a bristle brush and an orangewood stick.

Now clerking, as Gertie would tell you, is fierce on the feet. And when your feet are tired you are tired all over. Gertie's feet were tired every night. About eight-thirty she longed to peel off her clothes, drop them in a heap on the floor, and tumble, unbrushed, unwashed, unmanicured, into bed. She never did it.

Things had been particularly trying to-night. After washing out three handkerchiefs and pasting them with practised hand over the mirror, Gertie had taken off her shoes and discovered a hole the size of a silver quarter in the heel of her left stocking. Gertie had a country-bred horror of holey stockings. She darned the hole, yawning, her aching feet pressed against the smooth, cool leg of the iron bed. That done, she had had the colossal courage to wash her face, slap cold cream on it, and push back the cuticle around her nails.

Seated huddled on the side of her thin little iron bed, Gertie was brushing her hair bravely, counting the strokes somewhere in her sub-conscious mind and thinking busily all the while of something else. Her brush rose, fell, swept downward, rose, fell, rhythmically.

"Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety--- Oh, darn it! What's the use!" cried Gertie, and hurled the brush across the room with a crack.

She sat looking after it with wide, staring eyes until the brush blurred in with the faded red roses on the carpet. When she found it doing that she got up, wadded her hair viciously into a hard bun in the back instead of braiding it carefully as usual, crossed the room (it wasn't much of a trip), picked up the brush, and stood looking down at it, her under lip caught between her teeth. That is the humiliating part of losing your temper and throwing things. You have to come down to picking them up, anyway.

Her lip still held prisoner, Gertie tossed the brush on the bureau, fastened her nightgown at the throat with a safety pin, turned out the gas and crawled into bed.

Perhaps the hard bun at the back of her head kept her awake. She lay there with her eyes wide open and sleepless, staring into the darkness.

At midnight the Kid Next Door came in whistling, like one unused to boarding-house rules. Gertie liked him for that. At the head of the stairs he stopped whistling and came softly into his own third floor back just next to Gertie's. Gertie liked him for that, too.

The two rooms had been one in the fashionable days of the Nottingham curtain district, long before the advent of Mis' Buck. That thrifty

lady, on coming into possession, had caused a flimsy partition to be run up, slicing the room in twain and doubling its rental.

Lying there Gertie could hear the Kid Next Door moving about getting ready for bed and humming "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own" very lightly, under his breath. He polished his shoes briskly, and Gertie smiled there in the darkness of her own room in sympathy. Poor kid, he had his beauty struggles, too.

Gertie had never seen the Kid Next Door, although he had come four months ago. But she knew he wasn't a grouch, because he alternately whistled and sang off-key tenor while dressing in the morning. She had also discovered that his bed must run along the same wall against which her bed was pushed. Gertie told herself that there was something almost immodest about being able to hear him breathing as he slept. He had tumbled into bed with a little grunt of weariness.

Gertie lay there another hour, staring into the darkness. Then she began to cry softly, lying on her face with her head between her arms. The cold cream and the salt tears mingled and formed a slippery paste. Gertie wept on because she couldn't help it. The longer she wept the more difficult her sobs became, until finally they bordered on the hysterical. They filled her lungs until they ached and reached her throat with a force that jerked her head back.

"Rap-rap-rap!" sounded sharply from the head of her bed.

Gertie stopped sobbing, and her heart stopped beating. She lay tense and still, listening. Everyone knows that spooks rap three times at the head of one's bed. It's a regular high-sign with them.

"Rap-rap-rap!"

Gertie's skin became goose-flesh, and coldwater effects chased up and down her spine.

"What's your trouble in there?" demanded an unspooky voice so near that Gertie jumped. "Sick?"

It was the Kid Next Door.

"N-no, I'm not sick," faltered Gertie, her mouth close to the wall. Just then a belated sob that had stopped halfway when the raps began hustled on to join its sisters. It took Gertie by surprise, and brought prompt response from the other side of the wall.

"I'll bet I scared you green. I didn't mean to, but, on the square, if you're feeling sick, a little nip of brandy will set you up. Excuse my mentioning it, girlie, but I'd do the same for my sister. I hate like

sin to hear a woman suffer like that, and, anyway, I don't know whether you're fourteen or forty, so it's perfectly respectable. I'll get the bottle and leave it outside your door."

"No you don't!" answered Gertie in a hollow voice, praying meanwhile that the woman in the room below might be sleeping. "I'm not sick, honestly I'm not. I'm just as much obliged, and I'm dead sorry I woke you up with my blubbering. I started out with the soft pedal on, but things got away from me. Can you hear me?"

"Like a phonograph. Sure you couldn't use a sip of brandy where it'd do the most good?"

"Sure."

"Well, then, cut out the weeps and get your beauty sleep, kid. He ain't worth sobbing over, anyway, believe me."

"He!" snorted Gertie indignantly. "You're cold. There never was anything in peg-tops that could make me carry on like the heroine of the Elsie series."

"Lost your job?"

"No such luck."

"Well, then, what in Sam Hill could make a woman---"

"Lonesome!" snapped Gertie. "And the floorwalker got fresh to-day. And I found two gray hairs to-night. And I'd give my next week's pay envelope to hear the double click that our front gate gives back home."

"Back home!" echoed the Kid Next Door in a dangerously loud voice. "Say, I want to talk to you. If you'll promise you won't get sore and think I'm fresh, I'll ask you a favor. Slip on a kimono and we'll sneak down to the front stoop and talk it over. I'm as wide awake as a chorus girl and twice as hungry. I've got two apples and a box of crackers. Are you on?"

Gertie snickered. "It isn't done in our best sets, but I'm on. I've got a can of sardines and an orange. I'll be ready in six minutes."

She was, too. She wiped off the cold cream and salt tears with a dry towel, did her hair in a schoolgirl braid and tied it with a big bow, and dressed herself in a black skirt and a baby blue dressing sacque. The Kid Next Door was waiting outside in the hall. His gray sweater covered a multitude of sartorial deficiencies. Gertie stared at him, and he stared at Gertie in the sickly blue light of the boarding-house hall, and it took her one-half of one second to discover that she liked his mouth,

and his eyes, and the way his hair was mussed.

"Why, you're only a kid!" whispered the Kid Next Door, in surprise.

Gertie smothered a laugh. "You're not the first man that's been deceived by a pig-tail braid and a baby blue waist. I could locate those two gray hairs for you with my eyes shut and my feet in a sack. Come on, boy. These Robert W. Chambers situations make me nervous."

Many earnest young writers with a flow of adjectives and a passion for detail have attempted to describe the quiet of a great city at night, when a few million people within it are sleeping, or ought to be. They work in the clang of a distant owl car, and the roar of an occasional "L" train, and the hollow echo of the footsteps of the late passer-by. They go elaborately into description, and are strong on the brooding hush, but the thing has never been done satisfactorily.

Gertie, sitting on the front stoop at two in the morning, with her orange in one hand and the sardine can in the other, put it this way:

"If I was to hear a cricket chirp now, I'd screech. This isn't really quiet. It's like waiting for a cannon cracker to go off just before the fuse is burned down. The bang isn't there yet, but you hear it a hundred times in your mind before it happens."

"My name's Augustus G. Eddy," announced the Kid Next Door, solemnly. "Back home they always called me Gus. You peel that orange while I unroll the top of this sardine can. I'm guilty of having interrupted you in the middle of what the girls call a good cry, and I know you'll have to get it out of your system some way. Take a bite of apple and then wade right in and tell me what you're doing in this burg if you don't like it."

"This thing ought to have slow music," began Gertie. "It's pathetic. I came to Chicago from Beloit, Wisconsin, because I thought that little town was a lonesome hole for a vivacious creature like me. Lonesome! Listen while I laugh a low mirthless laugh. I didn't know anything about the three-ply, double-barreled, extra heavy brand of lonesomeness that a big town like this can deal out. Talk about your desert wastes! They're sociable and snug compared to this. I know three-fourths of the people in Beloit, Wisconsin, by their first names. I've lived here six months and I'm not on informal terms with anybody except Teddy, the landlady's dog, and he's a trained rat-and-book-agent terrier, and not inclined to overfriendliness. When I clerked at the Enterprise Store in Beloit the women used to come in and ask for something we didn't carry just for an excuse to copy the way the lace yoke effects were planned in my shirtwaists. You ought to see the way those same shirtwaist stack up here. Why, boy, the lingerie waists that the other girls in my department wear make my best hand-tucked effort look like a simple

English country blouse. They're so dripping with Irish crochet and real Val and Cluny insertions that it's a wonder the girls don't get stoop-shouldered carrying 'em around."

"Hold on a minute," commanded Gus. "This thing is uncanny. Our cases dovetail like the deductions in a detective story. Kneel here at my feet, little daughter, and I'll tell you the story of my sad young life. I'm no child of the city streets, either. Say, I came to this town because I thought there was a bigger field for me in Gents' Furnishings. Joke, what?"

But Gertie didn't smile. She gazed up at Gus, and Gus gazed down at her, and his fingers fiddled absently with the big bow at the end of her braid.

"And isn't there?" asked Gertie, sympathetically.

"Girlie, I haven't saved twelve dollars since I came. I'm no tightwad, and I don't believe in packing everything away into a white marble mausoleum, but still a gink kind of whispers to himself that some day he'll be furnishing up a kitchen pantry of his own."

"Oh!" said Gertie.

"And let me mention in passing," continued Gus, winding the ribbon bow around his finger, "that in the last hour or so that whisper has been swelling to a shout."

"Oh!" said Gertie again.

"You said it. But I couldn't buy a secondhand gas stove with what I've saved in the last half-year here. Back home they used to think I was a regular little village John Drew, I was so dressy. But here I look like a yokel on circus day compared to the other fellows in the store. All they need is a field glass strung over their shoulder to make them look like a clothing ad in the back of a popular magazine. Say, girlie, you've got the prettiest hair I've seen since I blew in here. Look at that braid! Thick as a rope! That's no relation to the piles of jute that the Flossies here stack on their heads. And shines! Like satin."

"It ought to," said Gertrude, wearily. "I brush it a hundred strokes every night. Sometimes I'm so beat that I fall asleep with my brush in the air. The manager won't stand for any romping curls or hooks-and-eyes that don't connect. It keeps me so busy being beautiful, and what the society writers call 'well groomed,' that I don't have time to sew the buttons on my underclothes."

"But don't you get some amusement in the evening?" marveled Gus. "What was the matter with you and the other girls in the store? Can't you hit it off?"

"Me? No. I guess I was too woodsy for them. I went out with them a couple of times. I guess they're nice girls all right; but they've got what you call a broader way of looking at things than I have. Living in a little town all your life makes you narrow. These girls!--Well, maybe I'll get educated up to their plane some day, but---"

"No, you don't!" hissed Gus. "Not if I can help it."

"But you can't," replied Gertie, sweetly. "My, ain't this a grand night! Evenings like this I used to love to putter around the yard after supper, sprinkling the grass and weeding the radishes. I'm the greatest kid to fool around with a hose. And flowers! Say, they just grow for me. You ought to have seen my pansies and nasturtiums last summer."

The fingers of the Kid Next Door wandered until they found Gertie's. They clasped them.

"This thing just points one way, little one. It's just as plain as a path leading up to a cozy little three-room flat up here on the North Side somewhere. See it? With me and you married, and playing at housekeeping in a parlor and bedroom and kitchen? And both of us going down town to work in the morning just the same as we do now. Only not the same, either."

"Wake up, little boy," said Gertie, prying her fingers away from those other detaining ones. "I'd fit into a three-room flat like a whale in a kitchen sink. I'm going back to Beloit, Wisconsin. I've learned my lesson all right. There's a fellow there waiting for me. I used to think he was too slow. But say, he's got the nicest little painting and paper-hanging business you ever saw, and making money. He's secretary of the K. P.'s back home. They give some swell little dances during the winter, especially for the married members. In five years we'll own our home, with a vegetable garden in the back. I'm a little frog, and it's me for the puddle."

Gus stood up slowly. Gertie felt a little pang of compunction when she saw what a boy he was.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed a talk like this. I've heard about these dawn teas, but I never thought I'd go to one," she said.

"Good-night, girlie," interrupted Gus, abruptly. "It's the dreamless couch for mine. We've got a big sale on in tan and black seconds to-morrow."

FEODORA.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Cobwebs *From an Empty Skull*
by Ambrose Bierce (AKA: Dod Grile)

Madame Yonsmit was a decayed gentlewoman who carried on her decomposition in a modest wayside cottage in Thuringia. She was an excellent sample of the Thuringian widow, a species not yet extinct, but trying very hard to become so. The same may be said of the whole genus. Madame Yonsmit was quite young, very comely, cultivated, gracious, and pleasing. Her home was a nest of domestic virtues, but she had a daughter who reflected but little credit upon the nest.

Feodora was indeed a "bad egg"—a very wicked and ungrateful egg. You could see she was by her face. The girl had the most vicious countenance—it was repulsive! It was a face in which boldness struggled for the supremacy with cunning, and both were thrashed into subjection by avarice. It was this latter virtue in Feodora which kept her mother from having a taxable income.

Feodora's business was to beg on the highway. It wrung the heart of the honest amiable gentlewoman to have her daughter do this; but the h.a.g. having been reared in luxury, considered labour degrading—which it is—and there was not much to steal in that part of Thuringia. Feodora's mendicity would have provided an ample fund for their support, but unhappily that ingrate would hardly ever fetch home more than two or three shillings at a time. Goodness knows what she did with the rest.

Vainly the good woman pointed out the sin of coveteousness; vainly she would stand at the cottage door awaiting the child's return, and begin arguing the point with her the moment she came in sight: the receipts diminished daily until the average was less than tenpence—a sum upon which no born gentlewoman would deign to exist. So it became a matter of some importance to know where Feodora kept her banking account. Madame Yonsmit thought at first she would follow her and see; but although the good lady was as vigorous and sprightly as ever, carrying a crutch more for ornament than use, she abandoned this plan because it did not seem suitable to the dignity of a decayed gentlewoman. She employed a detective.

The foregoing particulars I have from Madame Yonsmit herself; for those immediately subjoining I am indebted to the detective, a skilful officer named Bowstr.

[Illustration]

No sooner had the scraggy old hag communicated her suspicions than the officer knew exactly what to do. He first distributed hand-bills all over the country, stating that a certain person suspected of concealing money had better look sharp. He then went to the Home

Secretary, and by not seeking to understate the real difficulties of the case, induced that functionary to offer a reward of a thousand pounds for the arrest of the malefactor. Next he proceeded to a distant town, and took into custody a clergyman who resembled Feodora in respect of wearing shoes. After these formal preliminaries he took up the case with some zeal. He was not at all actuated by a desire to obtain the reward, but by pure love of justice. The thought of securing the girl's private hoard for himself never for a moment entered his head.

He began to make frequent calls at the widow's cottage when Feodora was at home, when, by apparently careless conversation, he would endeavour to draw her out; but he was commonly frustrated by her old beast of a mother, who, when the girl's answers did not suit, would beat her unmercifully. So he took to meeting Feodora on the highway, and giving her coppers carefully marked. For months he kept this up with wonderful self-sacrifice—the girl being a mere uninteresting angel. He met her daily in the roads and forest. His patience never wearied, his vigilance never flagged. Her most careless glances were conscientiously noted, her lightest words treasured up in his memory. Meanwhile (the clergyman having been unjustly acquitted) he arrested everybody he could get his hands on. Matters went on in this way until it was time for the grand coup.

The succeeding particulars I have from the lips of Feodora herself.

When that horrid Bowstr first came to the house Feodora thought he was rather impudent, but said, little about it to her mother—not desiring to have her back broken. She merely avoided him as much as she dared, he was so frightfully ugly. But she managed to endure him until he took to waylaying her on the highway, hanging about her all day, interfering with the customers, and walking home with her at night. Then her dislike deepened into disgust; and but for apprehensions not wholly unconnected with a certain crutch, she would have sent him about his business in short order. More than a thousand million times she told him to be off and leave her alone, but men are such fools—particularly this one.

What made Bowstr exceptionally disagreeable was his shameless habit of making fun of Feodora's mother, whom he declared crazy as a loon. But the maiden bore everything as well as she could, until one day the nasty thing put his arm about her waist and kissed her before her very face; then she felt—well, it is not clear how she felt, but of one thing she was quite sure: after having such a shame put upon her by this insolent brute, she would never go back under her dear mother's roof—never. She was too proud for that, at any rate. So she ran away with Mr. Bowstr, and married him.

The conclusion of this history I learned for myself.

Upon hearing of her daughter's desertion Madame Yonsmitt went clean daft. She vowed she could bear betrayal, could endure decay, could stand being a widow, would not repine at being left alone in her old age (whenever she should become old), and could patiently submit to the sharper than a serpent's thanks of having a toothless child generally. But to be a mother-in-law! No, no; that was a plane of degradation to which she positively would not descend. So she employed me to cut her throat. It was the toughest throat I ever cut in all my life.

* * * *

FIFTEEN DOLLARS' WORTH

from the Internet Archive etext of GOOD SPORTS BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

THE Janse farm, if you could call it a farm, was a lonesome place. I'm pretty well acquainted with lonesome places. My business is sellin' pretty things to women and children at their houses, and my territory covers the out-lyin' districts, where it ain't very convenient for the women to get to the towns.

The Janse place was less than fifty miles from Boston, I know, but, honest, you'd never guess it as you stood on the tumble-down front steps of the little house, and cast your eyes out over the long flat meadows stretchin' away towards the west, as far as you could see, with never a sign of a road, or a house, or a scrap of cultivated land to let you know there was somebody alive besides yourself, this side of the horizon. 'Twa'n't a very lively place for a young girl to live. The road the house stood on ended up in a peat-meadow. There was a little cemetery where nobody was ever buried any more just before you got to the Janses', and there was a deserted gravel-pit just after you got by, but that's all the trace of civilization there was on that road. Say, but it was lonesome !

Isabel Janse lived all alone up there with her old gramma and grandpa Janse, and you couldn't call them exactly cheerful company. Their minds had begun to go back on 'em, and Isabel didn't have anything to talk normal to but a dozen hens, . and a cow, and an old twenty-year-old horse that

had begun to go lame.

Up-stairs in her bottom bureau drawer Isabel had got fifteen dollars stowed away. She'd got it 'stead of a revolver, she said, so's when the time came she couldn't stand it any more she could up and clear out.

The fifteen dollars was given her by one of them antique furniture-men, for a high-boy, that used to belong to her mother. She said she knew the high-boy was worth more'n fifteen dollars, but 'twain't worth fifteen cents to her, standin' up-stairs there in the hall, even if it was solid mahogany. Solid mahogany wouldn't pay for a ticket on a railroad train, would it, or old brass handles for a piece of bread-and-butter in a strange city?

" Except for that fifteen dollars," Isabel once told me, " there'd be three of us off in the top story up here on this hill. It's knowin' I can get away, if I have to, that's keepin' me from gohi' stark crazy mad — livin' up here alone, never seein'* a soul, never hearin' a soul, never even knowin' half the time but the rest of the world's all dead and buried, but just me and Gram and Gramp."

You wouldn't think any girl so near Boston as Isabel lived would feel that way now, would you ? But I wasn't a bit surprised. I see a good deal of women in my business, and with most of 'em it's circumstances, not location, that build walls 'round 'em they can't get over.

My business, as I said, is distributin' pretty things to women and children. I collect my stuff cheap in the city stores, and usually, 'long in April sometime, me and Nellie, my mare, start out on the road. We don't make our expenses, nor anywhere near. Most of the women in the houses where we call haven't got much spare change for the kind of merchandise we've got to sell. But we make a lot of friends, and we reap a big harvest every year in welcomes, and come-agains and happy looks, when we leave behind us some little gewgaw or trinket, which, thanks to a few railroad shares left me by an uncle of mine, I can afford to part with for a little less than cost.

I like people. I like to talk to 'em and get close to the inside of their thoughts. I'm kind of a sociable sort of man, I guess, and peddlin' suits me for a hobby first rate.

Two years ago last spring when I called up at the Janses* I hadn't been near the house for over eighteen months. I went up after supper 'bout sunset-time. The meadow down to the foot of the hill in front of the Janse house is kind of a swampy place — full of frogs in the spring, and as Nellie and I jogged along the little narrow road, and got nearer to the Janse house, I couldn't hear a sound but the wail of cryin', screechin', wild things all about me, to a depth of a hundred miles or so, it seemed.

When I reached the clump of lilacs, hidin' the Janse house, I hollered out a good healthy 'Whoa' to Nellie, and cramped my wheel round sharp so's it would scrape and make a noise, and Isabel could know 'twas a human come to see her. Then I got out and lifted one of my suit-cases from the back of the buggy. I was goin' round to the back door, same's usual, when I caught a glimpse o' Isabel, settin' on the little low, front steps in front of the saggin' front door, which the wood-bine was doin' its best to cover up.

I cut across through the grass growin' rank and coarse in the front yard, and went over towards her way.

"Hello, Isabel," I said to her when I got near enough.

She was settin' on the lowest step, leanin' forward with her arms crossed on her knees, and each hand hold of an elbow.

She wasn't a very handsome girl -- awful drab-colored and spiritless-lookin*. And she always wore drab-colored calico wrappers that didn't help to brighten her up much. She hadn't any what you call "figure" either — awful skinny girl.

"Hello," she replied, not stirrin'.

"How's Gramp and Gram ?" I asked, bright's

I could.

"Same as usual," said Isabel.

"Abed?" I inquired, lookin' round at the silent house.

Isabel nodded. "Yes. I get *em to bed early nights now."

Isabel's voice didn't have any pretty ups and downs to it. She talked all on one note — a kind of dull, mouse-colored note to match the rest of her.

"Well," I went on, still cheerful, "Nellie and me are off on the road again to-morrow mornin', and I said to her this afternoon, I said, 'Well, Nellie, we'll have to pay the Jances a call to-night, if we don't pass by 'em entirely this trip!'

There's nothin' I want," said Isabel.

Oh, that's all right," I replied, and put down my suit-case dose up against the house. Then I went over to where Isabel was and set down on the low step beside her. It didn't seem right to leave any woman idle in a place like that, settin' all alone, lookin' at nothing in particular, listenin' to that swamp.

Isabel didn't move over when I sat down, nor say anything to make me feel welcome. I didn't take offense. I'm used to IsaWs kind.

I took off my hat and laid it on the grass beside me, and after a minute or two, I asked, "Well, Isabel, how are yer?"

"All right," she said, curt and brief.

"I see you're still on the job."

Isabel give a shrug, and kind of a grunt, but didn't say an}'thing.

"Haven't had to resort to what you got in the lowest drawer of your bureau yet, anyhow," I remarked.

" I suppose you're referrin' to that fifteen dollars," says Isabel.

Yes, I was," I allowed.
Lot of good that's doin' me!" she murmured.

" You used to say it did you a lot of good," I reminded her. *' You used to say that that fifteen dollars was what kept you from goin' stark crazy mad/'

" Well, it ain't ! " she kind of snapped at me.
" It's myself and my own makin*-up-my-mind that's keepin' me from going crazy mad. A person can stand what they've got to stand if they've got a mind to, fifteen dollars, or no fifteen dollars," she says.

" That's the way to talk, Isabel," I replied, full of admiration. " Will-power is a lot more use to anybody in keepin' sane and steady than fifteen dollars is."

But she wasn't goin' to let me praise her, if she could help it. " I don't know 'bout that," she spouts out, *' but I know fifteen dollars is a lot too much to pay for a bottle of rat-poison, and it's a lot too little for a girl to go to the bad on, if she prefers that way of puttin' an end to things she thinks she can't stand. At least it's a lot too little for a girl like me, with no face and no figure, and no clothes to cover up how ugly she is." She gave a kind of snort, meant to be a laugh, I guess. Then tossed up her head much as to say, *' I don't care if I have shocked yerl "

She didn't shock me a mite. She wasn't the first girl I'd heard talk rank and extreme to cover up a lot of fine qualities inside, which they wouldn't let you get a peep at for anything. I know, too, what the effect is, on a woman, of years and years of hardship with mighty few good times sprinkled in, and mighty few kind words, and kind looks to warm 'em up. Flowers don't grow very plenty up in the Arctic regions, where the wind blows hard, and the sun don't shine much.

After a minute I asked, " What are you goin' to do with your fifteen dollars, Isabel? "

" I'm goin' to spend it," she spat at me, spite-ful-like.

"What on?"

" On myself," she said and she was awful savage about it. " On fifteen dollars' worth of pleasure for myself."

" What sort of pleasure? "

" I haven't decided yet."

" Well," I told her, " if I can help select some-thing for you, when I'm in the city sometime — "

" Oh, the kind of stuff you know about is nothin' I'm interested in," she said. "Jewelry, and stuff to rig myself up in would be a lot of use to me up here in this hole, wouldn't it? "

Isabel had always been awful indifferent to-wards the things in my suit-cases. Once I'd given her as a present a comb with rhinestones in it. Thought she might like it for her hair.

But she'd shoved it back in my suit-case a^ain and said she didn't want it. I'd made her keep it, though. Said to put it in the stove if she had no other use for it — kind of as if I was offended, and she'd shrugged and stuck it up careless on the mantel, and gone oflf about her work.

" Ever been to Boston?" I inquired now, an idea slowly forniin' in the back of my brain.

She shook her head.

" The fare ain't much to Boston," I said, " and I know a place down there where you can sleep for a dollar a night. I believe you could stay for two or three days and still have enough left of your fifteen dollars for the rat -poison," I kind of laughed, " which I bet you wouldn't have any use for after seein' the crowds and theaters, and

things in Boston, and eatin' food sometiody else raised and cooked beside yourself, in restaurants I can give you the names of."

" And who do you think," asked Isabel, scathin' and scornful, " would be here, lookin' out that Gram^idn't wander down in the swamp and get stuck, the way she has twice; and seein' Gramp didn't go out and hoe in his night-shirt, and go to bed in his overalls ; and f eedin' the hens ; and milkin' the cow ? You talk nonsense ! "

" Twouldn't be the first time Nellie and me have done a little accommodatin'/' I suggested shy.

" And what pleasure do you think 'twould be to me/' Isabel went on, ignorin' my generous offer, " to gallivant 'round Boston all alone, and eat in restaurants where I'd feel strange, and stared at; and go to theaters, where everybody but me is dressed up fine, and laughin' and talkin' to somebody ? No, thanks."

" Oh, all right," I said, as if I washed my hands of her. Kindness won't break through the material women like Isabel clog up the avenue to their souls with, half as quick sometimes as something sharp and biting. You know how lye acts on the kitchen-sink pipe that's got stopped. That's how my pique acted on Isabel.

" I don't care what you do with your money," I went on. " It's nothin' to me. I was only suggestin'. Throw it into the swamp for all I care."

*' I might tell you what I'm thinkin' of doin' with it," she said, " if you'd stop talkin' that way and give me a chance."

Oh, you don't have to," I said, kind of sulky. I was thinkin'," she said, " that I might possibly consider buy in' one of them talkin'-machines with it."

"One of them contrivances that serves up Sousa and Mrs. Shuman-Hienze and the Star-Spangled Banner on a brass band in your own front parlor ! " I exclaimed. " I didn't know

you was fond of music, Isabel."

" I don't know that I am fond of it either," she says, " but some of the records are people talkin'. I thought I wouldn't hear the swamp so loud in the spring, nor the crickets in the fall, nor the wind in winter, if I could listen to somebody talkin', when I sit down after the work is done. I thought it might be kind of company; but I don't know, perhaps it wouldn't. It's only a thing, after all. I haven't decided on it yet."

I left Isabel ten or fifteen minutes later. I pondered on her a good deal the four miles back to town, and when I got to where I was puttin' up, I asked some questions. They told me that Isabel Janse never came to any of the functions in the town. And she didn't attend any church, far as they knew. The old Janse horse was going pretty lame now, and 'twas all he could do, they guessed, to haul down the corn every fall to Hobb's mill on the turnpike.

Nellie and I were headed for Vermont that spring. We have a big territory in New Hampshire, where we've got lots of friends, too, and it was two years before we got back to Massachusetts again. In all that time I didn't hear a word about Isabel Janse. I wondered about her a good deal, and dropped her a post-card once or twice, the way I do, to stop myself worryin' about people. She hadn't answered my cards. I didn't expect she would. None of my friends are very long on the writin' line. Fact is, 'twas in the newspapers, not from anybody thinkin* I might be interested, that I first read that the United States Government had lighted on the particular section of the state where Isabel lived, and where I was so familiar, for an encampment to train soldiers in, to send across the Atlantic to fight the nasty Huns.

Nellie and I usually came down from New Hampshire near the coast, but I decided we could just as well keep inland and take in the soldiers' camp on the way. I'd never visited an army trainin'-camp and had a kind of curiosity to see what it was like. I had no idea where it was located, north, south, east or west of the town where

Nellie and me usually put up. We struck the turnpike a mile or two east of the place where the Janse road leads off it. We had had a long steady pull of twenty miles or so, and I was intendin' to keep right on to a restin'-place for Nellie for the night, and start out bright and fresh to visit the camp — wherever it was, in the mornin'. But as I got nearer the Janse road, I got to wonderin' more and more, if Isabel had got her talkin'-machine yet. I had to be in Boston on Wednesday followin' (this was a Saturday) and I decided if I really wanted to find out, I better drop in at Janses' when 'twas handy.

The first part of the Janse road goes through some woods, and the leaves of the trees 'long the side brushed the spokes of the wheels of our buggy every now and then, as Nellie and me threaded our way through it. Seemed 's if the branches had grown thicker. Seemed, too, 's if the grass ribbons in the middle of the road were a little higher and ranker than I remembered. I hoped they weren't all dead and buried up at the Janses'. After I'd crossed two old rotten bridges in awful repair, and forded two brooks runnin' willy nilly straight 'cross my path, I began to feel pretty certain I'd find the Janse house deserted, or burned to the ground, one of the two. But I didn't ! Neither one 1

I don't know as I have ever been so surprised in my life as I was when I broke out of the piece of pine-grove beside the cemetery, a quarter of a mile before you come to the Janse house. I was expectin', of course, to see the meadow stretched out before me, the same as usual, simmerin' in the late afternoon sunshine, with a haze, like steam, broodin' over it, reachin' away miles and miles. But the meadow had disappeared! Twa'n't there !

The place it ought to be was there — the space, I mean — but everything that made a meadow had been rubbed out, and in its place another picture had been sketched in — hasty, with charcoal on a piece of brown butcher's paper — looked like from the color, or the lack of color. Supposed to be the picture of a city, I guessed. Queer-lookin' city. A child might have built it, with

blocks cut all one size. The buildin's were all alike — long and low, like cars in a train-yard — about a million or so of them, seemed as if — with black roofs on *em. And shootin' up into the sky out of the roofs were a whole lot of chimneys — high slim affairs, painted black. Made me think of the trunks of dead trees shootin' up out of some valley, where a long time ago, a forest fire had swept away all of the small timber.

I calculated the city (which of course, I guessed to be the soldiers' camp) lay about a half-a-mile away from the spot where Nellie and me were standin' and starin' with our eyes hangin' out on our cheeks. Anyhow, we were near enough to see some of the dirt-colored space, between the buildin's (there wasn't a scrap of meadow green left behind) and crawlin' 'round over the space, I could make out objects (dirt-colored, too — 'bout the shade of a swarm of bees), single, and in bunches movin' 'bout slow and deliberate, the way bees do in the early spring.

After Nellie and me had stood there and stared about ten minutes, I clucked at her to go on, and we went round the curve of the road up towards Jahses'. Td read how some of the officers had made us^ of the farmers' houses round the camp for their families to live in, and I concluded as likely as not I'd find a major's wife and children settled at the Janses' 'stead of Isabel and Gram and Gramp. So when Nellie got 'round the last curve before you reach the house, and I caught the sound of men's voices and laughin*, I wasn't much surprised. I guessed the major was doin' a little entertainin'.

But 'twa'n t any major that was doin' the entertainin'. 'Twas somebody I've been tellin' about. Or, leastways, it was somebody she'd turned into ! I began to suspicion it before I got out of my buggy even.

There's one of them great big-trunked elm trees with long, graceful, dippin' branches, you see so often in front of New England farm-houses, near the lilac clump by the Janses'. As I drew Nellie up under it, I caught sight of a board tacked up on it, 'bout as high up as you could reach, with

some printin' on it. At the top of the board there was an arrow painted, pointin' towards the house behind the lilacs, and underneath the arrow in home-made letterin' it said:

HOT DOUGHNUTS AND COTTAGE CHEESE
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

FROM 2 TO 6 o'clock
FREE TO ALL SOLDIERS.

I got out and stole 'round the lilac clump. I never seen the Janse house look so pleasant The grass was cut in the front yard, and there was a little neat round bed of red geranimus each side of the front door. The front door was still kind of saggin*, true enough, and the house needed paint worse than it did last time I was there, but what with its windows pushed up, and the front door open in kind of an invitin' fashion, and the lower floor so crammed full of United States Army that it was oozin' out all the open holes, (there were men's arms and shoulders in khaki fillin' up the window-spaces, and a pair of army-clad legs a-danglin' out one of the front ones) there was nothin' very forlorn or lonesome-lookin' 'bout the place. There was nothin' very forlorn or lonesomt-soundin' either!

I went 'round imobserved to the back door. There's a shed off the kitchen, and I stationed myself up close to some wash-tubs in the shed and peeked in at the goin's-on in the kitchen.

The doughnut- fry in' was in progress at that minute (I'd guessed it already from the smell), and helpin' at it were no less than a dozen or fifteen great, big, healthy-lookin* soldier boys in uniform. A half-a-dozen of them were gathered 'round the fat on the stove; two or three others 'round a table, where one, with a woman's blue checked apron tied 'round him, was busy with the dough and cutter; and a few more were just simply takin' up room, and makin' a lot of talk and noise. One of 'em was perched up on an edge of the kitchen sink, sort of purrin* on a Jew's-harp. Over by the window where in the winter-time the geraniums in cans used to set on the sill, seated in the old high-backed rocker was

Gramp Janse ('twasn't till later I learned there wasn't any Gram Janse any more) with his hands folded 'cross his stomach, kind of smilin' to himself, lookin' on interested, as if he was at a play in the theater or something.

I didn't get a glimpse of Isabel at first, but every little while I saw her hand shoot up over the heads of the men grouped 'round the stove (at least I guessed 'twas hers) as she held up a long fork with a golden-brown doughnut — color of a trout pool when the sun strikes it — drippin' on the end of it.

I didn't blame the soldiers for sendin' up a shout every time Isabel's hand shot up. Xothin' so good in the world to sink your teeth into as a fresh doughnut sizzlin' with the fat it was bom in, crisp as a fresh potato-chip on the outside, soft as a fresh griddle-cake on the in, and so pipin' hot you got to open your mouth, and draw in, or get burned.

I was glad when two of the men 'round the stove shouted : " Cheese," and with a doughnut stuck onto each thumb went off into the front room where the cow's part of the show was. For then I got a chance to see Isabel.

She was standin' close up to the stove, with one hand on her hip, and the other busy with the fork dabbin' at the doughnuts in the fat-pot. She was standin' real straight and perky-like. She still wore a gray wrapper, but it was pulled in tight 'round her waist, and, as I looked at the profile of her figure, and remembered how awful shapeless and scrawny it used to be, I wondered if she might not have made use of a few ruffles or somethin*. She had a red ribbon tied 'round her waist, and a red bow to match 'round the neck of her dress, that was turned do^Ti low. And her hair was curled in the front, and in the back I saw something sparklin' that looked mighty like my rhinestone comb!

I won't try to persuade you that Isabel had got pretty (she's got an awful big nose that nothing can ever change) but she'd gotten bright and shiny. Perhaps it was only the warmth from

the stove that made Isabel's cheeks so pink, but it was warmth from nothing cast-iron, I can tell you, that put color into her voice. Every little while Isabel spoke, fling out an order, called out a nick-name, said somethin' 'r other, and her voice was anythin' but dull and flat. And what she said was anythin' but dull and flat too! It was tart and snappy, and full of bubbles — like soda water. Not very refined perhaps you'd say, but 'twas good-natured and cheerful-soundin'. You could see the men liked her style of humor first-rate.

" Come, Fatty," she sang out, " don't be a pig! These doughnuts ain't pills to swallow whole," and later, " Look it here, you little bow legged corp, what you got your paw out for another for ? Your jaws are still busy on the one I gave you last," and with a dangerous wave of her sharp-pronged fork, " Move back, all of yer, I'm boss here, and the next doughnut's goin' to the noisy party on the edge of the sink." She meant the little feller with the Jew's-harp.
*' Come on, you! " she hollered out, and beckoned to him with a lift of one of her bony shoulders.

He grinned broad, and jumped down off his perch. " There's a core to that," she says to him as she passed him one of her pretty works of art. " Chew it fine." Then with a slow wink to the others, " That'll shut up his noise for a spell," she said.

I don't know as I can make you see, that as rough as Isabel's humor was, and no too much knowledge of the English language, and not pretty, as girls go, there was a real attractiveness about her. It made one think of the attractiveness of certain flowers — wild, hardy ones, like Golden-rod, or Tansy — and she gave you the impression that she was able to take care of herself, like those kind of flowers, too.

One of the fellows slid his arm around her while I was watchin'.

She let it stay there a little while. Then, " Look it here, Cheeky," she says to him, as if she'd been used to men like him all her life, " it's

doughnuts I'm servin' this afternoon."

He just gave her a squeeze at that, and left
his arm right where 'twas.

She went on fryin' for a while, not mindin'
'parently. Then very quiet and off-hand she
picks up a spoon off a shelf beside her, and, smart
's you please, drops a bit of hot fat on the sol-
dier's hand. He let go then all right, and you
ought to have heard the laugh go up when he
howled.

Twas a good-natured laugh, though. Twas
a good-natured howl, too. Everythin' was good-
natured about it. Isabel's slow smile afterwards
was good-natured. I was surprised. I didn't
know Isabel had hid in her a gift of dealin' with
the male sex, in a tellin', unoffendin' way like
that. Probably she didn't know it either, like
some actors don't know they can act, till they
find themselves all of a sudden before the foot-
lights.

After about fifteen minutes or so I got out
from back of the wash-tubs, and strolled into
the kitchen, makin' signs to the fellers who took
notice of me not to let on to Isabel she'd got an
unexpected visitor. I placed myself opposite her,
behind a layer o' uniforms, and when there came
a little gap between 'em, shoved in on the front
row.

When she caught sight of me she colored up aw-
ful red 'way up under the hair she'd got curled
on her forehead.

"Hello, Edwin Sparks ! " she flung out at
me in a kind of bravado sort of way.

"Hello, Isabel," I answered quiet, starin' at
her hard, lettin* my amazement at what I was
seein' and hearin' show plain as day on my face.

"Want one ? " she says, tryin' to cover up her
confusion by offer in' me a doughnut.

I took it, and thanked her. But still I stared.
I made up my mind she'd got to give me some sort

of explanation for what my eyes and ears told
me was no dream. And she did, too, in her own
way, and her own time.

Twas after I'd made an observation 'bout how
much she seemed to be en joy in* herself.

" You appear to be havin' some fun, Isabel,"
I said.

Not lookin' at me at all, but apparently address-
in' the doughnut she was intent on spearin', she
replied, " I'm havin' fifteen dollars' worth, I
guess."

So that was how the boys got their dough-
nuts and cheese free. I'd suspicioned it.

After I'd finished my doughnut, I walked over
to Gramp and shook hands with the old man.
Isabel must have thought I was shakin' hands
good-by, for she made some sort of excuse about
some salt in the cupboard, passed her fryin' fork
to the feller next her, and came over my way.

" There's oats in the bin. Put your horse up
in the barn," she said in a low voice, '*' and stay
to supper, if you want to."

" All right, I will, thank yen"

I stayed all night as it happened, Nellie bein'
tired, and Gram's room empty, and Isabel warmin*
up later, and urgin' me.

The soldiers all went back to their camp after
a while. 'Twas then I discovered how 'twas the
old road. I'd come by was so neglected. There
was a cart-road in front of the Janses' that used
to run down to the meadow. Now, I saw, as I
watched the soldiers amble along it that it ran
down to a brand new state high-way, that went
past the encampment. You could see automo-
biles whizzin' by on it.

Twa'n't till after we'd had some supper and
Gramp had been put to bed, that I found out why
Isabel had been so cordial 'bout Nellie and me
stoppin' to supper. It was because of what was

in my suit-cases! Would you believe it! She, who'd always spurned and shrugged up her shoulders at my things before !

I was settin' on the steps in front of the front door when she came down from puttin' Gramp to bed. I was smokin', gazin' out at the changed scene before me down in the valley, listenin' to the cheerful sounds it made, and thinkin' how different it all was from two years ago.

"Got your suit-cases with you, Edwin?"
asked Isabel.

** Why, of course."

" Well," she went on, kind of ill-at-ease like, " for something better to do, I might look over some of your foolishness, if you'll go out and bring your stuff in."

** All right," I said, quiet, though I could have thrown up my hat, if Td had it handy, and shouted.

" An antique man," Isabel went on, " told me once, that these unset cameos of my mother's," she hauled out a little package from the front of her waist, " were worth a lot of money. I didn't know but what you'd take 'em for pay," she said, " that is, if you've got anythin' I took a fancy to."

I reached out and Isabel passed me the cameos. My customers don't have any use for anythin'* antique. Really, the cameos were nothin' I wanted, but I said, examinin' the littlest one of them careful ('bout as big as a five-cent piece, 'twas), " Why, Isabel, even this small little feller would buy you a lot of my stuff. I got an awful pretty one-piece chalHe with white dots that ought to look real nice on you. Go inside and light up, and I'll bring my shop in."

We were busy for an hour or more takin' off and tryin' on, shakin' out and foldin' up, comparin' and examinin', selectin' and discardin'. I had the satisfaction of seein' Isabel Janse's face light up real bright over my pretty things, the way any

normal young woman's ought to, when she goes shoppin*. And, honest, I don't know whose eyes were shiniest — Isabel's or mine, when she stood up before me in the blue chalHe with the polka dots dancin' all over her.

The followin' is a list of the articles Isabel was able to exchange for that little cameo of hers : one blue chalHe dress with polka dots; one pink striped percale with hamburg collar; two cute little aprons with ruffles round the bib-part and blue bows stuck saucy on some puffy little pockets in front; two white waists with lots of val insertion; one white wash skirt; one wide crushed girdle of soft plaid silk; one piece of enamel jewelry (brooch, blue-bird design) ; and one string of uncrUvshable pearl beads.

I tell you by the time I'd helped Isabel pick out all those things, she'd got real friendly with me. At first she'd been rather inclined not to discuss her affairs any more than necessary, and I hadn't found out how 'twas she managed to make fifteen dollars last so long. For one of the soldiers told me that Isabel had been carryin' on these Wednesday and Saturday parties of hers for two years now, come fall. After our shoppin'-bee, she opened up quite human and told me.

" My fifteen dollars took root and sprouted. That's all," she said. '*' I just told the boys one day when I got down close to the bottom of my first barrel of flour, that I was sorry I wa'n't an heiress in disguise, but I wa'n't, and so next Wednesday rd be obliged to serve 'em cottage cheese and apples ('twas in the fall), 'stead of cottage cheese and doughnuts. And after the apples from our orchard were all et up, it would have to be cottage cheese and snow-balls, far as / could see. One of 'em at that, took out a little tin box he carried in his pocket to keep tobacco in, and cut a slot in the top of it and hollered out to the others that he was goin' to stick it up on the mantel. That's all there was said about it, as far as I know. It's all there's ever been said. The box is always up there, and if anybody wants to drop any thin' in it, they do ; and if they don't then they don't. I've got an overflow box upstairs full of those boys' pennies and nickels and

dimes."

"Good for you, Isabel!" I said. "Must be quite a payin' enterprise." And I wondered just a little mite why she had offered me her mother's cameos, 'stead of money which is usually a little more useful to me.

"Payin'!" she repeated scornful. "That money ain't mine! Every cent belongs to those boys down there in the valley, or the ones who'll fill their places when this particular bunch moves on to France. I don't want to make money out of them! It's more than pay enough for me to just have 'em around to listen to twice a week. Sometimes," she said, her voice gettin' real soft and pretty, "they get to singin' together grand — all different parts, like an organ, and sometimes its harmonicas and accordions and guitars ; and sometimes just talkin' and laughin' and a Jew's-harp like to-day, and as I stand there over the kettle, 'parently jest fryin' the doughnuts, I keep thinkin' and thinkin' how lucky I am to have got a talkin'-machine with such a lot of human-soundin' records, and warm blood in it besides."

"And eyes," I tucked in smilin', "to see you dressed up in your pretty new clothes. Yes, Isabel," I said serious, "I guess you are lucky." I was thinkin' when I said that, of the women I knew whose lonesome swamps would never be wiped out for 'em, by Uncle Sam, the way Isabel's was. *' But you're wise, too. Wise people," I said, not bein' able not to preach a little, ** wise people like you and me, Isabel, know that if money can return you smiles, and happy looks, and laughs and thank-yous, like yours does you, Isabel, it's lots more soul-satisfyin' than its value in material that ain't alive."

About ten o'clock or so that night, after Isabel thought rd turned in, I stole out of Gram's room on the first floor and sat outside a spell and had another pipe.

There was a light in the kitchen and I could hear Isabel movin' 'round in there. I discovered when I walked over that way that she was mixin' bread, not goin' about it listless, the way she used to work, but real smart and in-a-hurry.

I stopped still a minute in my tracks. Isabel
was hummin' a little low song without much tune
to it, to herself. As I stood there quiet, listenin'
to the sort of purrin' sound she made, floatin'*
around the little kitchen, tender and caressin', and
driftin' out shy to where I was, it came over me
that Isabel's talkin'-machine couldn't play any-
thing sweeter to listen to, I guessed, than that low
rumble comin' out of her own throat. There
isn't any sweeter music under God's heaven, I
think, than a woman hummin' to herself, un-
conscious-like, the way they do over their work,
sometimes, when their hearts feel kind o' soft
and happy inside 'em.

After I'd listened for five minutes or so, I went
up close to the open window and spoke.

" That's your prettiest record, Isabel," I said,
gentle.

THE FULL MOON

The Project Gutenberg EBook of New Irish Comedies, by Lady Augusta Gregory

TO ALL SANE PEOPLE IN OR OUT OF CLOON
WHO KNOW THEIR NEIGHBOURS TO BE
NATURALLY CRACKED OR SOMEWAY QUEER
OR TO HAVE GONE WRONG IN THE HEAD.

PERSONS [Sidenote: ALL SANE]

Shawn Early
Bartley Fallon
Peter Tannian
Hyacinth Halvey
Mrs. Broderick
Miss Joyce
Cracked Mary
Davideen,

HER BROTHER, AN INNOCENT

THE FULL MOON

_Scene: A shed close to Cloon Station; Bartley Fallon is sitting
gloomily on a box; Hyacinth Halvey and Shawn Early are coming in at
door_

Shawn Early: It is likely the train will not be up to its time, and cattle being on it for the fair. It's best wait in the shed. Is that Bartley Fallon? What way are you, Bartley?

Bartley Fallon: Faith, no way at all. On the drag, on the drag; striving to put the bad times over me.

Shawn Early: Is it business with the nine o'clock you have?

Bartley Fallon: The wife that is gone visiting to Tubber, and that has the door locked till such time as she will come back on the train. And I thought this shed a place where no bad thing would be apt to happen me, and not to be going through the streets, and the darkness falling.

Shawn Early: It is not long till the full moon will be rising.

Bartley Fallon: Everything that is bad, the falling sickness--God save the mark--or the like, should be at its worst at the full moon. I suppose because it is the leader of the stars.

Shawn Early: Ah, what could happen any person in the street of Cloon?

Bartley Fallon: There might. Look at Matt Finn, the coffin-maker, put his hand on a cage the circus brought, and the lion took and tore it till they stuck him with a fork you'd rise dung with, and at that he let it drop. And that was a man had never quitted Cloon.

Shawn Early: I thought you might be sending something to the fair.

Bartley Fallon: It isn't to the train I would be trusting anything I would have to sell, where it might be thrown off the track. And where would be the use sending the couple of little lambs I have? It is likely there is no one would ask me where was I going. When the weight is not in them, they won't carry the price. Sure, the grass I have is no good, but seven times worse than the road.

Shawn Early: They are saying there'll be good demand at the fair of Carrow to-morrow.

Hyacinth Halvey: To-morrow the fair day of Carrow? I was not remembering that.

Bartley Fallon: Ah, there won't be many in it, I'm thinking. There isn't a hungrier village in Connacht, they were telling me, and it's poor the look of it as well.

Hyacinth Halvey: To-morrow the fair day. There will be all sorts

in the streets to-night.

Bartley Fallon: The sort that will be in it will be a bad sort-sievemakers and tramps and neuks.

Hyacinth Halvey: The tents on the fair green; there will be music in it; there was a fiddler having no legs would set men of threescore years and of fourscore years dancing. I can nearly hear his tune.

(He whistles "The Heather Broom.")

Bartley Fallon: You are apt to be going there on the train, I suppose? It is well to be you, Mr. Halvey, having a good place in the town, and the price of your fare, and maybe six times the price of it, in your pocket.

Hyacinth Halvey: I didn't think of that. I wonder could I go--for one night only--and see what the lads are doing.

Shawn Early: Are you forgetting, Mr. Halvey, that you are to meet his Reverence on the platform that is coming home from drinking water at the Spa?

Hyacinth Halvey: So I can meet him, and get in the train after him getting out.

_(Mrs. Broderick and Peter Tannian come in.)

Mrs. Broderick: Is that Mr. Halvey is in it? I was looking for you at the chapel as I passed, and the Angelus bell after ringing.

Hyacinth Halvey: Business I have here, ma'am. I was in dread I might not be here before the train.

Mrs. Broderick: So you might not, indeed. That nine o'clock train you can never trust it to be late.

Hyacinth Halvey: To meet Father Gregan I am come, and maybe to go on myself.

Mrs. Broderick: Sure, I knew well you would be in haste to be before Father Gregan, and we knowing what we know.

Hyacinth Halvey: I have no business only to be showing respect to him.

Shawn Early: His good word he will give to Mr. Halvey at the Board, where it is likely he will be made Clerk of the Union next

week.

Mrs. Broderick: His good word he will give to another thing besides that, I am thinking.

Hyacinth Halvey: I don't know what you are talking about.

Mrs. Broderick: Didn't you hear the news, Peter Tannian, that Mr. Halvey is apt to be linked and joined in marriage with Miss Joyce, the priest's housekeeper?

Peter Tannian: I to believe all the lies I'd hear, I'd be a racked man by this.

Mrs. Broderick: What I say now is as true as if you were on the other side of me. I suppose now the priest is come home there'll be no delay getting the license.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is not so settled as that.

Mrs. Broderick: Why wouldn't it be settled and it being told at Mrs. Delane's and through the whole world?

Peter Tannian: She should be a steady wife for him—a fortied girl.

Shawn Early: A very good fortune in the bank they are saying she has, and she having crossed the ocean twice to America.

Hartley Fallen: It's as good for him to have a woman will keep the door open before him and his victuals ready and a quiet tongue in her head. Not like that little Tartar of my own.

Mrs. Broderick. And an educated woman along with that. A man of his sort, going to be Clerk of the Union and to be taken up with books and papers, it's likely he'd die in a week, he to marry a dunce.

Bartley Fallon: So it's likely he would.

Mrs. Broderick: A little shop they are saying she will take, for to open a flour store, and you to be keeping the accounts, the way you would not spend any waste time.

Hyacinth Halvey: I have no mind to be settling myself down yet a while. I might maybe take a ramble here or there. There's many of my comrades in the States.

Mrs. Broderick: To go away from Cloon, is it? And why would you think to do that, and the whole town the same as a father and mother

to you? Sure, the sergeant would live and die with you, and there are no two from this to Galway as great as yourself and the priest. To see you coming up the street, and your Dublin top-coat around you, there are some would give you a salute the same nearly as the Bishop.

Peter Tannian: They wouldn't do that maybe and they hearing things as I heard them.

Hyacinth Halvey: What things?

Peter Tannian: There was a herd passing through from Carrow. It is what I heard him saying----

Mrs. Broderick: You heard nothing of Mr. Halvey, but what is worthy of him. But that's the way always. The most thing a man does, the less he will get for it after.

Peter Tannian: A grand place in Carrow I suppose you had?

Hyacinth Halvey: I had plenty of places. Giving out proclamations--attending waterworks----

Mrs. Broderick: It is well fitted for any place he is, and all that was written around him and he coming into Cloon.

Peter Tannian: Writing is easy.

Mrs. Broderick: Look at him since he was here, this twelvemonth back, that he never went into a dance-house or stood at a cross-road, and never lost a half-an-hour with drink. Made no blunder, made no rumours. Whatever could be said of his worth, it could not be too well said.

Hyacinth Halvey: Do you think now, ma'am, would it be any harm I to go spend a day or maybe two days out of this--I to go on the train----

Miss Joyce: (At door, coming in backwards.) Go back now, go back! Don't be following after me in through the door! Is Mr. Halvey there? Don't let her come following me, Mr. Halvey!

Hyacinth Halvey: Who is it is in it?

(Sound of discordant singing outside.)

Miss Joyce: Cracked Mary it is, that is after coming back this day from the asylum.

Hyacinth Halvey: I never saw her, I think.

Shawn Early: The creature, she was light this long while and not good in the head, and at the last lunacy came on her and she was tied and bound. Sometimes singing and dancing she does be, and sometimes troublesome.

Miss Joyce: They had a right to keep her spancelled in the asylum. She would begrudge any respectable person to be walking the street. She'd hoot you, she'd shout you, she'd clap her hands at you. She is a blight in the town.

Hyacinth Halvey: There is a lad along with her.

Shawn Early: It is Davideen, her brother, that is innocent. He was left rambling from place to place the time she was put within walls.

_(Cracked Mary and Davideen come in.
Miss Joyce clings to Hyacinth's arm.)

Cracked Mary: Give me a charity now, the way I'll be keeping a little rag on me and a little shoe to my foot. Give me the price of tobacco and the price of a grain of tea; for tobacco is blessed and tea is good for the head.

Shawn Early: Give out now, Davideen, a verse of "The Heather Broom." That's a splendid tune.

_Davideen: (Sings.)

Oh, don't you remember,
As it's often I told you,
As you passed through our kitchen,
That a new broom sweeps clean?
Come out now and buy one,
Come out now and try one--

_(His voice cracks, and he breaks off, laughing foolishly.)

Mrs. Broderick: He has a sweet note in his voice, but to know or to understand what he is doing, he couldn't do it.

Cracked Mary: Leave him a while. His song that does be clogged through the daytime, the same as the sight is clogged with myself. It isn't but in the night time I can see anything worth while. Davy is a proper boy, a proper boy; let you leave Davy alone. It was himself came before me ere yesterday in the morning, and I walking out the madhouse door.

Shawn Early: It is often there will fiddlers be waiting to play for them coming out, that are maybe the finest dancers of the day.

Cracked Mary: Waiting before me he was, and no one to give him knowledge unless it might be the Big Man. I give you my word he near ate the face off me. As glad to see me he was as if I had dropped from heaven. Come hither to me, Davy, and give no heed to them. It is as dull and as lagging as themselves you would be maybe, and the world to be different and the moon to change its courses with the sun.

Bartley Fallon: I never would wish to be put within a madhouse before I'd die.

Cracked Mary: Sorry they were losing me. There was not a better prisoner in it than my own four bones.

Bartley Fallon: Squeals you would hear from it, they were telling me, like you'd hear at the ringing of the pigs. Savages with whips beating them the same as hounds. You would not stand and listen to them for a hundred sovereigns. Of all bad things that can come upon a man, it is certain the madness is the last.

Miss Joyce: It is likely she was well content in it, and the friends she had being of her own class.

Cracked Mary: What way could you make friends with people would be always talking? Too much of talk and of noise there was in it, cursing, and praying, and tormenting; some dancing, some singing, and one writing a letter to a she devil called Lucifer. I not to close my ears, I would have lost the sound of Davideen's song.

Miss Joyce: It was good shelter you got in it through the bad weather, and not to be out perishing under cold, the same as the starlings in the snow.

Cracked Mary: I was my seven months in it, my seven months and a day. My good clothes that went astray on me and my boots. My fine gaudy dress was all moth-eated, that was worked with the wings of birds. To fall into dust and ashes it did, and the wings rose up into the high air.

Bartley Fallen. Take care would the madness catch on to ourselves the same as the chin-cough or the pock.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah, that's not the way it goes travelling from one to another, but some that are naturally cracked and inherit it.

Shawn Early: It is a family failing with her tribe. The most of them get giddy in their latter end.

Miss Joyce: It might be it was sent as a punishment before birth, for to show the power of God.

Peter Tannian: It is tea-drinking does it, and that is the reason it is on the wife it is apt to fall for the most part.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah, there's some does be thinking their wives isn't right, and there's others think they are too right. There to be any fear of me going astray, I give you my word I'd lose my wits on the moment.

Hyacinth Halvey: There are some say it is the moon.

Shawn Early: So it is too. The time the moon is going back, the blood that is in a person does be weakening, but when the moon is strong, the blood that moves strong in the same way. And it to be at the full, it drags the wits along with it, the same as it drags the tide.

Mrs. Broderick: Those that are light show off more and have the talk of twenty the time it is at the full, that is sure enough. And to hold up a silk handkerchief and to look through it, you would see the four quarters of the moon; I was often told that.

Miss Joyce: It is not you, Mr. Halvey, will give in to an unruly thing like the moon, that is under no authority, and cannot be put back, the same as a fast day that would chance to fall upon a feast.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is likely it is put in the sky the same as a clock for our use, the way you would pick knowledge of the weather, the time the stars would be wild about it.

Mrs. Broderick: That is very nice now. The thing you'd know, you'd like to go on, and to hear more or less about it.

Miss Joyce: (To H.H.) It is a lantern for your own use it will be to-night, and his Reverence coming home through the street, and yourself coming along with him to the house.

Mrs. Broderick: That's right, Miss Joyce. Keep a good grip of him. What do you say to him talking a while ago as if his mind was running on some thought to leave Cloon?

Miss Joyce: What way could he leave it?

Hyacinth Halvey: No way at all, I'm thinking, unless there would be a miracle worked by the moon.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah, miracles is gone out of the world this long time, with education, unless that they might happen in your own inside.

Miss Joyce: I'll go set the table and kindle the fire, and I'll come back to meet the train with you myself.

_(She goes. A noise heard outside.)

Hyacinth Halvey: What is that now?

Shawn Early: (At door.) Some noise as of running.

Hartley Fallon: (Going to door.) It might chance to be some prisoner they would be bringing to the train.

Peter Tannian: No, but some lads that are running.

_(They go out. H.H. is going too, but Mrs. Broderick goes before him and turns him round in doorway.)

Mrs. Broderick: Don't be coming out now in the dust that was formed by the heat is in the breeze. It would be a pity to spoil your Dublin coat, or your shirt that is that white you would nearly take it to be blue.

_(She goes out, pushing him in and shutting door after her.)

Cracked Mary: Ha! ha! ha!

Hyacinth Halvey: What is it you are laughing at?

Cracked Mary: Ha! ha! ha! It is a very laughable thing now, the third most laughable thing I ever met with in my lifetime.

Hyacinth Halvey: What is that?

Cracked Mary: A fine young man to be shut up and bound in a narrow little shed, and the full moon rising, and I knowing what I know!

Hyacinth Halvey: It's little you are likely to know about me.

Cracked Mary: Tambourines and fiddles and pipes--melodeons and the whistling of drums.

Hyacinth Halvey: I suppose it is the Carrow fair you are talking about.

Cracked Mary: Sitting within walls, and a top-coat wrapped around him, and mirth and music and frolic being in the place we know, and some dancing sets on the floor.

Hyacinth Halvey: I wish I wasn't in this place tonight. I would like well to be going on the train, if it wasn't for the talk the neighbours would be making. I would like well to slip away. It is a long time I am going without any sort of funny comrades.

(Goes to door. The others enter quickly, pushing him back.)

Bartley Fallon: Nothing at all to see. It would be best for us to have stopped where we were.

Mrs. Broderick: Running like foals to see it, and nothing to be in it worth while.

Hyacinth Halvey: What was it was in it?

Shawn Early: Nothing at all but some lads that were running in pursuit of a dog.

Bartley Fallon: Near knocked us they did, and they coming round the corner of the wall.

Hyacinth Halvey: Is it that it was a mad dog?

Peter Tannian: Ah, what mad? Mad dogs are done away with now by the head Government and muzzles and the police.

Bartley Fallon: They are more watchful over them than they used. But all the same, you to see a strange dog afar off, you would be uneasy, thinking it might be yourself he would be searching out as his prey.

Mrs. Broderick: Sure, there did a dog go mad through Galway, and the whole town rose against him, and flocked him into a corner, and shot him there. He did no harm after, he being made an end of at the first.

Shawn Early: It might be that dog they were pursuing after was mad, on the head of being under the full moon.

Cracked Mary: (Jumping up excitedly.) That mad dog, he is a Dublin dog; he is betune you and Belfast—he is running ahead—you couldn't keep up with him.

Hyacinth Halvey: There is one, so, mad upon the road.

Cracked Mary: There is police after him, but they cannot come up with him; he destroyed a splendid sow; nine bonavs they buried or less.

Shawn Early: What place is he gone now?

Cracked Mary: He made off towards Craughwell, and he bit a fine young man.

Bartley Fallen: So he would too. Sure, when a mad dog would be going about, on horseback or wherever you are, you're ruined.

Cracked Mary: That dog is going on all the time; he wouldn't stop, but go ahead and bring that mouthful with him. He is still on the road; he is keeping the middle of the road; they say he is as big as a calf.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is the police I have a right to forewarn to go after him.

Cracked Mary: The motor cars is going to get out to track him, for fear he would destroy the world!

Mrs. Broderick: That is a very nice thought now, to be sending the motor cars after him to overturn and to crush him the same as an ass-car in their path.

Cracked Mary: You can't save yourself from a dog; he is after his own equals, dogs. He is doing every harm. They are out night and day.

Shawn Early: Sure, a mad dog would go from this to Kinvara in a half a minute, like the train.

Cracked Mary: He won't stay in this country down—he goes the straight road—he takes by the wind. He is as big as a yearling calf.

Mrs. Broderick: I wouldn't ever forgive myself I to see him.

Cracked Mary: He is not very heavy yet. There is only the relics in him.

Hyacinth Halvey: They have a right to bring their rifles in their hand.

Cracked Mary: The police is afraid of their life. They wrote for motor cars to follow him. Sure, he'd destroy the beasts of the field. A milch cow, he to grab at her, she's settled. Terrible wicked he is; he's as big as five dogs, and he does be very strong. I hope in the

Lord he'll be caught. It will be a blessing from the Almighty God to kill that dog.

Hyacinth Halvey: He is surely the one is raging through the street.

Peter Tannian: Why wouldn't he be him? Is it likely there would be two of them in it at the one time?

Shawn Early: A queer cut of a dog he was; a lurcher, a bastard hound.

Peter Tannian: I would say him to be about the size of the foal of a horse.

Mrs. Broderick: Didn't he behave well not to do ourselves an injury?

Bartley Fallon: It is likely he will do great destruction. I wouldn't say but I felt the weight of him and his two paws around my neck.

Hyacinth Halvey: I will go out following him.

Shawn Early: (Holding him) Oh, let you not endanger yourself! It is the peelers should go follow him, that are armed with their batons and their guns.

Hyacinth Halvey: I'll go. He might do some injury going through the town.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah now, it is not yourself we would let go into danger! It is Peter Tannian should go, if any person should go.

Peter Tannian: Is it Hyacinth Halvey you are taking to be so far before myself?

Mrs. Broderick: Why wouldn't he be before you?

Peter Tannian: Ask him what was he in Carrow? Ask was he a sort of a corner-boy, ringing the bell, pumping water, gathering a few coppers in the daytime for to scatter on a game of cards.

Hyacinth Halvey: Stop your lies and your chat!

Mrs. Broderick: (to Tannian) You are going light in the head to talk that way.

Shawn Early: He is, and queer in the mind. Take care did he get

a bite from the dog, that left some venom working in his blood.

Hyacinth Halvey: So he might, and he having a sort of a little rent in his sleeve.

Peter Tannian: I to have got a bite from the dog, is it? I did not come anear him at all. You to strip me as bare as winter you will not find the track of his teeth. It is Shawn Early was nearer to him than what I was.

Shawn Early: I was not nearer, or as near as what Mrs. Broderick was.

Mrs. Broderick: I made away when I saw him. My chest is not the better of it yet. Since I left off fretting I got gross. I am that nervous I would run from a blessed sheep, let alone a dog.

Shawn Early: To see any of the signs of madness upon him, it is Mr. Halvey the sergeant would look to for to make his report.

Hyacinth Halvey: So I would make a report.

Peter Tannian: Is it that you lay down you can see signs? Is that the learning they were giving you in Carrow?

Mrs. Broderick: Don't be speaking with him at all. It is easy know the signs. A person to be laughing and mocking, and that would not have the same habits with yourself, or to have no fear of things you would be in dread of, or to be using a different class of food.

Peter Tannian: I use no food but clean food.

Hyacinth Halvey: To be giddy in the head is a sign, and to be talking of things that passed years ago.

Peter Tannian: I am talking of nothing but the thing I have a right to talk of.

Mrs. Broderick: To be nervous and thinking and pausing, and playing with knicknacks.

Peter Tannian: It never was my habit to be playing with knicknacks.

Bartley Fallon: When the master in the school where I was went queer, he beat me with two clean rods, and wrote my name with my own blood.

Mrs. Broderick: To take the shoe off their foot, and to hit out

right and left with it, bawling their life out, tearing their clothes, scattering and casting them in every part; or to run naked through the town, and all the people after them.

Shawn Early: To be jumping the height of trees they do be, and all the people striving to slacken them.

Hyacinth Halvey: To steal prayer-books and rosaries, and to be saying prayers they never could keep in mind before.

Mrs. Broderick: Very strong, that they could leap a wall-jumping and pushing and kicking--or to tie people to one another with a rope.

Shawn Early: Any fear of any person here being violent, Mr. Halvey will get him put under restraint.

Peter Tannian: Is it myself you are thinking to put under restraint? Would a man would be pushing and kicking and tearing his clothes, be able to do arithmetic on a board? Look now at that.

(Chalks figures on door.) Three and three makes six!--and three--

Mrs. Broderick: I'm no hand at figuring, but I can say out a blessed hymn, what any person with the mind gone contrary in them could not do. Hearken now till you'll know is there confusion in my mind. _(Sings.)_

Mary Broderick is my name;
Fiddane was my station;
Cloon is my dwelling-place;
And (I hope) heaven is my destination.

Mary Broderick is my name,
Cloon was my--

Cracked Mary: _(With a cackle of delight.)_ Give heed to them now, Davideen! That's the way the crazed people used to be going on in the place where I was, every one thinking the other to be cracked.

Hyacinth Halvey: _(To Tannian.)_ Look now at your great figuring! Argus with his hundred eyes wouldn't know is that a nought or is it a nine without a tail.

Peter Tannian: Leave that blame on a little ridge that is in the nature of the chalk. Look now at Mary Broderick, that it has failed to word out her verse.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah, what signifies? I'd never get light greatly. It wouldn't be worth while I to go mad.

_(Bartley Fallon gives a deep groan.)

Shawn Early: What is on you, Bartley?

Bartley Fallon: I'm in dread it is I myself has got the venom into my blood.

Hyacinth Halvey: What makes you think that?

Bartley Fallon: It's a sort of a thing would be apt to happen me, and any malice to fall within the town at all.

Mrs. Broderick: Give heed to him, Hyacinth Halvey; you are the most man we have to baffle any wrong thing coming in our midst!

Hyacinth Halvey: Is it that you are feeling any pain as of a wound or a sore?

Bartley Fallon: Some sort of a little catch I'm thinking there is in under my knee. I would feel no pain unless I would turn it contrary.

Hyacinth Halvey: What class of feeling would you say you are feeling?

Bartley Fallon: I am feeling as if the five fingers of my hand to be lessening from me, the same as five farthing dips the heat of the sun would be sweating the tallow from.

Hyacinth Halvey: That is a strange account.

Bartley Fallon: And a sort of a megrim in my head, the same as a sheep would get a fit of staggers in a field.

Hyacinth Halvey: That is what I would look for. Is there some sort of a roaring in your ear?

Bartley Fallon: There is, there is, as if I would hear voices would be talking.

Hyacinth Halvey: Would you feel any wish to go tearing and destroying?

Bartley Fallon: I would indeed, and there to be an enemy upon my path. Would you say now, Widow Broderick, am I getting anyway flushy in the face?

Mrs. Broderick: Don't leave your eye off him for pity's sake. He

is reddening as red as a rose.

Bartley Fallon: I could as if walk on the wind with lightness.
Something that is rising in my veins the same as froth would be
rising on a pint.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is the doctor I'd best call for--and maybe
the sergeant and the priest.

Bartley Fallon: There are three thoughts going through my
mind--to hang myself or to drown myself, or to cut my neck with a
reaping-hook.

Mrs. Broderick: It is the doctor will serve him best, where it
is the mad blood that should be bled away. To break up eggs, the
white of them, in a tin can, will put new blood in him, and whiskey,
and to taste no food through twenty-one days.

Bartley Fallon: I'm thinking so long a fast wouldn't serve me. I
wouldn't wish the lads will bear my body to the grave, to lay down
there was nothing within it but a grasshopper or a wisp of dry grass.

Shawn Early: No, but to cut a piece out of his leg the doctor
will, the way the poison will get no leave to work.

Peter Tannian: Or to burn it with red-hot irons, the way it will
not scatter itself and grow. There does a doctor do that out in
foreign.

Mrs. Broderick: It would be more natural to cut the leg off him
in some sort of a Christian way.

Shawn Early: If it was a pig was bit, or a sow or a bonav, it to
show the signs, it would be shot, if it was a whole fleet of them
was in it.

Mrs. Broderick: I knew of a man that was butler in a big house
was bit, and they tied him first and smothered him after, and his
master shot the dog. A splendid shot he was; the thing he'd not see
he'd hit it the same as the thing he'd see. I heard that from an
outside neighbour of my own, a woman that told no lies.

Shawn Early: Sure, they did the same thing to a high-up lady
over in England, and she after being bit by her own little spaniel
and it having a ring around its neck.

Peter Tannian: That is the only best thing to do. Whether the
bite is from a dog, or a cat, or whatever it may be, to put the
quilt and the blankets on the person and smother him in the bed. To

smother them out-and-out you should, before the madness will work.

Hyacinth Halvey: I'd be loth he to be shot or smothered. I'd sooner to give him a chance in the asylum.

Mrs. Broderick: To keep him there and to try him through three changes of the moon. It's well for you, Bartley, Mr. Halvey being in charge of you, that is known to be a tender man.

Peter Tannian: He to have got a bite and to go biting others, he would put in them the same malice. It is the old people used to tell that down, and they must have had some reason doing that.

Shawn Early: To get a bite of a dog you must chance your life. There is no doubt at all about that. It might work till the time of the new moon or the full moon, and then they must be shot or smothered.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is a pity there to be no cure found for it in the world.

Shawn Early: There never came out from the Almighty any cure for a mad dog.

(Bartley Fallon has been edging towards door.)

Shawn Early: Oh! stop him and keep a hold of him, Mr. Halvey!

Hyacinth Halvey: Stop where you are.

Bartley Fallon: Isn't it enough to have madness before me, that you will not let me go fall in my own choice place?

Hyacinth Halvey: The neighbours would think it bad of me to let a raving man out into their midst.

Bartley Fallon: Is it to shoot me you are going?

Hyacinth Halvey: I will call to the doctor to say is the padded room at the workhouse the most place where you will be safe, till such time as it will be known did the poison wear away.

Bartley Fallon: I will not go in it! It is likely I might be forgot in it, or the nurses to be in dread to bring me nourishment, and they to hear me barking within the door. I'm thinking it was allotted by nature I never would die an easy death.

Hyacinth Halvey: I will keep a watch over you myself.

Bartley Fallon: Where's the use of that the time the breath will be gone out of me, and you maybe playing cards on my coffin, and I having nothing around or about me but the shroud, and the habit, and the little board?

Hyacinth Halvey: Sure, I cannot leave you the way you are.

Bartley Fallon: It is what I ever and always heard, a dog to bite you, all you have to do is to take a pinch of its hair and to lay it into the wound.

Mrs. Broderick: So I heard that myself. A dog to bite any person he is entitled to be plucked of his hair.

Hyacinth Halvey: I'll go out; I might chance to see him.

Mrs. Broderick: You will not, without getting advice from the priest that is coming in the train. Let his Reverence come into this place, and say is it Bartley or is it Peter Tannian was done destruction on by the dog.

Shawn Early: There is a surer way than that.

Mrs. Broderick: What way?

Shawn Early: It takes madness to find out madness. Let you call to the cracked woman that should know.

Hyacinth Halvey: Come hither, Mary, and tell us is there any one of your own sort in this shed?

Mrs. Broderick: That is a good thought. It is only themselves that recognise one another.

Bartley Fallon: Do not ask her! I will not leave it to her!

Mrs. Broderick: Sure, she cannot say more than what yourself has said against yourself.

Bartley Fallon: I'm in dread she might know too much, and be telling out what is within in my mind.

Hyacinth Halvey: That's foolishness. These are not the ancient times, when Ireland was full of haunted people.

Bartley Fallon: Is a man having a wife and three acres of land to be put under the judgment of a witch?

Hyacinth Halvey: I would not give in to any pagan thing, but to

recognise one of her own sort, that is a thing can be understood.

Mrs. Broderick: So it could be too, the same as witnesses in a court.

Bartley Fallon: I will not give in to going to demons or druids or freemasons! Wasn't there enough of misfortune set before my path through every day of my lifetime without it to be linked with me after my death? Is it that you would force me to lose the comforts of heaven and to get the poverty of hell? I tell you I will have no trade with witches! I would sooner go face the featherbeds.

Hyacinth Halvey: Say out, girl, do you see any craziness here or anything of the sort?

Cracked Mary: Every day in the year there comes some malice into the world, and where it comes from is no good place.

Mrs. Broderick: That is it, a venomous dew, as in the year of the famine. There is no astronomer can say it is from the earth or the sky.

Hyacinth Halvey: It is what we are asking you, did any of that malice get its scope in this place?

Cracked Mary: That was settled in Mayo two thousand years ago.

Mrs. Broderick: Ah, there's no head or tail to that one's story. You 'd be left at the latter end the same as at the commencement.

Hyacinth Halvey: That dog you were talking of, that is raging through the district and the town--did it leave any madness after it?

Cracked Mary: It will go in the wind, there is a certain time for that. It might go off in the wind again. It might go shaping off and do no harm.

Bartley Fallon: Where is that dog presently, till some person might go pluck out a few ribs of its hair?

Cracked Mary: Raging ever and always it is, raging wild. Sure, that is a dog was in it before the foundations of the world.

Peter Tannian: Who is it now that venom fell on, whatever beast's jaws may have scattered it?

Cracked Mary: It is the full moon knows that. The moon to slacken it is safe, there is no harm in it. Almighty God will do that much. He'll slacken it like you 'd slacken lime.

Shawn Early: There is reason in what she is saying. Set open the door and let the full moon call its own!

Bartley Fallon: Don't let in the rays of it upon us or I'm a gone man. It to shine on them that are going wrong in the head, it would raise a great stir in the mind. Sure, it's in the asylum at that time they do have whips to chastise them.

_(Goes to corner.)

Cracked Mary: That's it. The moon is terrible. The full moon cracks them out and out, any one that would have any spleen or any relicks in them.

Mrs. Broderick: Do not let in the light of it. I would scruple to look at it myself.

Cracked Mary: Let you throw open the door, Davideen. It is not ourselves are in dread that the white man in the sky will be calling names after us and ridiculing us. Ha! ha! I might be as foolish as yourselves and as fearful, but for the Almighty that left a little cleft in my skull, that would let in His candle through the night time.

Hyacinth Halvey: Hurry on now, tell us is there any one in this place is wild and astray like yourself.

_(He opens the door. The light falls on him.)

Cracked Mary: (Putting her hand on him.) There was great shouting in the big round house, and you coming into it last night.

Hyacinth Halvey: What are you saying? I never went frolicking in the night time since the day I came into Cloon.

Cracked Mary: We were talking of it a while ago. I knew you by the smile and by the laugh of you. A queen having a yellow dress, and the hair on her smooth like marble. All the dead of the village were in it, and of the living myself and yourself.

Hyacinth Halvey: I thought it was of Carrow she was talking; it is of the other world she is raving, and of the shadow-shapes of the forth.

Cracked Mary: You have the door open--the speckled horses are on the road!--make a leap on the horse as it goes by, the horse that is without a rider. Can't you hear them puffing and roaring? Their breath is like a fog upon the air.

Hyacinth Halvey: What you hear is but the train puffing afar off.

Cracked Mary: Make a snap at the bridle as it passes by the bush in the western gap. Run out now, run, where you have the bare ridge of the world before you, and no one to take orders from but yourself, maybe, and God.

Hyacinth Halvey: Ah, what way can I run to any place!

Cracked Mary: Stop where you are, so. In my opinion it is little difference the moon can see between the whole of ye. Come on, Davideen, come out now, we have the wideness of the night before us. O golden God! All bad things quieten in the night time, and the ugly thing itself will put on some sort of a decent face! Come out now to the night that will give you the song, and will show myself out as beautiful as Helen of the Greek gods, that hanged herself the day there first came a wrinkle on her face!

Davideen: (Coming close, and taking her hand as he sings.)

Oh! don't you remember
What our comrades called to us
And they footing steps
At the call of the moon?
Come out to the rushes,
Come out to the bushes,
Where the music is called
By the lads of Queen Anne!

_(They look beautiful. They dance and sing in perfect time
as they go out.)_

_Peter Tannian:
(Closing the door, and pointing at Hyacinth, who stands gazing
after them, and when the door is shut sits down thinking deeply.)_
It is on him her judgment fell, and a clear judgment.

Shawn Early: She gave out that award fair enough.

Peter Tannian: Did you take notice, and he coming into the shed,
he had like some sort of a little twist in his walk?

Mrs. Broderick: I would be loth to think there would be any
poison lurking in his veins. Where now would it come from, and
Cracked Mary's dog being as good as no dog at all?

Peter Tannian: It might chance, and he a child in the cradle, to
get the bite of a dog. It might be only now, its full time being come,

its power would begin to work.

Mrs. Broderick: So it would too, and he but to see the shadow of the dog bit him in a body glass, or in the waves, and he himself looking over a boat, and as if called to throw himself in the tide. But I would not have thought it of Mr. Halvey. Well, it's as hard to know what might be spreading abroad in any person's mind, as to put the body of a horse out through a cambric needle.

_(Hyacinth looks at them.)

Shawn Early: Be quiet now, he is going to say some word.

Hyacinth Halvey: There is a thought in my mind. I think it was coming this good while.

Shawn Early: Whisht now and listen.

Hyacinth Halvey: I made a great mistake coming into this place.

Peter Tannian: There was some mistake made anyway.

Hyacinth: It is foolishness kept me in it ever since. It is too big a name was put upon me.

Peter Tannian: It is the power of the moon is forcing the truth out of him.

Hyacinth Halvey: Every person in the town giving me out for more than I am. I got too much of that in the heel.

Shawn Early: He is talking queer now anyway.

Hyacinth Halvey: Calling to me every little minute--expecting me to do this thing and that thing--watching me the same as a watchdog, their eyes as if fixed upon my face.

Mrs. Broderick: To be giving out such strange thoughts, he hasn't much brains left around him.

Hyacinth Halvey: looking to be Clerk of the Union, and the place I had giving me enough to do, and too much to do. Tied on this side, tied on that side. I to be bothered with business through the holy livelong day!

Peter Tannian: It is good pay he got with it. Eighty pounds a year doesn't come on the wind.

Hyacinth Halvey: In danger to be linked and wed--I never

ambitioned it—with a woman would want me to be earning through every day of the year.

Shawn Early: He is a gone man surely.

Hyacinth Hakey: The wide ridge of the world before me, and to have no one to look to for orders; that would be better than roast and boiled and all the comforts of the day. I declare to goodness, and I 'd nearly take my oath, I 'd sooner be among a fleet of tinkers, than attending meetings of the Board!

Mrs. Broderick: If there are fairies in it, it is in the fairies he is.

Peter Tannian: Give me a hold of that chain.

Mrs. Broderick: What is it you are about to do?

Peter Tannian: To bind him to the chair I will before he will burst out wild mad. Come over here, Bartley Fallon, and lend a hand if you can.

_(Bartley Fallon appears from corner with a chicken crate over his head.)

Mrs. Broderick: O Bartley, that is the strangest lightness ever I saw, to go bind a chicken crate around your skull!

Bartley Fallon: Will you tighten the knots I have tied, Peter Tannian! I am in dread they might slacken or fail.

Shawn Early: Was there ever seen before this night such power to be in the moon!

Bartley Fallon: It would seem to be putting very wild unruly thoughts a-through me, stirring up whatever spleen or whatever relics was left in me by the nature of the dog.

Peter Tannian: Is it that you think those rods, spaced wide, as they are, will keep out the moon from entering your brain?

Bartley Fallon: There does great strength come at the time the wits would be driven out of a person. I never was handled by a policeman—but once—and never hit a blow on any man. I would not wish to destroy my neighbour or to have his blood on my hands.

Shawn Early: It is best keep out of his reach.

Bartley Fallon: The way I have this fixed, there is no person

will be the worse for me. I to rush down the street and to meet with my most enemy in some lonesome craggy place, it would fail me, and I thrusting for it to scatter any share of poison in his body or to sink my teeth in his skin. I wouldn't wonder I to have hung for some of you, and that plan not to have come into my head.

_(Whistle of train heard.)

_Hyacinth Halvey: (Getting up.) I have my mind made up, I am going out of this on that train.

Peter Tannian: You are not going so easy as what you think.

Hyacinth Halvey: Let you mind your own business.

Peter Tannian: I am well able to mind it.

_Hyacinth Halvey: (Throwing off top-coat.) You cannot keep me here.

Peter Tannian: Give me a hand with the chain.

_(They throw it round Hyacinth and hold him.)

Hyacinth Halvey: Is it out of your senses you are gone?

Peter Tannian: Not at all, but yourself that is gone raving mad from the fury and the strength of some dog.

_Miss Joyce: (At door.) Are you there, Hyacinth Halvey? The train is in. Come forward now, and give a welcome to his Reverence.

Hyacinth Halvey: Let me go out of this!

Miss Joyce: You are near late as it is. The train is about to start.

Hyacinth Halvey: Let me go, or I'll tear the heart out of ye!

Shawn Early: Oh, he is stark, staring mad!

Hyacinth Halvey: Mad, am I? Bit by a dog, am I? You'll see am I mad! I'll show madness to you! Let go your hold or I'll skin you! I'll destroy you! I'll bite you! I'm a red enemy to the whole of you! Leave go your grip! Yes, I'm mad! Bow wow wow, wow wow!

_(They let go and fall back in terror, and he rushes out of the door.)

Miss Joyce: What at all has happened? Where is he gone?

Shawn Early: To the train he is gone, and away in it he is gone.

Miss Joyce: He gave some sort of a bark or a howl.

Shawn Early: He is gone clean mad. Great arguing he had, and leaping and roaring.

Bartley Fallon: (Taking off crate.)_ He went very near to tear us all asunder. I declare I amn't worth a match.

Mrs. Broderick: He made a reel in my head, till I don't know am I right myself.

Shawn Early: Bawling his life out, tearing his clothes, tearing and eating them. Look at his top-coat he left after him.

Bartley Fallon: He poured all over with pure white foam.

Peter Tannian: There now is an end of your elegant man.

Shawn Early: Bit he was with the mad dog that went tearing, and lads chasing him a while ago.

Miss Joyce: Sure that was Tannian's own dog, that had a bit of meat snapped from Quirke's ass-car. He is without this door now.
(All look out.)_ He has the appearance of having a full meal taken.

Bartley Fallon: And they to be saying I went mad. That is the way always, and a thing to be tasked to me that was not in it at all.

Mrs. Broderick: (Laying her hand on Miss Joyce's shoulder.)_ Take comfort now; and if it was the moon done all, and has your bachelor swept, let you not begrudge it its full share of praise for the hand it had in banishing a strange bird, might have gone wild and bawling like eleven, and you after being wed with him, and would maybe have put a match to the roof. And hadn't you the luck of the world now, that you did not give notice to the priest!

Curtain